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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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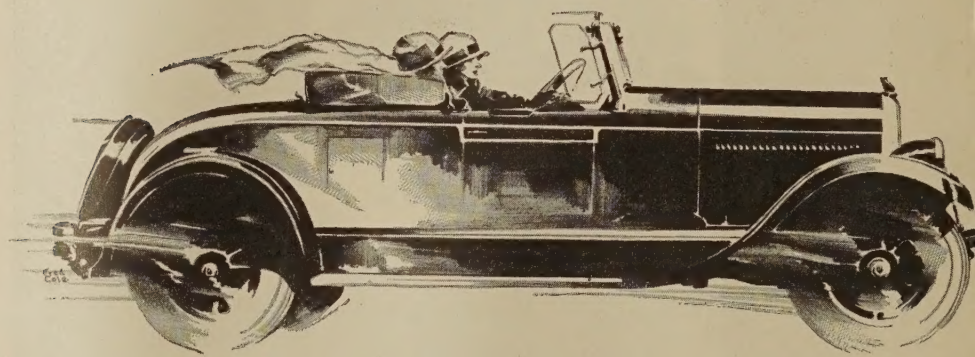

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XI May 1927 NUMBER 41

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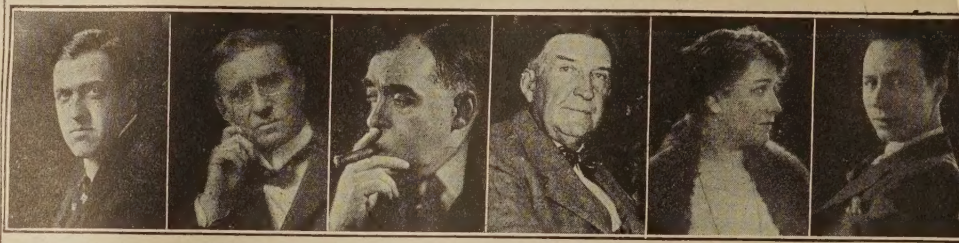

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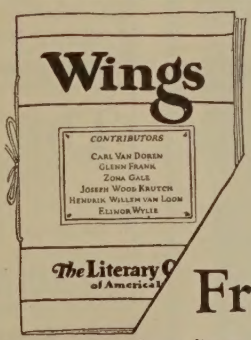

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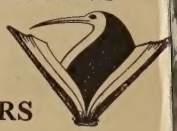

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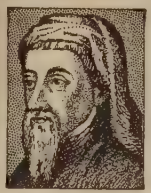

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THE UNDEFEATED.
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The dramatic story of the Stone Mountain Memorial eloquently told by one of the South's ablest critics. "When it comes to the whole story of Stone Mountain," contends Mr. Johnson, "Gutzon Borglum alone can speak with authority. . . . The real question in this case is neither the triumph of Gutzon Borglum nor that of the Stone Mountain Monumental Association. The real question is whether or not the story written in the model and inscribed in part on the mountain in the head of Lee, is in any sense a portrayal of the spirit of the modern South." Well, whether Mr. Borglum triumphs, or the Stone Mountain Monumental Association triumphs, or neither of them triumphs, Mr. Johnson has done a capital piece of writing.

ADVENTURES IN HABIT-CRAFT. *Character in the Making.*
By Henry Park Schauffler. *The Macmillan Company*
$2 8 x 5¾; 164 pp. *New York*

Another adaptation of the Project Method, developed by Professors Dewey and Kilpatrick, with the aim, this time, of converting healthy young Americanos into future captains of the Y. M. C. A. Already one tortured parent has let out a whoop to glory: "Making and interpreting these habit-craft models made Sunday-school a palace of delight. The children looked forward to it eagerly, enjoyed it hugely, and were never satisfied until each parent had watched the new model 'work' and shared with them the thrill of seeing a good habit come to life."

DIMINISHING RETURNS IN AGRICULTURE.
By E. Lester Patton. *The Columbia University Press*
$1.50 8¾ x 5¾; 100 pp. *New York*

A thorough analysis of this well-known economic principle by a professor of economics at Hamilton College. On the problem of overpopulation and the food supply, Dr. Patton argues that the strict Malthusians are much too pessimistic. He thinks that, because of man's inventiveness, there is "little reason to fear that he will revert to the natural animal condition of population to the limit."

FIVE WEEKS.
By Jonathan French Scott. *The John Day Company*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 305 pp. *New York*

This is a minute examination of public opinion, as represented by the newspapers, in Austria-Hungaria, Germany, England, Russia and France, from June 2 to August 4, 1914. The author's main conclusion is that "after the crime of Sarajevo Austro-German diplomacy created a situation from which public opinion in various countries made a peaceful escape virtually impossible." He looks askance at those revisionists who are putting the blame of the war on this or that group of statesmen.

FRANCE.
By Sisley Huddleston. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$5 8½ x 5¾; 613 pp. *New York*

An excellent sketch of the socio-economic and cultural aspects of the France of today, by a journalist of proven ability. Mr. Huddleston is somewhat pessimistic about the future of the land. He sees there "a growing distrust of . . . the parliamentary system. . . . In all there is not a directing idea and not a powerful arm. . . . There is a bankruptcy of men and of vision."

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN LIFE.
By Jerome Dowd. *The Century Company*
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 611 pp. *New York*

A comprehensive study of the African race in America, by the professor of sociology in the University of Oklahoma, analyzing the Negro's social and economic position, his martial record, his position in art and literature, and his migrations. In addition, there are chapters on proposed solutions of the Negro problem, the future of the Negro, and so-called paths of hope. "I believe," declares Mr. Dowd, "that the greatest hope for the Negro lies in the direction of a better understanding of the white people and a greater inclination to coöperate with them in a spirit of good faith and friendship, for the time is surely coming when there will be a white man or woman available for every job in the United States, and when the opportunities for the Negro will depend much more than now upon the white people's good will." As a solution for the lynching practice Mr. Dowd proposes that "a civic organization in every Southern city, and this, in coöperation with the churches, schools, and clubs, should launch periodic propaganda in behalf of law and order!" The book has a lengthy bibliography.

SOCIAL DIFFERENTIATION.
By Cecil Clare North.
The University of North Carolina Press
$2.50 9 x 6; 343 pp. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

A study of the nature and origin of classes and groups. Dr. North believes that the biological factors

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Continued from page xvi

are of primary importance, and have been underestimated. Large parts of his book are platitudinous, and he has burdened it with questions and exercises in the most depressing pedagogical manner, but on the whole it is a useful work. There is a good index. The bibliography is rather scanty.

AMERICAN SOUNDINGS.
By J. St. Loe Strachey. *D. Appleton & Company*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 256 pp. *New York*

The former editor of the *Spectator* came to the United States in an immensely amiable mood. He was determined, it appears, to take home a good report, and here it is. Even Prohibition fares gently at his hands, though he is conscientiously against it. Very few thoughtful Americans, it is probable, will share his affable optimism.

WHAT IS NEWS? *A Tentative Outline.*
By Gerald W. Johnson. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2 7⅜ x 4⅞; 98 pp. *New York*

The first volume in the Borzoi Handbooks of Journalism, edited by Nelson Antrim Crawford, and one of the few texts that has appeared that achieves an adequate definition of news and news value in general. Mr. Johnson is a member of the staff of the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, and was formerly professor of journalism at the University of North Carolina; he writes with authority and distinction.

SEX AND THE LOVE-LIFE.
By William J. Fielding. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$2.50 7¼ x 4¾; 322 pp. *New York*

This book has little value. Mr. Fielding pretends to a scientific knowledge of the subject, but what he has to say is known even to professors of social ethics and newsboys, namely, very little.

FAMILY DISORGANIZATION. *An Introduction to a Sociological Analysis.*
By Ernest R. Mowrer. *The University of Chicago Press.*
$3 7½ x 5¼; 317 pp. *Chicago*

An analysis of the problems of family disorganizations, particularly those of divorce and desertion, through the materials in the records of social agencies and in the archives of the courts. Mr. Mowrer's main thesis is that modern marriage in the United States is in the hands of the young people and therefore organized upon the basis of romantic love, but that the romantic impulse in and of itself is not always, and perhaps never, a sufficient guaranty of permanence. In "The Diary of Miriam Donaven" he presents some interesting case material in support of his contention, but, as he suggests, the subject has not been sufficiently investigated to warrant any hard and fast conclusions. The book has numerous charts, a map of Chicago spotting cases of divorce and desertion, appendices presenting statistical data and the factors in family disorganization, a selected bibliography, and an index.

DIE BEDEUTUNG DER RASSE IM LEBEN DER VÖLKER.
By Count J. A. Gobineau. *J. F. Lehmann*
M. 3.80 7¼ x 4¾; 120 pp. *Munich*

This essay, now first printed in full, was written by Gobineau in 1879. There is little in it that will be new to readers of his other works. His ideas have had their day. Now they seem to survive only in Germany. The translation into German is by Dr. Julius Schwabe.

SOCIAL ADJUSTMENT
By Robert C. Dexter. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 9¼ x 6; 424 pp. *New York*

An exhaustive review of the causes of social maladjustment and of the agencies employed to combat it. Dr. Dexter seldom has anything new to say, but he has fashioned the familiar materials into an interesting and valuable book. There are long bibliographies at the ends of the different chapters, and a good index.

BIOGRAPHY

VICTOR HUGO. *The Man and the Poet.*
By William F. Giese. *The Dial Press*
$4 9¼ x 6; 315 pp. *New York*

An excellent and much wanted biography of Hugo, the poet. "I have attempted to analyze Hugo's genius," says Mr. Giese, a professor in the University of Wisconsin, "to show its essentially lyric trend, to exhibit its nature and its range, and at the same time to show how the man, omnipresent in the work, has always colored and often marred it. In studying Hugo's poetry I have also attempted, incidentally at least, to show that larger phenomenon Hugo so brilliantly represents, romanticism." He succeeds admirably. Unfortunately, the book lacks both a bibliography and an index.

NAPOLEON.
By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul.
Boni & Liveright
$3 9¼ x 6¼; 707 pp. *New York*

A biography of the first order: an account of Napoleon that is complete, accurate, well written and felicitously translated. "In this book," says the author, "I have tried to write the inner history of

Continued on page xx

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

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Napoleon; to explain his resolves and his refrainings, his deeds and his sufferings, his fancies and his calculations, as issuing from the moods of his heart." The book, then, is a psychological biography rather than a history, with the technique and charm of a romance. It is beautifully printed. A bibliography is missing.

EARLY LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN MORLEY.
By F. W. Hirst. *The Macmillan Company*
$10.50 8¾ x 5¾; 2 vols.; 327–285 pp. *London*

The life of John Morley from his boyhood to the end of his career as a private member of Parliament in 1885, by the former editor of the London *Economist* and a disciple of Morley for years. It is as the "dashing journalist, ardent rationalist, impetuous radical, and critic of church and throne" that Mr. Hirst presents his account of Morley's struggles as a writer, his work on the *Saturday Review* and the *Fortnightly*, and the friendships he formed with the prominent men of his time—Leslie Stephen, George Meredith, George Eliot, John Stuart Mill, Frederic Harrison, Gladstone, John Bright, Joseph Chamberlain, and many others. There are chapters discussing his literary, political and philosophical works that interestingly trace the development of his views. A valuable and thoroughgoing work. It is illustrated and has an adequate index, but, unfortunately, a bibliography is missing.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON. *1786–1846.*
With an Introduction by Aldous Huxley.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
$7.50 8¼ x 5¼; 2 vols.; 427–448 pp. *New York*

This is a reprint of the second (1853) edition of Tom Taylor's edition of the Autobiography and Journals. Mr. Huxley has contributed an interesting introduction, and there are illustrations and an index. Long out of print, this work is one of the most absorbing documents in the language.

WILD BILL HICKOK.
By Frank J. Wilstach. *Doubleday, Page & Company*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 304 pp. *New York*

The writer has attempted to give a true version of Wild Bill Hickok's violent life, clearing up for the first time such mooted mysteries as the famous McCanles massacre, Wild Bill's alleged romance with Calamity Jane, his hand-to-hand fight with Conquering Bear, his killing of Dave Tutt and his successful duel with four gunmen. An engrossing tale, but poorly written. There are eight illustrations, including an excellent photograph of Wild Bill from the Albert Davis Collection.

SAMUEL BUTLER AND HIS FAMILY RELATIONS
By Mrs. R. S. Garnett. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3.75 8 x 5; 228 pp. *New York*

Mrs. Garnett's mother was a cousin of Butler's mother, and has in her possession, or access to, a number of hitherto unpublished letters by Butler himself and by his father and mother. She argues that his family relations were by no means as harsh as "The Way of All Flesh" would suggest, and that "it was his urgent need to love, and the pain of his thwarted tenderness that woke the bitterness that found expression in satire."

GEORGE IV.
By Shane Leslie. *Little, Brown & Company*
$4 8½ x 5¾; 209 pp. *Boston*

An interesting portrait of the Fourth George, whom the author hastens to reveal as a good deal more than "a dissolute and drunken fop—a bad son, a bad husband, a bad monarch and a bad friend." "It was by charm more than by character that he achieved," he goes on to say, and indubitably proves it in his review of the fortunes of the men and women—especially the women—with whom George was inextricably linked. A book of some charm and humor, and withal instructive. It has numerous illustrations, an index and an appendix containing, among others, letters of George to Lord Lansdowne and to Mrs. Fitzherbert. It lacks a bibliography, but an adequate statement of the author's sources is to be found in the prelude.

CRASHING THUNDER. *The Autobiography of an American Indian.*
Edited by Paul Radin. *D. Appleton & Company*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5¾; 202 pp. *New York*

The highly entertaining story of an uncivilized American Indian, a member of the Winnebago tribe from the time he first felt he "must be an uncommon person" as a boy, until, as a middle-aged man, he saw God, was converted and was henceforth committed to monogamy. It is full of vivid descriptions of the tribal customs and religious ceremonials of the Winnebago: one chapter, "The Effect of a Pretended Blessing," is worth a dozen treatises on primitive manifestations of the evangelical spirit. "To be praised by my fellowmen was all I desired," he writes with characteristic simplicity in his account of fasting. "And I certainly received what I sought. I stood high in their estimation. That the women might like me was another of the reasons why I wanted to fast. But as to being blessed, I learned nothing about it, although I went around with the air of one who had received

Continued on page xxii

HARPER & BROTHERS

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Established 1817

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From Man to Man
by
OLIVE SCHREINER
The great work of one of the finest women novelists the world has known. $2.50

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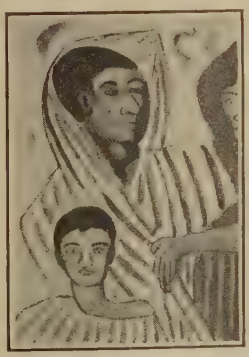
A brilliant narrative of keen-eyed travel in an evolving world shaken by history



JOHN DOS PASSOS contends that in these days a great deal of our best material is likely to be born of the miscegenation of a roundhouse and a revolutionary manifesto. The fact that "Orient Express" deals with travel in places shaken by history instead of with banal tours in a picture book landscape gives it a special modern significance. $3.50

Important note to admirers of Dos Passos

An excellent reproduction in colors, artistically mounted, of one of the paintings for "Orient Express" will be sent by the publishers on request.

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See Harper's Magazine for announcements of the better Schools and Colleges

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

many blessings and talked as such a one would talk." The manuscript was translated by Paul Radin; he has written a preface and an introduction.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF AUGUSTE RODIN
By Anthony M. Ludovici.
The J. B. Lippincott Company
$3 8¾ x 5¾; 204 pp. *Philadelphia*

Back in 1906 Mr. Ludovici lived with Rodin at Meudon as his private secretary. Here he presents what is often an extremely intimate picture of the master—a picture mainly friendly, but not without its touches of asperity. There is a Rodin bibliography at the end.

HISTORY

THE LEGACY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.
Edited by C. G. Crump and E. F. Jacob.
The Oxford University Press
$3.50 7½ x 5; 549 pp. *New York*

An attempt to describe the intellectual and social life of the Middle Ages, with special reference to those medieval ideas that have survived. The book is a coöperation, and some of the contributors are of the highest authority. They include the late Sir Paul Vinogradoff on feudal law, W. R. Lethaby on medieval architecture, C. R. S. Harris on the scholastic philosophy, Gabrielle le Bras on canon law, and J. W. Adamson on education. The work is well illustrated, and is of much value.

HAWKERS AND WALKERS IN EARLY AMERICA
By Richardson Wright. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$4.50 8¾ x 5⅝; 317 pp. *Philadelphia*

The life of the open road in the days before the Civil War. Mr. Wright has chapters on the Yankee peddler, the tramp workman, the itinerant evangelist, the traveling portrait-painter, and other such figures. He has accumulated a large mass of curious and interesting material, and presents it very competently. There are many illustrations from old prints, and at the end there is a useful bibliography.

SPANISH ALTA CALIFORNIA.
By Alberta Johnston Denis. *The Macmillan Company*
$3.50 8½ x 5⅜; 537 pp. *New York*

A history of California from its discovery by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo in 1542 to its submission to a free Mexico, April 11, 1822. There is nothing new in the narrative, but it is put together competently and is happily free from the romanticizing that characterizes certain other histories of the State.

MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOATIN'
By Herbert and Edward Quick. *Henry Holt & Compan*
$3 8⅝ x 5⅜; 342 pp. *New Yor*

Herbert Quick died while this book was in progress it was finished by his brother. It is by no mean exhaustive, but the facts are set forth in an entertaining way, and the romance of the river is effectively evoked. There is also a chapter on steamboating o the Missouri and Ohio. The illustrations are from old prints, mainly Currier and Ives lithographs.

HISTORY OF PROSTITUTION.
By Paul La Croix *Pascal Covic*
$30 9¼ x 6; 3 vols.; 565–584–600 pp. *Chicag*

This is a translation, by Samuel Putnam, of a work that La Croix published in French, under the pen name of Pierre Dufour, in 1851–52. The title page o the translation says that the narrative comes down t "the present day," but it really stops with the reig of Henry IV of France. La Croix was a man of seriou purpose, but his work is fragmentary and unscientific and hence of little value. It deals with prostitution only incidentally, and is really a history of morals i France, with a backward glance toward antiquity The translation is limited to 1250 sets.

THE HISTORY OF HEBREW CIVILIZATION.
By Alfred Bertholet. *Brentano'*
$4.50 8½ x 5⅝; 400 pp. *New Yor*

This is a very interesting summary of Hebrew history, and, since the author is professor of theology i the University of Göttingen and a well-known expo nent of the Higher Criticism, highly scholarly and authoritative. The section dealing with the intellectual life of Israel is especially good. Dr. Bertholet's main thesis is that the Jews were much more ethical than intellectual. This is hardly a discovery, but the mass of detailed learning he brings to bear on the problem adds greatly to its illumination. Among the Jews, he says, "knowledge—theoretical knowledge—hardly existed. . . . The conception of the teleology of history [of Jahveh as the maker of history] is the great achievement of the Hebrew mind. . . . The mind of the Hebrew was not directed to the universal. [He had an] inability to form a comprehensive view o the universe. This is the characteristic of his whole mentality. His whole tendency is to emphasize striking details. . . . In the Hellenistic period Greek philosophy made its way into Hebrew minds, but it was only the practical aspects of it that aroused any interest."

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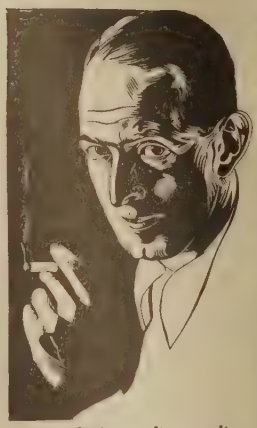
BROTHER SAUL

by Donn Byrne



ROMAN soldiers marching on the highroads of the world, Roman ships of war carrying the eagles from Cornwall to Tyre, Roman mobs howling to great Nubian lions fighting in the arena, Roman emperors worshipping the abominations of the courtesans of Isis — and Saul of Tarsus, the fierce sword of the great Jewish Sanhedrim, most Roman of them all.

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by William Foster

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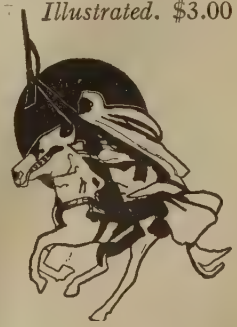
BERBERS AND BLACKS *by David P. Barrows*



MAJOR-GENERAL BARROWS explores the deep heart of Africa, from the Soudan to Nigeria to Timbuktu, surveying natural resources and commercial potentialities in a vast and unknown empire. *Illustrated.* $3.00

THE CENTURY CO. *Publishers of Enduring Books*

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxii

ANTHOLOGIES

THE COPELAND READER: *An Anthology of English Poetry and Prose.*
By Charles Townsend Copeland. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$10 9⅜ x 6⅜; 1687 pp. *New York*

The compiler is Boylston professor of rhetoric and oratory at Harvard, and his selections are those of a highly correct schoolmaster. Among living Americans he gives space to Finley Peter Dunne, Alexander Woollcott, S. Foster Damon and Henry Milner Rideout, but there is none for Dreiser, Cabell, Hergesheimer or Miss Cather. The book weighs three and a half pounds.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1926.
Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. *Dodd, Mead & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 4¾; 464 pp. *New York*

Among the twenty short stories which Mr. O'Brien considers the best published in any American magazines during the interval between October, 1925, and August, 1926, are one each by Ring Lardner, Ernest Hemingway, Manuel Komroff, Chester T. Crowell, Zona Gale and Wilbur Daniel Steele. There are the usual masses of statistical data at the end (with the now-famous school-room stars)—and the usual sophomoric introduction by the editor.

EDUCATION

PROCRUSTES, *or, The Future of English Educaton.*
By M. Alderton Pink. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6¼ x 4⅜; 108 pp. *New York*

Among the highly original ideas expounded in this book are the following: some people are more brilliant than others and, therefore, more easily educable; theoretical knowledge, when lavished indiscriminately in the public schools, is so much waste; "education must fit the individual for his life work;" and so on, and so on.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, LYCEUMS, CHAUTAUQUAS.
By John S. Noffsinger. *The Macmillan Company*
$1.50

Mr. Noffsinger undertook his investigation for the Carnegie Corporation. He finds that the correspondence schools range from institutions of very high competence and usefulness to mere boob-traps. The lyceum and the chautauqua gravitate toward a steadier level: they tend to be uniformly bad.

THE SCIENCES

MYTH IN PRIMITIVE PSYCHOLOGY.
By Bronislaw Malinoski. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$1 6½ x 4⅛; 94 pp. *New York*

The first volume in the New Science Series, edited by C. K. Ogden: a report of the investigations of the author—a Ph.D., D.Sc., of the University of London—among a Melanesian tribe of New Guinea, which led him to discredit the current theories of myth, and to hold that "Myth, studied alive, is not symbolic, but a direct expression of subject-matter; it is not an explanation in satisfaction of a scientific interest, but a narrative resurrection of a primeval reality, told in satisfaction of deep religious wants, moral cravings, social submissions, assertions, even practical requirements." Whether conclusive or not, Dr. Malinoski presents some vastly interesting material. The book lacks both a bibliography and an index.

SCIENCE AND POETRY.
By I. A. Richards. *W. W. Norton & Company*
$1 6½ x 4⅛; 96 pp. *New York*

The second volume in the New Science Series, edited by C. K. Ogden: a flaming dissertation which sets out to answer, What kind of a thing is poetry?; How can we use and misuse it?; What reasons are there for thinking it valuable?; etc., etc., and arrives exactly nowhere. Among other defects it lacks a bibliography and an index.

MAORI SYMBOLISM.
By Ettie A. Rout. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$6 9⅜ x 6; 322 pp. *New York*

Mrs. Rout, who is a court reporter in New Zealand, indicates in her introduction that her discourse is simply a report of what was told to her by Hohepa Te Rake, a Maori noble and one of the custodians of the history and traditional wisdom of his people. But this report actually constitutes but a small part of her book. The rest is made up of feminist fulminations, dogmatic and highly dubious pronunciamentoes on the subject of hygiene, and a mass of extravagant anthropological speculations. In consequence the volume has little, if any scientific value.

THE FINE ARTS

THE SPANISH HOUSE FOR AMERICA.
By Rexford Newcomb. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$3.50 10¼ x 6¾; 164 pp. *Philadelphia*

Houses in what is alleged to be the Spanish manner are now multiplying rapidly in Florida and Southern California, and not a few are beginning to appear

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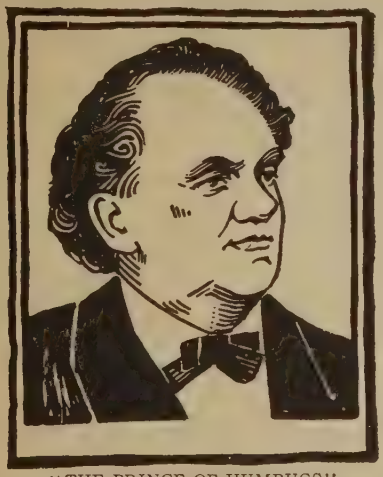

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H. L. MENCKEN *says—*
(of *Go Down, Death!*)

"One of the most remarkable and moving poems of its type ever written in America."

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SEVEN NEGRO SERMONS IN VERSE

By James Weldon Johnson

These spirited and characteristic sermons of the Negro preachers are turned into poetry under Mr. Johnson's sympathetic pen, and given a form in which they can survive for all time. The titles are: *The Creation, Go Down Death, Judgment Day, The Prodigal Son, Noah Built the Ark, The Crucifixion,* and *Let My People Go.* $2.50

Illustrations by AARON DOUGLAS

THE VIKING PRESS
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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxiv

elsewhere. Mr. Newcomb here discusses their design and construction, with special attention to their somewhat elaborate ornamentation. He also has chapters on Spanish furniture and the Spanish garden. There are many plans and photographs, and at the end there is a bibliography.

TERPANDER, *or, Music and the Future.*
By Edward J. Dent. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6¼ x 4½; 125 pp. *New York*

This is an excellent outline of the history of music from 1600 to date. Mr. Dent is tolerant to the modernists, and thinks that they are doing a pioneering work —though he is a little hazy as to what they are after.

ORPHEUS, *or, The Music of the Future.*
By W. J. Turner. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6¼ x 4½; 89 pp. *New York*

A rather vague series of variations on the theme that "music is the imagination of love in sound." All Mr. Turner has to say about the music of the future is that it will be different from the music of the present, "since life without change is inconceivable to us and music that is alive must be changing."

CRITICISM

WILLIAM BLAKE.
By Osbert Burdett. *The Macmillan Company*
$1.25 6¾ x 4⅜; 199 pp. *New York*

The fifth volume in the New English Men of Letters Series, edited by J. C. Squire: the story of Blake's life, together with a critical survey of his poetry and an account of his work as artist and engraver. Mr. Burdett is not a highly inspired or original critic, but his book is very well written. It has an index, and an adequate statement of his sources is to be found in the preface.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.
By Ben Ray Redman. *Robert M. McBride & Company*
$1. 7½ x 5; 96 pp. *New York*

The fifth volume in the Modern American Writers series, edited by Ernest Boyd: an appraisal of the life and works of "the greatest poet whom this country has yet produced." A rather laborious effort to justify Mr. Robinson's greatness, with profuse quotations and a mild attempt to take account of the qualities he notably lacks. The book contains a reproduction of the Lilla Cabot Perry portrait of the poet and a list of his works.

THE FRONTIER IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.
By Lucy Lockwood Hazard.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
$2.75 7⅞ x 5¼; 308 pp. *New York*

The title sufficiently sets forth the contents of this book. It is a study of the effects of the struggle to subdue and exploit a continent upon the American imagination. There is not much that is new in it, but it is put together with considerable care. Useful bibliographies are appended to the various chapters, and there is an index. The author is a teacher of English at Mills College, in California.

AMY LOWELL. *A Critical Study*
By Clement Wood. *Harold Vinal*
$2.50 7½ x 5⅛; 185 pp. *New York*

Perhaps the most intelligent valuation of Miss Lowell yet made. Mr. Wood is well aware that her poetry was largely third-rate and that her criticism was far from impeccable, but he sees the force and effect of her remarkable personality, and pays a just tribute to it.

THE PRAIRIE AND THE MAKING OF MIDDLE AMERICA.
By Dorothy Anne Dondore. *The Torch Press*
$4.50 8 x 5¼; 472 pp. *Cedar Rapids, Iowa*

Dr. Dondore is concerned, not with the political and economic history of the prairie States, but with its effects upon the national literature. She achieves the truly remarkable feat of writing a book of 472 pages upon the subject without once mentioning Ruth Suckow. Otherwise her study is the heavy-documented, exhaustive, banal sort of thing that lady Ph.D.'s manufacture in every fresh-water college in the land.

GAUTIER AND THE ROMANTICS.
By John Garber Palache. *The Viking Press*
$3 9½ x 6¼; 186 pp. *New York*

A workmanlike and useful volume. Not only the life of Gautier, but also the history of his whole period, is covered. Mr. Palache's familiarity with his theme is manifest, and his criticism is often excellent.

MILTON'S SEMITIC STUDIES.
By Harris Francis Fletcher.
The University of Chicago Press
$3 7½ x 5; 150 pp. *Chicago*

Milton's extensive knowledge of the Semitic languages has been commented on before, but this is perhaps the first thorough study of the problem as a whole and from the point of view of its manifestation in his poetry. There is a long, classified bibliography.

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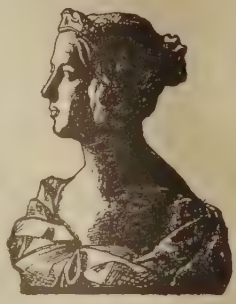
LIPPINCOTT BOOKS

THE LAST VICTORIANS



By Arthur A. Baumann
Formerly Editor of the London "Saturday Review"

The ideas and prejudices, the idiosyncrasies and the genius of every prominent statesman from Disraeli to Lord Oxford. Alone among political writers of today, Mr. Baumann can claim to have lived among the great Victorians, but at the same time to be able to approach them from the standpoint of one who still plays an active part in the world of affairs and letters today. He has a caustic pen and is unsparing in his criticism but he is also intimate in his treatment of his subjects, all of whom, with two exceptions, he has seen and heard. A volume of unusual biographical portraits—a survey of a whole period of history. 8 Illustrations. $5.00

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By Rexford Newcomb

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In Early America

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"No book of recent times has given so much fine flavor to the early days of America as this. There are amusing anecdotes, but they have a quality that is more than simple humor. They reflect our early Republic as a place of gusto and variety. Mr. Wright has accomplished a rich and meaty book. It is a book that is practically essential to any person who hopes to form any clear notion of the country from which we have sprung."—*N. Y. Evening Post Literary Review.* 68 Illustrations from elusive old sources and lining papers after an early American chintz. $4.50

THE BRIDGE TO FRANCE

By Edward N. Hurley

Wartime Chairman, U. S. Shipping Board and Member, World War Debt Commission.

The long awaited inside story of the greatest accomplishment of the War, of how the U. S. Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation thrilled the world by transporting without a loss over two million men, guns, supplies, etc. Told by the person who knew more of the workings than anyone else. Interspersed with human interest stories of prominent celebrities. Illustrated with numerous photographs, war posters, facsimiles of letters and documents of much historical significance. $5.00

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The author of this autobiographical narrative was shanghaied out of Sydney, Australia, in the early seventies, became second mate at the age of fourteen and later owner of a trading vessel in which he cruised the South Seas. His authentic description of Solomon Island savages in conflict with the predatory whites is a true and fascinating contribution to sea-lore. Illustrated. $3.50.

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A novel essentially racy and "of the soil," describing with the moving pathos of "The Dybbuk" Jews in Lithuanian Russia in the reign of Czar Nicholas I. $2.50.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

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REFERENCE BOOKS

STYLE-BOOK FOR WRITERS AND EDITORS.
By C. O. Sylvester Mawson. *The Thomas Y. Crowell C*
$1.50 7¼ x 4⅞; 213 pp. *New Yo*

A very useful manual, clearly written and we ordered. The chapters on spelling and the compoun ing of words are especially valuable. Mr. Mawso was formerly one of the editors of the Webster seri of dictionaries.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN HANDBOOK, 1927.
Edited by J. A. Hunter. South American Publications, Lt
2s. 6d. 7⅛ x 4¼; 710 pp. *Lond*

This work, now in its fourth year, covers Mexi and Central America as well as South America. It designed for business men, and presents a great deal useful commercial information. Unfortunately, it thoroughly British, and so there are no lists American consuls.

REPRINTS

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By Stefan Zweig. *The Pynson Printe*
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VARIETY.
By Paul Valery. Translated by Malcolm Cowley.
Harcourt, Brace & Compan
$3 8⅜ x 5¾; 283 pp. *New Yor*

The essays of Paul Valery, including his monograph "An Introduction to the Method of Leonardi da Vinci," "The Intellectual Crisis," "Adonis," "Or Poe's 'Eureka,'" and "Variations on a Theme from

Continued on page xxx

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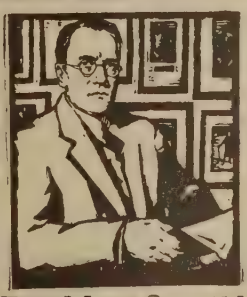

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Pascal." The translation, by Malcolm Cowley, is only fair; he has contributed a brief introduction.

FIGURES OF THE PAST.
By Josiah Quincy. *Little, Brown & Company*
$4 8¾ x 5¾; 347 pp. *Boston*

A new edition of the journals of Josiah Quincy, a former mayor of Boston and a member of the Class of 1821 of Harvard College, with an introduction and footnotes by M. A. DeWolfe Howe, whose access to unpublished Quincy papers and photographs has enabled him to materially enhance the interest of the former collection. The journals in themselves are delightful; the author writes with a charming simplicity, recording wittily and vividly his recollections of Lafayette, of the Harvard of a hundred years ago, and of John Adams, John Randolph, Andrew Jackson and many others. An interesting and valuable book. It is competently annotated and indexed.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY, LETTERS TO ELIZA, *And Other Pieces.*
By Laurence Sterne. Edited With an Introduction by Wilbur L. Cross. *Boni & Liveright*
$3.50 8½ x 5⅝; 307 pp. *New York*

The volume is uniform with Professor Cross' edition of "Tristram Shandy," published in 1925, and contains those works of Sterne which constitute a virtual autobiography: "A Sentimental Journey," "Letters to Eliza," "Bramine's Journal" and several of his Yorick sermons. Professor Cross has written an excellent introduction.

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By Milton J. Goell. *The Kensington Press*
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Continued on page xxxii

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7½ x 5¼; 168 pp. *Nic*

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THE CITY WITHOUT JEWS.
By Hugo Bettauer. *The Bloch Publishing Company*
$2 7½ x 5; 189 pp. *New York*

Dr. Karl Schwertfeger, leader of the Christian-Socialist party in Vienna, is elected to office on his promise to throw out the Jews. The decree is issued and there is a wholesale expulsion, not only of Jews and converted Jews, but also of all those of Jewish origin as well. As a result, many families are divided. Vienna loses its spirit, prosperity and liveliness. Leo Strakosch, a young Jewish artist, betrothed to the only child of Hofrat Franz Spineder, returns to the city in the guise of Henry Dufresne, a Catholic from Paris, and begins a campaign to have the exiles return to Austria. He succeeds and there is general rejoicing. This is the novel for which the author, a Christian himself, was assassinated by a fanatical anti-semite.

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THE FRIENDLY YEAR
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MASTERS OF PEDAGOGY

BY T. N. GILLESPIE

CONTENT to follow in the footsteps of Pestalozzi, Herbart and Froebel, American pedagogy, several decades ago, was a downright and an unadorned art, and unconscious of the delight and mystery now worshipped by every schoolma'am, male or female, as Technique. With the advent, however, of Messieurs Binet and Simon, and the consequent American vogue of their intelligence test, this erstwhile simplicity got out of date. Today it has been shoved aside by the demands of Efficiency and Organization, and the New Pedagogy—so, at least, the pedagogues assure us—has developed into a science on an equal footing with medicine and ichthyology, and with research methods so ramified and infallible as to hang the cloak of amateurishness upon the *modus operandi* of even such whales as Darwin and Einstein. No doubt there is in pedagogy a legitimate field for a certain amount of scientific investigation. A few men, such as Terman, Bagley, Cattell, and the late Inglis, have even performed therein meritoriously. But they, alas, are exceptions to the rule, and they stand out in appalling contrast to the pedagogical brethren whose idiocies and quackeries have almost reduced education in America to the level of chiropractic.

Once the concern of eminent and puissant philosophers, pedagogy in the Republic is today sold over the counter as well as *via* the mails and radio by the scintillating salesmen of super-efficient educational rolling-mills. These teacher factories range in size and importance from the infinitesimal shacks of *Kultur* that are flung along the Bible Belt to the grandiose temple of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler on Columbia Heights, with its millions of capital and its annual output of thousands of beautifully polished pedagogues. Known by an almost interminable variety of names, the up-to-date mills comprise normal schools, normal colleges, normal institutes, normal universities, normal seminaries, teachers' seminaries, teacher training schools, teacher training colleges, teachers' institutes, teachers' colleges, pedagogical institutes, pedagogical colleges, schools of pedagogy, colleges of pedagogy, institutes of education, schools of education, colleges of education, and institutes of educational research. Working hand in hand with them are hundreds of educational journals, more than a thousand scientific, professional and semi-professional societies, and the national Bureau of Education, with headquarters in the Department of the Interior at Washington.

Guiding the destinies of each of the higher schools of pedagogy there is usually a Dean of Education, who, culturally

as well as professionally, represents the very bottom of American academic ability. To ensnare a deanship in law or medicine —or even in the science of business administration—the candidate must have behind him at least a fairly decent professional record. Not so, however, in pedagogy. Sometimes, it is true, as in the case of Withers, there may have been an actual contribution to the Higher Learning in the form of a one-third share in an unimportant textbook on "Arithmetic Essentials," used for the edification of the younger children in the grades. Or, like Payne, the Dean of Education may even have scooped up the glory of a successful assistant superintendentship in the public schools of St. Louis. In rare cases, even, like that of the patriotic Hanus of Harvard, the prospective *decanus* may have purged his soul by confessing that he was "unfortunate enough to be born a German" with the saving admission that "the German people are densely ignorant . . . stolid, doltish." But aside from a few such towering exceptions the average Dean of Education is a cultural vacuum.

In the field of Scientific Pedagogy, however, ignorance is not much of a handicap. As a Dean of Education the most vapid ass may be a tremendous success. All that is required of him is that he be brisk and businesslike, a go-getting handshaker, well versed in the art and science of System and Supervision, able to spout soaring streams of talk about Education's Great Service and the Need of More and Better Educational Research, and capable, finally, of producing at all times a great quantity of mysterious charts and graphs, with zig-zag and multi-colored curves, and endless strings of statistics showing modes, medians, means, averages, percentiles and probable errors. Concerning education itself he need know nothing whatsoever.

Time was when the merchandise offered by the better-esteemed rolling-mills of pedagogy was relatively meagre and modest. The philosophy, history, and principles of education, with general methods of teaching, constituted their chief stock in trade. Later on, profitable sidelines were added in the form of educational psychology and the observation of teaching. But today no ambitious pedagogical establishment would dare to do business with such a stale and unvaried assortment. Like the American drug-store, the schools of pedagogy have soaked up the sauces of progress and prosperity so that an up-and-doing cultural behemoth like Teachers College (T. C.) at Columbia is forced to keep track of its offerings by slamming them into departments with a magical key number for each, thus:

History of Education	01–02
Philosophy of Education	03–04
Educational Sociology	05–06
Educational Psychology	07–08
Comparative Education	09–10
Mental Measurements, Tests, Statistics	21–22
Hygiene and Health Education	23–24
College Administration	25–26
Normal Schools and Teachers Colleges	27–28
School Administration	29–30
Kindergarten—First Grade	31–32
Elementary Education	33–34
Secondary Education	35–36
Advisers of Women and Girls	37–38
Civic Education	39–40
Vocational Education	41–42
Religious and Social Workers	43–44
Rural Education	45–46
Scouting and Recreational Leadership	47–48
Vocational Guidance	49–50
Immigrant Education	53–54
English	61–62
Geography	63–64
History and Social Science	65–66
Mathematics	67–68
Natural Sciences	69–70
French	71–72
German	73–74
Latin	75–76
Spanish	77–78
Practical Arts Education	81–82
Fine Arts Education	83–84
Household Arts Education	85–86
Industrial Arts Education	87–88
Music Education	89–90
Nursing Education	91–92
Physical Education	93–94

This Columbia list, I believe, is unique. Even the go-getting School of Education of New York University cannot face such competition. Still, a profitable showing may always be made by any enterprising mill which is prudent enough at least to stock up on all the more sought-after peda-

gogical staples. Of these the standard brands are General Subjects, Educational Sociology, General Theory of Education, and Educational Psychology. Big dividend-paying sidelines are Administration and Supervision, with special service departments in Personnel Research and Vocational Guidance. The worst selling item on the whole pedagogical list is the Philosophy of Education.

II

All the higher schools of pedagogy confer degrees. They range from the lowly Bachelor of Science in Education (B.S. Ed.) to the majestic Doctor of Pedagogy (Pd.D.), and even the highfalutin but now somewhat discredited Ph.D. For the more stupid pedagogues who fail to bag even the B.S. Ed. most of the Bigger and Better Schools of Education have generously provided a whole truckload of special certificates and diplomas. Take your pick from the following lot of insignia, mostly obtainable at Teachers College:

Instructor of Education
Teacher of Education
Examiner with Mental and Educational Tests
Critic Teacher
Supervisor of Fine Arts
Adviser of Women and Girls
Rural Community Worker
Social-Religious Worker
Teacher of Scoutcraft
Instructor of Nursing Education
Psychologist

A department in General Subjects is always a big attraction. Its high appeal lies in the fact that it never forgets that teachers are superior animals, set apart from the common herd. Consequently its offerings are always marked Extra Special:

Parliamentary Law for Teachers
The Romantic Period for Teachers
Composition for Teachers
Dancing for Teachers
American History for Teachers
Woodwork for Teachers
Public Speaking for Teachers
Scouting for Teachers
Character Training for Teachers
Social Science for Teachers
Dramatic Art for Teachers
Shakespeare for Teachers
Millinery for Teachers
Coaching of Athletics for Teachers
Religious Education for Teachers
Voice Culture for Teachers

There are, perhaps, some important omissions here. Culled, however, from the catalogues of more than a score of the most eminent Schools of Education, the list is sufficient evidence of how the New Pedagogy heaves its altruism at the teacher.

Wide open and unrestricted, the field of Educational Sociology is a wholesome contrast to the more aloof Department in General Theory. It is—according to the modest announcement of a pedagogue from New York—"designed for teachers, principals, supervisors, and superintendents," but with special benefits for "parents, teachers, ministers, social workers, and *anyone* interested in the social sciences." Plucked from several hundred offerings, the following tit-bits are typical:

Education in Health
Education in Nursing
Illustrative Lessons in Citizenship
Education in Housewifery
Research Problems in Housewifery and Laundering
Education in Accident Prevention
Field Work in Rural Community Surveys
Dress Appreciation
Clothing Economics
Food Marketing Problems
Education and the Family
The Family as an Educational Institution
Problems of Poverty and Social Welfare in Relation to Education

But the most lustrous of all are the University of Cincinnati's transcendental contributions: Pork Operations and Beef Operations!

As specialists in what they like to call Curriculum Construction or Reconstruction or Readjustment, the disciples of Educational Sociology annually devise myriads of clever *new* things—guaranteed sure-cures for all the multifarious ills of pedagogy. The most up-to-date, and therefore the most flamboyant, of the current panaceas are Education in Health, Education in Safety, and Education in Morals. "Just how should we teach 'Health' in our

schools?" inquires a combination pedagogue and editor of *American Education* (habitat: Boston University). "We have our tooth brush brigade; our open window sleepers; our glass of water before breakfast drinkers; our coffee teetotalers; and our in bed before eight retirers; but how many of our elementary schools have the hands washed with soap and hot water after every visit to the toilet army, and if not, why not?" Certainly a splendid opportunity for the New Educational Research!

III

In this mad scramble for glory in the field of Modern Health Education one cannot overlook the efforts of the Hon. Woodbridge N. Ferris, medicine man, pedagogue, patriot, erstwhile Governor of Michigan, and now United States Senator, who, before the *haut monde* of American pedagogy, the members of the National Education Association (N. E. A.), assembled in convention, fired off this:

> If I were to organize an educational system, I would make for its center health—h-e-a-l-t-h—health! I ask the teachers to care as much about health as the great industrial institutions of this country care about health. If you will do that much, there will be important changes in the United States in a comparatively short time. Our great factories are today houses of glass. What for? Light, light, and more light! They are so built that they can have air and more air. The industrial world has found out that it pays dollars and cents to have light and air. . . .

The hon. gentleman also appears in the rôle of bacteriologist:

> Microbes do not thrive out of doors; they don't sit up in the trees nor on brick or stone walls. . . . On every sunshiny day, on every fair day, in the rural and village schools, you can take your boys and girls out of doors and conduct out of doors every class. . . . I dare you to do it! There has never yet been a schoolroom built to equal God's schoolroom. . . .

Yet despite this fearless challenge, when compared with a real pedagogue like Prof. Enoch George Payne, A.B., Ph.D., the Senator, I suspect, is only an amateur. Let me introduce Enoch in the capitals of The American Viewpoint Society, Inc.:

> . . . FORMERLY ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS, AND PRESIDENT HARRIS TEACHERS COLLEGE, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI; MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AND N. E. A. JOINT COMMITTEE ON HEALTH EDUCATION; MEMBER CHILD HEALTH COUNCIL; ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR NATIONAL JUNIOR RED CROSS—ADVISER IN HEALTH AND SAFETY; CHAIRMAN NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL—EDUCATION SECTION—1918–23.

Though this learned man is no medic he has tossed off a four-volume *opus*, "We and Our Health," beside enriching the New Thought in pedagogics with such valuable prints as "Health and Safety in the New Curriculum," "Education in Health," and "An Analysis for Practice in Health and Accident Prevention—A Scale." He preaches the gospel of "language instruction with health and accident prevention as objectives." To catch these objectives, the "language instruction" is ripped apart —according to the prevailing fashions of Teaching Technique—into "oral expression, projects in language, speeches, compositions, drawings, illustrations, the scrapbook project, narration of accident and health experiences, debates, four-minute speeches, letter writing, exposition or explanation, story of accidents about which children have read, short stories, anecdotes and dialogue, dramatic expression in health and safety, and the spoken drama." Here are some of Dr. Payne's contributions to the Purer and Higher Drama:

> Treatment of Slight Injuries; Danger of Nails; Weak Step Ladders; Proper Ways to Start a Fire; Where to Keep Matches; How to Put out a Fire in Clothing; Carrying Pens Incorrectly in School; Dangers of Banana-Peels on Sidewalk; Umbrella Accidents; Carelessness in Riding a Bicycle; Correct Way to Get Off a Street Car; Roller-Skating.

The exciting climax of one of these dramas has been thoughtfully preserved for posterity in the form of a print picturing three youngsters in the heartbreaking act of blowing their respective noses to show "the necessity of using a handkerchief when sneezing in order to prevent the spread of germs." This portrait is visible in the pages of the *Journal of the N. E. A.*

Health and Safety must, of course, be

taught in "reading, drawing, arithmetic, American history, community civics, geography"—in fact, in anything and everything else. That the scientific spirit of Enoch and his ineffable tribe of health and safety pedagogues is spreading all over the Republic is clearly evidenced in St. Louis's free instruction in "How to help others cross the street at a dangerous crossing," in Youngstown's installation of Student Safety Squads "to serve effectively in guarding the halls," and in the Bellingham, Wash., pronouncement that "how to dodge automobiles will be a new course of instruction at the Parrish Junior High-school here."

Though still in its swaddling clothes, Education in Morals is another up-and-coming addition to the New Pedagogy. While the educational psychologists are determining ways and means of measuring the exact quantity of morals contained in any given youngster, the educational sociologists are broadcasting their programme of "Everyday Manners and Conduct for High School Students." Here are a few of the latest words in the science of teaching morals from a list arranged for the benefit of the youths at the Logan (Utah) high-school:

A student on entering the classroom should always greet the teacher pleasantly.

Avoid whistling, singing, loud talking, and loud laughter, for it is, indeed, annoying to all who are forced to listen.

Girls, do not make yourselves conspicuous by talking to the same boys every time you have a moment in the corridor.

Hair should be simply and becomingly dressed, regardless of prevailing styles.

We should be careful not to shuffle our feet nor drop anything.

If you want to dispose of chewing-gum, see that it goes into the waste basket and not on the floor.

Always let your attitude toward your principal and teacher be one of deference and respect.

Greet strangers pleasantly when they enter the building. Ask where they want to go or whom they wish to see. Conduct them thither instead of rushing past or crowding them against the walls.

After dancing with a girl, thank her, and walk back with her to her seat, to her chaperon, or to her next partner. Never leave her standing alone in the middle of the floor.

Bobbing and wriggling are *forbidden*.

It is very rude for a boy to slap a girl on the back to announce his presence, or for a girl to whistle or shout to attract a boy's notice.

Dealing in only the choicer and rarer commodities of the New Pedagogy, the Department of General Theory respectfully calls its customers' attention to the following:

Creative Thinking
Creative Reading
Creative Public Speaking
Creative Aspects of Contemporary Thought
Experiments in Creative Education
Idealism in Education
Principles and Problems of Education (Elementary and Secondary)
The Educative Process
Technique of Teaching
The Teacher's Technique

Not to forget Texas Christian University's special contribution: The Teaching Value of the Bible!

IV

For many years the General Theory Department of the New Pedagogy has been trying to ascertain *scientifically*—so at least it says—whether education should be for leadership, followership, health, safety, efficiency, citizenship, patriotism, Americanism, character, culture, right living, life, preparation for life, vocation, leisure, service, democracy, thrift, business, God, or woodwork. But despite a superabundance of statistical accumulations, the answer to this scientific problem is not yet available. Much attention has also been given to the creation of a series of snappy educational definitions with enough Appeal and Imagination to Sell Education to the vast army of embryo pedagogues as well as to the uninitiated layman. Once Dr. Butler's "education is the acquisition of the spiritual inheritance of the race" was a remarkable money-getter in this field, but today it is sadly out of fashion. The following is the new pabulum for the pedagogic *intelligentsia:*

Education is the eternal process of superior adjustment of the physically and mentally developed, free, conscious human being to God, as manifested in the intellectual, emotional, and volitional environment of man.

The manufacturer of this weighty apothegm is the learned Herman Harrel Horne, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., LL.D. (Wake Forest College, Wake Forest, N. C.), a very eminent American *pedagogus*, chronicled in "Who's Who," acclaimed in numerous pedagogic prints, photographed in the *Journal of the N. E. A.*, professor of the History of Education and the History of Philosophy at New York, and creator of countless pedagogical masterpieces, such as "Story-telling, Questioning, and Studying," "Psychological Principles of Education," "Fourteen Points in Religious Education," "Christ in Man-making," "Modern Problems as Jesus Saw Them," "Success for My Child," "What are the Human Natives Today?" and "Is PETTING really WRONG?" The versatile Herman is also a pedagogical orator for the Y. M. C. A. and Chautauqua. Now and then his mellifluous notes even float over the radio. For such exhilarating moments he has overhauled his definition, thus:

Expression must follow impression.
Do not divorce the interests of the individual and society.
Ultimate questions give enlargement of mind and breadth of perspective.
Conflicts in experience must have both practical and theoretical solutions in the light of the whole.
All education comes through responses to stimuli.
Teachers cooperate with God in the perfection of man.
Ideals are more real than bare facts.
Only those ideas that correctly represent reality are true.
No human life out of conscious relationship with the universe is quite complete.

Known as Horne's Radio Definition of Education, these precious strophes have caused quite a stir in the New Pedagogy.

The Department of General Theory also dabbles in Methods of Teaching—general and special—though in the larger rolling-mills, such as Chicago, California, Columbia, New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Pittsburgh, and Cincinnati, Methods are usually handled as separate attractions in departments of their own. Here, indeed, is the field of many opportunities:

Methods
General Methods
Special Methods
Methods of Teaching
Methods of Teaching in the High-schools
Methods of Teaching in the Junior High-schools
Methods of Teaching in the Junior and Senior High-schools
Teaching French Syntax and Composition
Teaching Clay Modeling
Teaching Reading and Public Speaking
Teaching Secretarial Practice
Teaching Gregg Shorthand
Teaching Pitman Shorthand
Teaching Retailing
Teaching Scoutcraft
Teaching Woodwork to Defectives
Teaching Art Appreciation
Teaching Elementary School Music
Teaching Nursing Methods
Teaching Voice Culture
Teaching Citizenship to Foreigners
Teaching Literature in Grades 7, 8, 9
Teaching Oral Expression in Grades 7, 8, 9
Principles of Clothing Construction
Publicity of Food Education
How to Teach Religion
Special Methods in Moral Education
Scientific Method Applied to the Study of Reading
Methods of Character Building
The Teaching Methods of Jesus

The purveyors of Educational Theory are *par excellence* the great arrangers and standardizers of the New Pedagogy. For years they have been chasing after a master formula, which, when generously applied, will transform every teacher into a super-efficient sorcerer, capable of teaching anything to any child at any time. Tons of tomes on Teaching Technique are annually dashed off the pedagogic presses, and though the stuff is mostly rubbish, there is none the less a voracious market for it, always ready to swallow more. With the exception of slightly different emphasis here or there, most of these technique messages are more or less identical. Now and then, of course, one encounters a professor whose invention is perhaps somewhat more original. Here loom up such eminent *Gelehrte* as Prof. Hubert Nutt, Ph.D., of Ohio Wesleyan, Prof. Elmer Holley, Ph.D., of James Millikin University, Dr. William Millis, President of Hanover College, and the great eight-cylinder patriot and pedagogue, Prof. Charles H. Judd, Ph.D., of Chicago. All of these dignitaries have

thrown off copious tracts on the New Technique. But the most sparkling expert of them all is undoubtedly Prof. George Herbert Betts, Ph.D., who, leaping a lap ahead of his pedagogic competitors, dedicates his treatise on technique "to those who have in their keeping the religious destiny of America." Here is the Technique of Teaching analyzed in a nut-shell by the pious George:

> Teaching that sticks—ATTENTION THE KEY—Three types of appeal to attention—How each type of attention works—THE APPEAL TO INTEREST—Interest depends upon comprehension—Interest attaches to action—Interest requires variety and change—FREEDOM FROM DISTRACTIONS—Distractions from classes reciting together—Planning routine to prevent distractions—Mischief and disorder—Distractions by the teacher—Avoiding physical distractions—DANGER POINTS IN INSTRUCTION—Lack of definiteness—Dead levels—Lack of movement in recitation—Low standards—Questions and problems.

Fortified by this knowledge, the dauntless Prof. Betts is able to ram "the lesson of obedience" down the gullets of his frightened students. Here are a few samples of the message "to be given the class:"

> God requires obedience.
> Disobedience brings sorrow and punishment.
> Children owe obedience to parents and teachers.
> Desire to please God with obedience.
> Sorrow for acts of disobedience.
> Pray for forgiveness for any act of disobedience.

All this scientific teaching, it appears, is to be reinforced by "pictures of Adam and Eve in the Garden, . . . music . . . and handwork or other form of expression material (cutting and pasting pictures in notebooks; coloring, or such work) to be done either in the classroom or at home."

Aiding this eminent man to disseminate his gospel of technique are hordes of the lesser pedagogues. Thus, Miss Mary A. Dwyer, a schoolma'am of Salem, Mass., unselfishly donates "a practical device . . . used very effectively:"

> An outline map of New England was drawn on a large piece of very heavy cardboard. The location of the cities to be drilled upon was indicated by a tiny metal pin, no names being found on the map. . . . Each pin was connected by a wire on the back of the map with a battery and thence with a pin on the side of the map beside the name of the city. A third connection was with a small electric bulb in the upper right-hand corner of the map.

If the child showed the spot "where he thought the city was" then "the little bulb lighted."

> The interest aroused by this device cannot be estimated. . . . Its fame spread, until it was borrowed by every seventh grade teacher in the rather large school system where it originated, proving well worth the time and effort put into its construction.

Improving the Teaching of English Composition is a fashionable sport in every house of learning. Here is the sure-cure of Prof. Fred Wilson Hubbard, of Paterson, N. J.:

> Five columns were outlined on the blackboard with these heads: (1) ands; (2) buts; (3) kind and number of sentences; (4) introductory word of each sentence; (5) average length of sentence in words. Each student was requested to go through his composition to find the number of "ands" and "buts" in his discourse. Each in turn filed to the blackboard and placed his total of "ands" in column (1) and his total of "buts" in column (2).

Then the whole business was added together and the class grand total announced to the breathless and excited group. The same tricks were done with columns 3, 4, and 5. When the students were "requested to revise their compositions and tabulate the results as before, . . . the improvement was most marked."

The very latest passion of the Theory Department is its boosting of what are called Progressive Principles. Here one encounters a truly masterful assortment of Systems, Plans and Projects. "For ten cents," announces an advertisement in one of the pedagogical papers, "we will send you postpaid any one of the following: the Winnetka System, the Dalton Laboratory Plan, the Leeds Dalton Plan, the Dalton Plan at Newberg, the Platoon School, the Platoon School of Work-Study-Play, the Decroly Method, the Ojai Valley School, the Pueblo Plan, the Batavia Plan, the Elizabeth Plan, the Morrison Mastery Plan, the Contract Plan, the Ruggles Street System, Projects in the Moraine Park School, a Pre-School Project for University Women, and Earmarks of the Pro-

ject." Such is the very "latest development" in Progressive Pedagogics! The turnover in this department, however, is incredibly rapid, and thus no one—not even a pedagogue—can guess what the "latest development" will be a week from now.

The most puissant force in the New Pedagogy is the New Psychology. Here are a few samples picked up at random.

Psychology of Pre-School Education
Psychology in the Nursery School
Psychology of Arithmetic (Spelling, Penmanship, Civics, History, Woodwork, etc.)
Psychology of Teaching
Psychology of High-school Subjects
Psychology of Religious Instruction
Psychology of Primary Reading
Psychology of Reasoning
Psychology of Reflective Thought
Psychology of Backward Children
Psychology of Effective Study
Psychology of Commercial Subjects
Psychological Foundations of Method
Psychology of Health Instruction
Psychology of Number
Psychology of Effective School Administration
Psychology of Individual Differences
Psychology of Teaching Accident Prevention

V

Indispensable to every virile, up-to-date, and scientific pedagogue, the New Psychology of Education is offered in hundreds of far-flung American mills of teacher training. Delving into the innermost secrets of the human mind, the New Educational Psychology seeks to prepare the embryo pedagogue in the high art of divining "with an accuracy that is almost uncanny" whether his pupils are mere dolts like the Rotarians, or destined to wear the crown of genius like Dr. Eddie Guest. In such magical determinations the psychological pedagogue is aided by myriads of tests, measurements, scales, graphs, curves, maps, charts, micrometers, dynamometers, æsthesiometers, slide-rules and automatic adding-machines. These devices have made of the American pedagogue a fearless analyzer and systematizer, an intrepid measurer and surveyor, ready at any time to evaluate anything mathematically, be it the "teaching effectiveness of art and music in religious education" (as in the Texas Christian University) or "teaching by free-hand drawing and blackboard" (*à la* Pittsburgh). Even more complicated and mysterious than this is the sorcery of Professor C. J. Herrick of Chicago, who, after years of most painful inquiry, is able to share with the waiting world his secret that "men are bigger and better than rats." This astounding discovery, however, becomes pale and puny when placed next to the educational psychologue's nimble dashes into the unknown. With his horrendous battery of prognosis tests, diagnosis tests, and self-analysis tests, he is able to "forecast the number of failures in ninth grade arithmetic by the measurement of seventh grade spelling abilities." Yet, even more: with the help of his "scientifically constructed vocational selection tests" the up-to-date, air-cooled, psychologically driven *pedagogus* can, without sweating too much, classify his students into prospective Baptist divines, bootleggers, radio announcers, and Y. M. C. A. secretaries.

The heavy artillery of Educational Psychology is, of course, the so-called intelligence test, which, ever since it chased the frightened educational philosophers out of their trenches, has been worshipped by every school dame in the Republic as a voice from the clouds. In the hands of a capable expert like Prof. Terman, the intelligence test seems to be a fairly accurate instrument for demonstrating the ancient fact that *Homo sapiens* and *Homo boobiens* are mentally unequal. But the average American pedagogue, alas, is no Terman, and so the intelligence test has become in most schools a piece of mysterious necromancy by means of which children are pelted with such profound interrogations as:

Do dogs run?
Can a doll sing?
Do men drink water?
Is the South different from the North?
Does the country need patriot citizens?
Should school teachers be continually tardy?
Are all lunatics in penitentiaries?

When patched together, the answers to this and similar nonsense supposedly establish the Americano's intelligence or I. Q., though just what the pedagogue does with this, once he has trapped it, is not quite clear.

From the intelligence test to the new style examinations was but a short step. Feeling that "the traditional type of school examination was highly uneconomical and grossly inefficient," the pedagogical psychologists have devised a new variety whereby "hundreds of students can be tested by a single examiner" on hundreds of questions in no time at all. Here are a few scintillating samples:

Complete the following:
No research can ever attain a ..... beyond that ..... by the ..... with which it .....
Civilization does not so much ..... kindness and ..... cruelty as merely ..... them.
Man's nature is ..... in at least the sense that it is the ..... of whatever goods man has learned to esteem.

These puzzles in Creative Thought have been contributed to the New Science of Pedagogy by Prof. Charles Emile Benson, Ph.D. (Teachers College), clinical psychologist and former acting Dean of Education.

Believing—as a recent pedagogico-psychological bull announces—that "all progress in civilization has depended upon our ability to measure," the modern American pedagogue has built a whole shipload of "educational tests and measurements," so that the "work of the schools is now a measurable product" and "the output of a single pupil, a class, a grade, a school, or a city, may be compared, *unit for unit*, in quantity and quality, with that of other pupils, classes, grades, schools, or cities." The following are a few of the headliners:

Ayre's Handwriting Scale
Starch's Spelling Scale
Trabue's Language Scale
Ayre's Scale for Measuring the Quality of Handwriting of Adults
Courtis's Arithmetic Scales
Woody's Arithmetic Scales
Monroe's Diagnostic Tests in Arithmetic
Van Wagenen's American History Scales
Rich's Chemistry Scales
A Score-card for the Measurement of Character
Objective Measurement of Information
Measurement of Civic Training
Measurement of Professional Attitudes
Disability in Reading and Its Relation to Personality
A Rating Scale for Pupil's Attitudes and Interests
Objective Measurement of a Course for Plumbers in a Vocational School
Measurement of Music Sight-reading
Measurement of Vocabulary Control Elements Applied to the Teaching of Hawthorne's "Great Stone Face"

The latest furrow in this fertile field is a "degree of truth test" to determine "just what the American people are thinking," so that the school curriculum may be "properly adjusted to modern social requirements." Answer the following simple questions and let the pedagogues tell you if you are a 100% Americano:

Are the movies seriously impairing the morals of American children?
Ought the American laboring man to be the most contented in the world?
Do human beings, or at least some of them, continue a personal, self-conscious existence after death?
Have all (most, many, few, no) Mohammedans led nobler lives than the average Christian leads?

What high hopes this "degree of truth test" must engender in the bosom of the professional snooper! With the Scientific Pedagogues, he may, indeed, "feel safe in saying that the standardized test, as a means of scientific measurement, is one of the greatest contributions ever offered. . . ."

To make tests and measurements a popular science, and also, perhaps, to spare the schoolma'am from the perils of overwork, the New Pedagogy has wisely created what are officially known as "self-analysis tests." Obtainable for a modest sum from almost any pedagogical supply-house, these self-analysis tests are merely the measurement magic all over again, the only difference being that the self-analyzer now supplants the pedagogue as officiating magician. By replying "carefully and honestly" to a set of printed questions any child may now discover by itself in "a rough and rapid, yet thoroughly scientific way" just how much it is worth in character, health, safety, morals, and seventh grade arithmetic. More. Even the high-school prin-

cipal need no longer be in the darkness about his quantitative superiority over the less eminent citizen and taxpayer. All that he has to do is to rate himself "as objectively as possible" on the basis of the following far-visioned questions, thoughtfully created by Headmaster James W. Vose of Cushman Academy, with improving touches by Principal J. P. Cheever of Rockland, Mass.:

Are you an active member of the N. E. A. State Principals' Association? State Teachers' Association? Local Associations?

Do you attend a Summer school of education at least one year in four?

Do you read studiously the *School Review*, and *Educational Administration and Supervision?*

Is your office equipped with adequate files?

Are you largely free from clerical and office detail?

Is your staff organized? Duties clearly defined?

Is publicity given to educational objectives, the needs and achievements of the school?

Are you and your clerks examples of orderliness?

Do you vote regularly?

Are you able to save systematically?

Are patriotism and democracy encouraged?

Are you a good mixer?

Do you endeavor to have janitors directly responsible to you?

Are you qualifying for a better position?

Ordinarily, these should be sufficient data for any high-speed principal. Should he, however, have any doubts about his ability as a practical classroom technician he can do no better than analyze himself in terms of Prof. William Anderson McCall's penetrating formula:

$$\text{Teacher Efficiency} = \frac{(\text{Reading A. Q. Diff.}) + (\text{Arithmetic A. Q. Diff.})}{N}$$

where A. Q. Diff. means achievement quotient difference and N equals the number of subjects.

The pedagogues, it appears, were not joking when they said that everything that exists, exists in quantity, and can therefore be measured mathematically.

The latest model American pedagogue may know all the intricacies of the intelligence-test. He may be able to measure and pigeon hole his students in the approved pedagogic fashion according to morals and music sight reading. He may even know "just what the American people are thinking." But unless he can also play the rôle of vocational selector, guide, or counselor, he is, I fear, an ignorant lout. For many years the petted favorite of the scholarly employment bureaus of the scientific Y. M. C. A., vocational guidance is today found in every up-to-the-minute public school. The head of the department is usually an ordinary pedagogue promoted to the rank and pay of a vocational expert. In rare cases such an expert will possess evidence of his scientific equipment in the form of a Diploma Title of Vocational Counselor, acquired and paid for at Teachers College—but such cultural eminence is, of course, quite rare. The *diplomé's* chief duty is to toss about the so-called vocational selection tests and to guide his student victims to their supposedly predetermined life work.

With the right kind of psychological hocus-pocus, these men of vocational vision must hypnotize their childish subjects into forgetting such mundane matters as "size of remuneration." Rather let them concentrate upon "personal fitness, the occupation's provision of intrinsic satisfaction to the worker," and, above all, "the opportunity it affords for Service." Should the youngster still prefer the unholy affluence of the bootlegger to the high opportunity for Service afforded by a college professorship in a one-building university in the Anti-Evolution Belt, then the vocational guide (teacher, counselor, expert) must be versed in the art of grabbing reinforcements. The best help is usually obtained from the magnificos of the great professions. They, it seems, are ever-ready to bolster the scientific work of the guide by chanting numerous and apposite tunes about the virtues of Service and Success. The following odes are selected from a representative tome on the subject of Vocational Guidance composed for the pedagogues by more than a dozen experts and edited by the learned Prof. Douglas Fryer, Ph.D., an ex-vocational director in the Y. M. C. A. The first song reveals to the

young student the intangible grandeur of a noble profession:

> What advertising man is there who is not proud of the results achieved by advertising during the World War . . . ? It sold the great issues of Liberty Bonds. It raised millions of dollars in the Red Cross and United War Work Drives. . . . It contributed more than any other single influence . . . in creating a great popular support of the government in all its undertakings.

Or the youngster may be inspired to become an Ivy Lee and do Big Things in a Big Way:

> . . . The average newspaper reporter is paid from $25 per week at the start, up to $200 or $250 for the highly specialized work. Publicity men begin where newspaper reporters leave off. . . .

But the biggest wallop goes for salesmanship:

> Salesmanship will teach you the value of truth telling, honesty and fair dealing. *Selling is Service!*

If now the youngster is still in doubt about his lifework, surely it is not the fault of the New Pedagogy's work in Vocational Guidance!

VI

And now comes the "scientific study of personnel problems in education." In the bulging archives of pedagogic buffoonery this is the latest addition. Though the "field is still unexplored" the pedagogues have not been idle, as witness:

> Management and Men
> The Human Factor in Teaching
> Personnel Problems in Training Teachers in Service
> Appointing and Introducing the Teacher to Her Work
> Personnel Problems in Handling Home Talent
> The Problem of the Married Woman Teacher
> Significance of Teacher Turnover
> Problems in Measuring the Merit of Teachers
> How Much Should the Teacher Be Paid?

Handpicked by the eminent Ervin Eugene Lewis, superintendent of schools at Flint, Mich., the following intricate puzzles represent the pick of the contemporary pedagogico-personnel market:

> A teacher is indiscreet in her associates. She is repeatedly and kindly advised to avoid getting herself talked about by such indiscretion. She feels that it is her business. . . . She loses her position. . . . Are the moral and social standards of teachers too exacting?
>
> The superintendent feels that it would be timely to address his teaching staff on the subject of "Opportunities for Advancement in Education." What should he say?
>
> Enumerate some of the best methods of (*a*) closing an interview, and of (*b*) letting a candidate know her application is unsuccessful.

Next to all this laborious scientific research the chief activity of the modern American pedagogue is Organization. Beginning with the national Bureau of Education and including the corpulent N. E. A. as well as the scholarly National Society for the Study of Education, the fraternal and honorary Phi Delta Kappa for men and Pi Lambda Theta for women, as well as the National Story Tellers' League, the National Benedictine Educational Association, the National Security League, the National Association of Biblical Instructors, the National Association of Deans and Advisers of Men, and the International Narcotic Education Association, Inc., there are in the Republic thousands of pedagogical and quasi-pedagogical associations—all listed and penetratingly described in an 82-page Government Bulletin, 1926, No. 16. Of all these organizations the Bureau of Education is the only one of governmental rank. Presided over by a Commissioner, its chief function seems to be the annual emission of bulletins and handbooks on education. Incidentally it is a sort of Department of Education without the prestige of a place in the Cabinet. Its work, while sometimes important, is never scientific—not even in the accepted pedagogic sense. Hence, the bureau, even among pedagogues, is a nonentity.

Not so with the N. E. A. Composed of more than 140,000 members, it is "open to persons actively engaged in educational work." The N. E. A., however, has been known to admit people of lesser rank. Its purpose is to "boost education," to "sell the school to the home," "to make 100% Americans," and to fight for "a Federal Department of Education under a Secretary of Education." The N. E. A. constitutes, without competition, the *noblesse* of

American pedagogy. Its flashy annual convention is always the climax of a busy season.

Dedicated to the Child, the Home, and the School, Phi Delta Kappa and Pi Lambda Theta are supposedly restricted to the younger generation of the pedagogic *intelligentsia*. But here, too, the barriers are not insurmountable. Research is Phi Delta's heavy artillery. Its big booming, however, is merely the sonorous thunder of the older and more experienced pedagogues. Thus one finds all the old familiar "science:" "Better Examinations," "Correspondence Teaching by the Problematic Method," "Bible Information Scale," "Evolution of the Seattle System of Instruction in Handwriting," "Two Thousand Spelling Demons for High School," and "Is the High School Developing a Citizenship Adequately Informed of Japanese-American Relations?" There are, of course, other less brilliant topics. But we must not forget Phi Delta's ode to Service. Listen to New York's "greater and more active" Rho Chapter:

> If Rho Chapter is not bigger and better next year . . . it has failed in its duty. We should take in more members who are worthy; we should devote more time to discussing research problems and to hearing men of importance speak; . . we should help each other and never forget that we are a research organization. . . . Another consideration which would help our fraternalism is to have a specified gathering place in the cafeteria where we could lunch and talk over our mutual problems.

And so "brothers, one and all, . . . make up your minds to help!"

In the field of journalism, strangely enough, the New Pedagogy is almost a Sahara. The drought is due not to lack of quantity, for there are many hundreds of pedagogical prints. In quality, however, most of them are an insult to even an average mind. Not only in subject-matter, but in language, style, and make-up, the average pedagogic journal is an eye-sore. In price they range from the government's *School Life* at fifty cents a year to the seven-dollar quarterly *Pedagogical Seminary and Journal of Genetic Psychology*. Founded by the late G. Stanley Hall, the *Seminary* lived through the better days of Clark University, during which time it was actually the forum of American pedagogy. Today it is as dead as the Kingdom of Hammurabi. The most eminent weekly in the field is *School and Society*, edited by Dr. Cattell. Yet, when compared with the same editor's *Scientific Monthly*, *School and Society* seems foolish. True, it omits the prattle about Service and Ideals that splurge through the pages of McAndrew's *School Review*. For another thing, it has no portraits of smiling schoolma'ams and children snapped in the act of studying morals. Nor does it devote itself exclusively to statistics about I. Q.'s and A. Q.'s It is not, like the *Educational Digest*, a Big Booster. Nor does it, like the *Journal of Education*, hold that Boston is the most remarkable town in the Republic, that the Faber pencil is an alien enemy, that "the German university system has been simply a means to clothe wolf-minds in sheepskin," that Dr. Frank Crane is one of the "authors who are a present delight," and that the N. E. A. convention of 1918 was "a Woodrow Wilson convention because he is the commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States." Cattell's paper, foolish as it often is, has never plunged to the level of such idiocy, and in this respect it is perhaps the only one of its kind in the field of American pedagogical journalism.

Across the Atlantic the Old World is now celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of the death of Heinrich Pestalozzi. In America the pedagogues are scarcely aware of the event. Yet, in a way, this is just as well. For if Pestalozzi has any just claims to the fatherhood of modern pedagogy, then his offspring in America has degenerated into a dull and dangerous cripple with nothing save oblivion for its future.

ARE EXPLORERS TO JOIN THE DODO?

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

With so much recent flying over seas previously unknown, and no land discovered on any of the flights, the commentators are beginning to worry about the end of the romantic Age of Exploration, and the possible extinction of the Columbus family. Are there to be no more explorers, they ask, or, at least, no more Great Explorers?

Waiving the question of whether it matters a lot if the tribe of Columbuses does perish, we have encouragement, of a sort, in a study of the inside history of exploration, by which we see that nearly all the most famous explorers came into their greatest fame through misunderstandings, or through the planned or accidental fruits of publicity. That is good news for those who want us to have great explorers in future. For there is always room for more misunderstandings, and surely the arts of publicity are not on the wane. The Columbuses should, therefore, be able to flourish among us yet awhile. Their last fade-out will come only when mankind ceases to delight in being humbugged.

For those who want new Columbuses hereafter, there is nothing more encouraging than the story of Christopher Columbus himself. If there were any such thing as an abstract greatness in discovery, then surely *the* discoverer of America would not have been Christopher, but the first human being who stepped ashore on our continent, or who first saw it from a distance (I rule out of court the beasts that were ahead of the humans, since the institution of fame has never been developed among them). This discoverer came thousands of years ago, and may have been a negrito or some sort of negroid person. He may have resembled a kind of Chinaman, or perhaps he was a good deal like some modern Europeans. (In that case the Nordics would assume, *a priori*, that he must have been a Nordic, or at least an Asiatic proto-Nordic, in whom their coming greatness was already foreshadowed.) One more assumption is that the discovery probably took place across Bering Straits, though some argue that it may have been from island to island across the South Pacific.

But we are really perverting the meaning of "discoverer" by discussing Negroes or Mongolians, for by immemorial practice the use of that word is confined to Europeans. No place is discovered until some European finds it. We even have to narrow down the meaning of "discoverer" closer than that, for there is beginning to appear reason to think that a kind of European (in the sense of coming from Europe) really found North America in very ancient prehistoric times. These would not have been real discoverers, for they probably resembled Eskimos, and no one would suggest that a place was discovered when the first Eskimo found it.

We do not come to a real competition in claims of discovery until we begin to discuss whether the Irish found America. They have enough political and other prominence—in fact, they are the next most fashionable whites after the Nordics. Still, merely being Irish is not enough, for what we really mean by a Great Discoverer is a European who was hurrahed while living and haloed after he died. The Irish discoverer, if there was one, does not meet these requirements. The Irish themselves

cannot agree upon a name for him, and they never tried to make much of him until recently, when they became ambitious to set up a rival to Columbus. Greatness does not sit very securely on even the most deserving dead man if nobody knows his name.

After the Irish, we come to more formidable discoverers of America, for we know their names and they have the advantage of being Nordic—Gunnbjorn, who first sighted the American island of Greenland, probably around the year 900; Eric the Red, who colonized Greenland following 982; and his son Leif the Lucky, who visited the American mainland in A.D. 1000. There are no scholars and few intelligent laymen who dispute the records of Eric and his son Leif, but still most of them agree that they were not the real discoverers of America, even though the Papacy followed soon and effectively in their footsteps by establishing churches in Greenland about 1050, maintaining them for 300 years, and encouraging the knowledge of the Western World to spread throughout Europe by way of the learning that bound together the mediæval monasteries.

II

Christopher Columbus is *the* discoverer of America chiefly because he and what he was supposed to have done got the right preliminary publicity. Marco Polo and others had reminded Europe afresh of the riches of the East. Desert raiders, fairly well press-agented for those days, were making more dangerous the overland routes which had always been difficult. Prince Henry the Navigator and his group had finally worked out an eastern thoroughfare by rounding South Africa, but the way was stormy and tedious. Everybody wanted a cheap and easy eastward route. Many had been trying for centuries, and the public interest was constantly getting more and more inflamed.

Then, at the psychological moment, Columbus sailed westward with all his other publicity advantages strengthened by the most fashionable royal backing then avail able in Europe. He struck land, and at firs everybody thought he had discovered short route to the wealth of the Indies. A little later doubts arose, about whic people argued violently, and the arguin was quite as good for advertising as th previous harmony of acclaim. Before th legend died that Columbus had found Asia other legends about gold and jewels an fountains of youth had grown up to tak its place. There never was a let-down o publicity until colonies developed, an America became wealthy in her own right

As a result of the centuries of advertis ing that thus went before the rise of his torical scholarship, it is hopeless now t try to lessen the fame of Columbus by pub lishing the truth about all the discoverer who preceded him. He is as safe in his his torical shrine as if he had never existed like some god or demigod. Hercules is more famous now and his achievements are more widely known than ever they were in the days when a handful of Greeks believed in him. Even little Red Riding Hood is more securely immortal than Mary Pickford. If fame depends on any real achievement at all, it depends only on publicity achievement.

Greatness in the field of discovery can be acquired today or tomorrow by the same publicity methods that worked so well for Columbus. That such modern greatness happens to have been secured most often by men who deserved well and worked honestly, is really beside the point. For others who deserved as well and worked as honestly are now forgotten, or else were never known to the public at all.

The most striking case in point is that of Admiral Peary. For integrity, ability, courage, persistence, and many other admirable qualities, he had few equals. He discovered or elucidated several laws of nature that are of permanent value to science, and he widened the horizon of geography. Professor William H. Hobbs, of Michigan, is just now working out, for instance, a theory of the wind circulation

of the globe which hinges in considerable part on Peary's work in Greenland. Now that we are flying, and especially when we begin to fly more with dirigibles, to understand the winds has become crucially important. Peary is a world benefactor in helping us to that understanding, but it is reasonably certain that his fame will not be thereby appreciably increased. Geographers are nearly unanimous in holding that his biggest achievement was determining that Greenland is an island. Also, his demonstration that the north end of Greenland, now called Peary Land, is free of snow in Summer, and that it supports plant and animal life the year round, was a death blow to the old theory that if lands were only far enough north they would be sure to be covered with ice. But in spite of all these things, Peary's greatness has been made to depend almost solely on his having been first to reach the North Pole. With all his real worth, Peary would not have become an immortal had the North Pole not been a well-advertised place.

A side issue is that the public will not usually consider a man great unless he has done something which it can visualize. Children play with tops and we have all seen vehicles running on wheels, so we think we know what is meant by the axis of the earth. We translate axis into axle, think of a top or a wheel, and imagine that we understand what the North Pole is. It is one end of the axle on which the earth revolves. Accordingly, we think we can understand and value properly the achievement of the man who first got there.

But what most people had about the North Pole until recently was an understanding as wrong as it was clear. By an artificially simplified theory of the nature of the earth, they had arrived at the conclusion that this pole had many remarkable qualities beside being the end of the axle of the earth. It was discussed as if it were the coldest place on earth, the center from which the cold winds were distributed, the hardest place to reach, and the one toward which the magnetic needle pointed. It was supposed to be at least five poles in one—Cold Pole, Wind Pole, Pole of Inaccessibility, Magnetic Pole, and North Pole. We now know that the coldest place is more than a thousand miles from it, the wind center nearly a thousand miles, the hardest point to reach about four hundred miles away, and that the magnetic needle points toward a district in Canada that is nearer to Winnipeg than it is to the North Pole.

However, during the long time when the North Pole was still supposed to possess the qualities of all the other poles, it became so famous and acquired such a hold on the public imagination that if you were now, by knowledge and argument, to strip away from it one by one all of its supposed attributes of greatness you would not detract appreciably from its fame—just as Pike's Peak remains the most famous mountain in Colorado although more than twenty peaks in that State alone are higher —just as Hercules will always be more famous than any real strong man—just as Columbus will remain the great discoverer of America no matter how many earlier discoverers history may soundly establish.

Peary seems to have agreed with Cicero that to be ambitious for the immortality of your name is among the greatest of human virtues. Furthermore, he wanted the glory for his associates and for the flag of his country. So he went to the North Pole and became immortal. It was not the most difficult of his achievements nor the most important scientifically. But it had the necessary advance publicity, and the proper follow-up.

In fact, the North Pole has a superfluity of popular standing, enough to make many men famous. Byrd will probably become immortal for having been the first to fly there, and Amundsen for having been the first to fly there in a dirigible. No motor sledge yet devised is likely to travel effectively over the floating ice north of Spitzbergen, but if such a sledge exists, then the advertised French expedition is

likely to make at least somebody semi-immortal for having been the first to get to the North Pole in a mechanical sleigh. It is probably reachable by submarine, and the first man who goes there that way will become still another fixture in history. And so on for several firsts by new methods. These will all be international immortalities. National immortalities will fall to the first Frenchman, the first Japanese, etc.

If you want to find out how much glory a man gets for doing a difficult thing that is little advertised, just check up on the credit Amundsen received for flying over the Pole of Inaccessibility. That pole is at least as much harder to reach than the North Pole as the top of Mount Everest is harder than the highest point yet climbed. But, you will discover, the applause of the world for that achievement was only a faint echo of what Amundsen got for the North Pole. Although he was the first man to do the most difficult thing possible on our earth from the point of view of exploration, he got out of it far less than for being the third man to visit the easier place that was better advertised.

True enough, all this North Pole flying immortality does not depend entirely upon the publicity of the North Pole, but can ride partly on the publicity of the airplane. Nothing has a better press now, unless it be swimming. Just imagine the vaudeville salary of the first man to swim to the North Pole! Close beside the North Pole and the airplane in publicity value is feminism, as applied recently, for instance, in the Channel swims. Thus we may one day have immortality for the first woman who goes to the North Pole, then for the first mother of a family, and eventually, when we get a little more broadminded, for the first divorcée.

Then possibly, by suitable publicity, we may be able to educate the crowd to the idea of how far beyond the North Pole the Pole of Inaccessibility really is; whereupon there may be vast glory for the first man to fly there in an airplane, next for the first to walk there, then for the first motor sledge, submarine, etc. Following that will come the first débutante to go there, the first mother of a family, and so on, with no limit other than that set by the arts of publicity.

III

Another encouraging thing about geographic discovery is that people are forgetful of details, although they remember generalities.

After more than three hundred years of heralded search, the Northwest Passage had become permanently famous. Then it was discovered by Sir John Franklin in 1846, but nobody knew about that until gold medals had been awarded to Sir Robert McClure for discovering it again in 1853. The world resounded with McClure's glory for awhile.

The great public had forgotten about even McClure, but still remembered there had been a search for a Passage, when, in 1903, Amundsen sailed west from Norway. Three years later, when the job was done, some newspaper man misunderstood Amundsen's announcement that he had navigated the Northwest Passage and put a story on the wires that he had discovered it. The public hurrahed for the discovery even louder than they had done in the case of McClure half a century before, and most people think even now that Amundsen discovered the Northwest Passage. Why not, if Columbus discovered America?

That it is not the first discovery, but rather the best advertised discovery that counts, was proved to me from my own career. For, in so far as I am known at all, I am generally known as the discoverer of the "Blond" Eskimos. But the first traveler to report a strangely blond people in the Arctic was not I, but Nicholas Tunes 256 years ahead of me—in 1656. This seems to have been in Baffin Island, far from my locality. But in my own district European-like Eskimos had been reported in the following order: by Sir John Franklin in 1824, by Dease and Simpson in 1837, by Captain

Charles Klinkenberg in 1906, by Captain William Mogg in 1908, and lastly by me in 1911, without attracting much attention. The report that created a furore was my second, given out in 1912.

That none of these reports about a Europeanlike people in the Arctic produced an appreciable stir in the world was apparently either because the public did not know of the possible romance behind them, or else failed to make the proper connection. They certainly did know of the romance in 1911, but they failed to see its relation to my report, even though it was published in the London *Times*, a paper that commands much attention. But in 1912 the same report was dressed in newspaper extravagance and joined up by the reporter with the tragic drama of the colony of 5000 Europeans who disappeared from Greenland in the Middle Ages. There was better reason for connecting the report of Tunes than mine with the lost colony, and at least an equal reason for connecting those of Franklin, Simpson, Klinkenberg and Mogg, and my own report of 1911, but it simply was not done. The achievement of making the same discovery was presumably a little less each time it was made, yet more glory resulted from the last one than from all the others put together—because the right publicity note was struck.

The connection once made with a topic of high publicity value (involving also a misunderstanding similar to the supposition that Amundsen had discovered the Northwest Passage), the "Blond" Eskimo story swept the world and has not yet been forgotten after fifteen years—in fact, shows no signs of fading.

In view of how often America, the Northwest Passage, and the "Blond" Eskimos were discovered before the hero came along who got the maximum publicity out of each, we have little reason to be depressed, thinking that the glamour of discovery is about to fade. When the first man has climbed Mount Everest, the first woman can do it, and then the first mother of a family; when the first airplane has flown over Everest, there is still room for the first dirigible. You can go to Northwest Australia this year and visit a black family who have never seen a white man; next year you can capitalize the same family by taking a woman along, for they will never before have seen a white woman. Then will come the turn of the first mother of a family—who really should take one of her children with her—there would be a tremendous thrill in the cannibalism angle. It would not be necessary to have the baby actually cooked and eaten to make the front pages.

It may seem for the moment absurd that we shall ever be as excited again as we were recently over the North Pole, the Northwest Passage, or the "Blond" Eskimos. But the wisest guessers frequently guess wrong, and especially about news. During the last several years I have read many estimates of the journalists of New York; none of them have failed to put Mr. Carr Van Anda high as a judge of news, and most of them have put him at the very top. Yet, in 1912, Mr. Van Anda said to me that, with the North Pole found and the Cook-Peary controversy settled, the Arctic would never again occupy much space on the front pages of the New York papers. But in 1926 he either himself directed or was present while someone else directed that the entire front page of the New York *Times*, along with several of the inside pages, should be given over to the North Pole.

I doubt if Mr. Van Anda would prophesy as confidently today as he did fourteen years ago that fourteen years from now the North Pole will occupy little space on the front page. Who knows but the public may forget Amundsen as they did McClure, so that a new discoverer of the Northwest Passage may ride in on a new wave of hurrahs? Some explorer with a good press may be able to get the same result sooner by flying the Passage, or swimming it. A new man may in time get new renown out of my "Blond" Eskimos as I did out of

Franklin's. The "Tunnit" remains of Labrador were discovered for perhaps the tenth time last year, and the tenth discovery (if it wasn't the twentieth) won more glory than any preceding it. Judging from past records, those "Tunnit ruins" could be found again with even greater *kudos* about 1930. And so on for many thrilling discoveries.

I have myself been in parties, of three in one case and of four in another, that discovered large islands, rich with vegetation, birds and animals, which had never been seen before by human eyes, press agented or other. We were thrilled, of course. It was one of the great experiences of our lives. But, to judge by outward appearances, there are friends of mine who have been even more thrilled by "discovering" hamlets in Brittany that were "absolutely unknown to Americans." And I think they really had at least an equal right with us to the thrill, for I imagine that discovering countries never seen by human eyes is today easier than the discovery of a Brittany village unspoiled by tourists.

Adventure, in the last analysis, is measured by the thrill it gives to the discoverer, and later to those who hear about it. You can predispose the world to any desired thrill by suitable advance publicity. A deliberate campaign would be too long and expensive, so you should choose something well advertised already, as, for instance, the word and idea "ray." We have long had the rays of the sun, and they have been very popular. Then there are the x-rays, the radium rays, and many others, until the world is now ready to be thrilled by anything that is called a ray. It is also important to have a good adjective for the ray you are going to promote. "Cosmic ray" is the best to date—see what it has done for Millikan. If you can find a name a little better than cosmic, people will go almost as daffy over the discovery of your new ray as over a Channel or a Catalina swim.

Thus I arrive at a heartening conclusion: the tribe of Great Discoverers will not become extinct till the Age of Advertising has passed.

THE CITADEL OF THRIFT

BY DANE YORKE

With a New England President in the White House, much has been heard of late of New England thrift. At times the admirers of that quality have seemed almost to claim it as a New England invention—certainly as the special and peculiar New England virtue. But since 1922 other parts of the country, unpraised for their possession of it, have been making new records in prosperity, whereas New England's own story has been one of industrial, agricultural and commercial depression, and at the present time, despite ardent publicity to the contrary, she probably presents more economic ills to the square inch than any other section. In all this her thrift appears to have played the rôle, not of a remedy and amelioration, but of a blight. Swaddled in it, she has been nearly strangled by it.

The traditional view of New England frugality has been one of worshipful admiration, with particular devotion to her celebrated savings deposits. It must be admitted that they do stand out. As computed by the Census Bureau, New England's total tangible wealth of twenty-five billion dollars is roughly proportionate to her population: she has 7% of the country's population and 7.6% of the national assets. In Federal income tax payments she scored 8.3% of the national total in 1925 and 8.2% in 1926, while her corporations paid 8.4% in 1925 and 7.1% in 1926—the latter decline reflecting her unhappy industrial situation. Again, in the list of sixty-nine banks and trust companies which, on December 31 last, reported general deposits of more than $75,000,000 each, and which between them had 26.4% of all the country's deposits, New England possessed six, or 8.6% of the total number, and the deposits of the six comprised 6.8% of the whole—incidentally, a recession from a percentage of 7.06 in 1925. In all those things, it appears, New England is fairly normal. But when it comes to savings deposits alone, she has in all her banks 16% of the national total, and Massachusetts leads all the States with a *per capita* deposit of $542, little Vermont is third with a *per capita* of $517, and even rugged, homespun Maine, the only New England State to fall below $400, shows a *per capita* of $360 against a national average of $211. Certainly New England is saving!

A remarkable showing, undoubtedly, but then New England thrift is a remarkable thing. It manifests an acute consciousness of and respect for money, but almost always as a solid and not as a fluid, a circulating medium. In the expressive New England phrase, when a dollar is acquired it is "stuck on the kidney," like a plaster, and is not to be removed save by a painful peeling. This preoccupation with conserving the immediate dollar, the one already "stuck," continually betrays New England into indifference or blindness to indirect or future costs and profits. Long ago the rest of the country scrapped the ideal of the village storekeeper whose success was due to his knotting together pieces of old string. The time and labor cost of the string so saved was seen to far exceed the cost of a new ball. But New England still saves her string, and still admires her string-saving men.

Just the other day I was called upon to marvel at the thrifty stratagems by which a certain New England village fortune was accumulated. In his frugal progress up from poverty the founder thereof had acquired land and cash, and so become desirous of registering his success. The idea of a brick house seized him. There was none in the neighborhood, nor any brick-yard; the best source of supply was Boston. But frugality forbade paying city prices. Also, amid the man's own holdings, there was land having clay fairly suitable for brick-making. He might have imported a brick-maker—but that meant city wages. He solved the dilemma by dropping all his affairs, and walking (railroads were in existence, but he considered the fare too high), the one hundred miles to Boston, where he found work in a brick-yard, learned to make brick and, after an interval of months, walked home again and built his house with brick made from his own land. "He was smart!" says New England admiringly. But the journey did not even result in a new industry in that village. There are still not a half dozen brick houses there, nor any brick-yard, and I suspect that part of the reason is that the frugal brick-maker wanted Boston prices for his own home-made brick. New England thrift is inclined to work that way; it is distinctly personal, not communal.

The passion for utilizing things already owned or in existence—the string complex—manifests itself in many ways. Recently I was able to trace the physical growth of a New England home. The house was first built, twenty or twenty-five years ago, as a five-room cottage without a cellar. It became too small. Nearby the owner had a small frame shop lying idle and dilapidated. With characteristic thrift he moved that shop over, patched it on to his cottage, and so gained a two-room addition. The first Winter proved the revised edifice difficult to heat, whereupon the whole patchwork was raised, a cellar dug beneath it and a furnace installed. Nor did the cost of "saving" that print shop end there, for it is the present occupant's contention that the helter-skelter lay-out, the result of the original patching, still wastes five extra tons of coal every Winter.

As another marvel of Yankee "ingenuity"—which, as observed today, seems largely the ingenuity of makeshift—there stands in another New England town, on one of the main business corners, a frame store-building that is such a tinkered and cut-up rookery that not only are the insurance rates on it almost prohibitive, but the companies for years have insisted on limiting the insurance to less than one-third the value, with the other two-thirds the sole risk of the owners. Originally that building also was two, both located in another town. They were moved bodily over ten miles of country road and patched and cobbled into one. There the result stands today, a town eyesore, costly in insurance, dismal in appearance, and wasteful in human labor through its ill-adapted construction, but still thriftily conserving something that New England frugality forbade throwing away. Similar edifices may be found on the main streets of all the principal New England cities. In one instance the owner is a former Governor.

Perhaps it will be objected that such things come down from simpler days; that New England has changed. The answer is to be found in the New Englander who within the last few years erected a large business building and was to be seen each day going about after the workmen, carefully picking up the nails they had dropped and replacing them in the kegs. He thus rescued every nail, even to getting down on his hands and knees to fish for the one that had slipped into a crack. All this was not forced on him by shoestring capital: his personal means ran well into six figures, and he was a director in the leading local bank. Nor was he a dried-up old curmudgeon, but a man of early middle age, in appearance and general disposition quite removed from the miser type. The thing was simply in his blood.

II

Remembering her famous clipper captains, those daring crowders-on of sail, one often marvels at the close-hauled New England of today. The note of tight-reefed, one-ideaed economy is encountered everywhere, even in the bitter comments of garage-men upon the number of New England car-owners who invariably buy their gasoline in one-, two- and three-gallon installments, "to save loss by evaporation." "And don't think," say the filling-station proprietors, "that it's only the Ford owners who do it!" It came out recently in a forcible editorial complaint by a leading Boston newspaper that Miss Willa Cather's new book, "My Mortal Enemy," contained less than half the number of pages usual to a novel, and yet was sold "at the regular full book price." "The country is undoubtedly prosperous," scolded the editorial, "but the publishers should not so take advantage of the fact!" The same thing appears again in the loss to New England of her migrating youth. New York financial houses and Middle West industrial plants have maintained special—and expensive—representatives at her great colleges and technical schools to cull and absorb the pick of her trained youth. Yet a New Englander, "pointing with alarm" to the condition, was forced to admit, when questioned, "that as yet no New England institution had made a similar effort."

Discussions of New England agriculture reveal stories of once prosperous farmlands exhausted by a thrift that has refused sufficient expenditure for needed fertilizers. The New England apple industry contributes testimony from still another angle. "Apples," sobs a farm journal, "seem to have reached the low point. . . . If people will only return to their old habits of eating apples, instead of consuming citrus fruits and bananas so freely, some improvement in the New England apple situation will follow." But that *if* merely begs the question. The plain facts are that in New England, Western apples, shipped to Boston at a cost of eighty-eight cents a box against a cost of only fourteen cents for apples from New Hampshire, early gained a marked public preference. Why? Simply because the Western apples were selected stock, graded and uniform in quality, while New England's crop came to market —and for the most part still comes—in the barrel, and the purchaser could be sure of good fruit only at the top. For years the thrifty New England apple-packing technique was to place the barrel head down, to put in a careful top layer, and then to fill the rest of the barrel with anything that came to hand. The process appeased New England's passion for thrift; many apples, stunted, bruised, unassorted, that would otherwise have had to be thrown away were thus saved. But it cost New England the preference even in her own market.

The industrial situation shows the same penny-wise spirit. Runs a recent industrial report: "When a long-established New England plant was overhauled the other day, a stock of one of its products was found on hand sufficient to take care of its average annual sales for eighty years." In another case a mill "was found to be making 500 units of a costly floor-covering each year, although annual sales had shrunk to one-third of that number." Adds the report, adequately summarizing both findings: "The only discoverable reason for this continued production was that certain machinery could make only that unit and someone thought it was his job to keep that machinery going."

The curse of thrift also shows itself in the despairing comment of a New England executive that in recent years "New England has been the greatest dumping-ground of second-hand machinery in the country," a statement curiously confirmed by a textile correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, who, in January last, remarked that most of the machinery now being belatedly and compulsorily discarded by the New England mills was "really third-hand." Re-

search committees of the New England Council have found mills wherein the average age of the machinery is twenty-three and one-half years. This committee says that 75% of the mules are twenty-eight years old or more, and that 100% of the warpers are more than thirty-five years old. In one instance the researchers found a mill in operation—with its managers vociferously complaining of high costs and hard times!—whose machinery was installed "fifty-two years ago—in other words, it was machinery that was built the year before the invention of the telephone." The saying that "the successful plant is known by the up-to-dateness of its scrap-heap" was never coined in New England. But something was written there, perhaps significantly, about a one-horse shay, run until it fell to pieces.

III

In a public address the chief statistician of the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston said recently: "The particular attitude of mind that is wrong in New England is an insufficient desire for expansion." More thoroughly regimented in thrift than Florida has ever been in boosting, New England today presents the spectacle of a country that has attempted to progress by standing still, by retrenching rather than by pressing forward, by holding fast rather than by reaching out. So ingrown is the attitude that the typical New Englander is admittedly not only frugal of purse, but also of manner and emotion. Even of thought! "New England conservatism," said one of her own sons, "is nothing less than mental laziness, an absolute refusal to think"—which is certainly thrift of a sort.

All this is confirmed by the public statement of a Boston Cabot that "the greatest successes in Boston today are the dull persons. . .; they are steady and reliable and they 'get along.' " It is difficult to believe that the remark was ever made save satirically, but New England editorial comment has taken it seriously and treated it as balm for the New England soul. It adds point to an earlier observation of the Manchester, N. H., *Union:* "Is not the let-down in farming part of that undeniable let-down in initiative in New England, that refusal to take a chance? New England wants . . . to have somebody else guarantee the income, wants something sure." Well, what is that but the "steady and reliable," the saving, the "stick it on the kidney" temperament? The savings deposits of New England, so disproportionately large, are not merely the reserves of her working class; they represent as well the investments of that large body of more opulent citizens who want something sure. New England industry has not only had to race against an aggressive, venturesome, expansive West and South, willing to spend money on the chance of future return; it has not only been handicapped by an inbred tendency *not* to spend, nor even to race, but rather to plod under patched, inadequate canvas instead of spreading new and more sail; it has also been in direct competition with the New England banks for vital capital. In 1926, a year of great depression in her major industries, Massachusetts gained $136,000,000 in her savings deposits (her demand deposits fell off over $100,000,000 at the same time), and New England as a whole gained $254,000,000, reaching a new peak of four billions in total savings. "Economical" New England was laying low while industry somehow righted itself, her money thriftily withdrawn from commercial circulation.

That last statement, of course, will be challenged. It is a carefully inculcated view that money in the bank represents capital available for a community's industrial and commercial needs. But that is not so. Even overlooking the existence of legal limitations on the investment of savings deposits, it is plainly evident that the New England banks reflect their environmental refusal to take a chance. Some time ago this paragraph appeared in the Birmingham, Ala., *Age-Herald:*

A prominent business man of Boston, a man of affairs, confessed only a few days ago that were he to attempt to raise money in New England to finance New England industries he would be doomed to failure at the start. But if he set out to finance there new enterprises in the South, cash in abundance would answer his call.

That paragraph appeared in March of last year and was hotly denied in New England—in public. But in November, after an interval of glowing publicity about a New England awake to its peril and financially enterprising at last, there came the announcement of the Otis Manufacturing Company, with five mills in as many towns of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, that it would immediately close its mill at Ware, Mass., and move it South, with the rest of the plants probably to follow. The newspaper account read: "One reason advanced for making this move, instead of continuing the operation of existing plants, was that substantial capital would be required to change existing equipment [another "saving" management!] in order to manufacture profitably. *It was stated that this capital was not available.*" Similar facts began to leak out at a meeting held in Rhode Island, and business men "jumped to their feet [I quote the newspaper report], asking if New England banks were discriminating against New England industry," only to be baffled by soothing polysyllables concerning New England's "communal consciousness."

It's all, I believe, a by-product of New England thrift. A few State bank commissioners have had the courage to protest against a condition which has made commercial deposits and commercial loans "either stationary or actually declining," but meanwhile the banks have steadily raised their interest rates until the average on savings deposits is now a trifle under 4% and at least one large bank is paying five. Of course they go outside to earn such interest, and of course the bonus evil exists at home. The latter subject is little discussed in public, for obvious reasons, but there are whispered tales in New England communities of needed industrial and commercial loans secured only at the cost of bonuses that, with legal interest added, amount to well over 25% on an annual basis. A smothering burden, but the banks' position can be understood. The New England investor-depositor, attracted by the banks' safety and high return—"good as a government bond!"—, looks upon his money as "hired out" and insists upon his pound of flesh regardless of all other consideration. This thrifty New England attitude toward money came out strikingly in a recent press report from Washington. The correspondents asked the White House Spokesman his views on the cancellation of the foreign war debts. His eloquent and, to New England, sufficient rejoinder was, "They hired the money, didn't they?"

IV

The Otis Company has been saved for New England—but at a price. There has been much bleating, editorial and otherwise, that at last the tide of industry southward has been turned. But in such details of the Otis turning as have been published there has been no mention of new financing or new equipment; the mill-hands anxiously offered to take a wage reduction (their offer was graciously accepted—to serve immediately as a precedent for cuts by other mills), and the town of Ware promised tax relief, with a possible State tax reduction later. Whereupon the Otis stockholders thriftily authorized the directors to maintain the *status quo*, but to move South if it later became advisable. A somewhat Pyrrhic victory for New England, apparently, and certainly the wage reductions would appear to have been a mistake. But nothing can cure New England's congenital tendency to scrimp and retrench, even at the jeopardy of the future. Meanwhile, she needs her payrolls badly—needs them in constant communal circulation and in undiminished, nay, in even larger volume. Because she is going to have to pay, before long, for another by-product of her thrift—her intolerable tax situation.

Last November the Census Bureau reported that every city in Massachusetts, save one, had a higher *per capita* tax levy than the national average for cities of similar size. Boston's levy was $59.69 against a national average in her class of $50.69 (St Louis, in the same class, had a *per capita* of only $32.82), while the mill towns of Fall River, New Bedford, Lowell and Lawrence exhibited *per capitas* of $39.49, $42.48, $37.21 and $32.26, all in excess of their class averages. This condition is general in New England. New Hampshire's principal city, Manchester, has a *per capita* in excess of $40, while her total taxes have risen from $1,131,000 in 1914 to $3,183,135 in 1926. It seems an apparent paradox that in a region so frugal taxes should be so high. But remember that New England frugality is purely a personal thing. There is very little public spirit in it. What happened was that the New England politicians joined the rest of the country in the orgy of State and municipal expenditure that began after the war. So taxes rose and rose—in Massachusetts to $16.10 per $1000 of real estate sales, as compared with an Illinois rate of only $8.30. But the frugal New Englander, enjoying the sops of communal luxury thus thrown to him, didn't feel the real cost, nor apparently think about it, because the burden was largely borne by New England's most productive property—her mills. In Fall River the mayor says that "the textile mills pay 60% of all taxes here"; in Lawrence the percentage is "more than 50%," while in Manchester one mill alone, the great Amoskeag, pays taxes of almost $11 for every man, woman and child in the town, a total of $860,000 yearly. In another town taxes amount to over $50 *per capita*, to which the local mill contributes at the rate of $27 *per capita*.

All through New England the overvaluation of business and industrial property for tax purposes has been common, with correspondingly grave inequalities in the valuation of residential and what might be called voting property. Whenever the subject of valuation for State tax purposes comes up, the revelations are sordid indeed. Valuations are supposed to be made on a full basis, but the average is far below 100%—except on the mills. In a recent investigation of a farming community in Worcester county, Massachusetts, it was found that "the average real estate value per farm was $12,000 and the assessed valuation $5,000, or 42%." The same authority publicly stated that "village property is even more under-assessed than farm property." New England's present tax problem would never have arisen, or at least reached its present proportions, if the frugal individual New England conscience had not been salved by its personal savings, and so escaped bearing its fair share of the cost of communal improvements.

Emboldened by the example of the Otis Company, other mills have taken a vigorous stand. In Rhode Island a corporation owning three mills in Woonsocket, with a total investment of $8,000,000, served notice, late in January, upon the civic authorities that the mills would be closed and moved away "unless better [tax] terms are provided within 30 days." In Manchester the agent of the Amoskeag Mill has pointed out that the taxes imposed upon it amount to "approximately $25 per spindle, whereas last month a competing mill in Lowell, which not long ago was enjoying a high degree of prosperity and appeared as permanent an element in Lowell's industrial life as the Amoskeag in Manchester's, was actually sold for $2.25 a spindle, including its valuable water-power." The New Bedford tax assessor has stated that "whereas twenty years ago the spindle rate (of taxation) was $8 and $9, the general average for 1926 was $27 per spindle, including land, buildings and machinery." In another Massachusetts city a mill has decided to dismantle 30,000 spindles this year to avoid taxation on equipment no longer productive. The situation is further pointed by another statement, publicly made and

uncontradicted, that "the present cost of construction of an up-to-date cotton-mill, including the land, is about $40 per spindle." Small wonder that the Amoskeag representative went on to say that "the taxes levied on our industries are well-nigh confiscatory" and that they "crush the initiative and sap the vitality and courage of those responsible for their management, . . . and bring up the serious question as to whether or not manufacturing can be carried on profitably or properly here." Literally, with the average New England mill, "it is cheaper to move than to pay rent," *i.e.*, taxes. Already more than one New England community is the bewildered owner of mill-property surrendered to avoid further assessment.

Thus the handwriting is plain upon the wall. New England politicians are turning frantically to find new ways and means of tax revenue. One fruit of New England thrift has been to make personal income almost sacrosanct. Massachusetts is the only State in the region to have an avowed State income tax, but its exemptions are characteristic: "rents from real estate, mortgage interests, savings-bank deposits and dividends from domestic corporations." These exemptions are so broad that after ten years of operation the State income tax in 1926 was paid by only "230,361 persons, firms and fiduciaries"—less than 6% of the total population. A present proposal to tax one exempted class—dividends from domestic corporations—estimates the potential return at $10,000,000 *per annum*. Income tax proposals are before other New England State Legislatures, and one is considering an advance in the poll-tax from $3 to $10, amid the moans of an anguished electorate. But something drastic must be done. State and municipal expenditures cannot be cut sharply with any immediacy, and yet industry's need is urgent and imperative. As a measure of the severity of the situation, the New Bedford assessor contends that to afford adequate relief the tax on machinery in use must be cut "from the present average of $30 per thousand to $5, $8 or $10 per thousand." As I write, the Associated Press reports another New England town as having just voted to reduce the taxes on its local mill by 33⅓%. But that is only the beginning . . . of frugal dollars being peeled "off the kidney" to make good the budget deficits that such cuts will bring. There will be wailing and gnashing of teeth, and much political mayhem.

From all this it must be apparent that much of New England's problem resolves itself into saving herself from the varied effects of her own saving. I do not argue that thrift is the sole cause of her present tribulations. But it is manifestly an important factor, and one showing all the earmarks of blind cunning, obsession and weakness that are characteristic, not of a virtue, but of an habitual vice. "It is one thing to save money," says a recent Massachusetts tax petition, "but an entirely different thing not to spend money that ought to be spent." The distinction is one that New England "economy" constantly tends to overlook.

FIVE POEMS

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

A Dreamer

I HAVE no desire to fathom the infinite. It is my desire to walk up and down in fields and forests and to knock with bare knuckles on the door-posts of houses. As I sit on a log at the edge of an Illinois town the factories and the houses in which things are bought and sold crumble into a dust so fine that my breath can blow it away.

I live in a day and in a place where pigs are sold on the King's doorstep. What I know you also know. Foul smells arise out of the streets of my cities. The woman who passes me clad in a fur coat has a pair of handcuffs concealed under her gown.

In my arrogant pride I have said to myself—I shall run through life like a little lost dog, I shall put my cold nose against the bodies of people.

I have no end in life beyond that of a bare-legged boy who climbs into a leafy tree. I have a hope that when I have climbed to the topmost branch and have put out my hand it will for a moment graze the wings of a thought.

I am a beggar and will accept any word you may choose to bring me. I am a man gone blind. I am an aged man with a beard who carries a staff and strikes with it on a pavement.

Someone has struck me a hard blow.

The drums of my ears have been destroyed by the scream of a whistle.

It would be better for me to be a beggar on the doorstep of your house.

I should be one who accepts the singing of the wind in the hair of one who has been hanged as the voice of a god. When you arise from your bed in the morning and come to your kitchen door you should find me sitting there with bowed head. I should be able to whisper to you a word out of the departed night.

When I have grown beyond my love of God I shall grow in my comprehension of you.

There shall be a way found by which I may go through a street to the door of God's house. I shall find words to lay on my lips. I shall find words to speak at the door of God's house.

Man Walking Alone

THE nights in the valley of the Mississippi river have the eyes of an owl. I have risen from the place where I slept under a tree, but cannot shake the sleep out of my eyes. The nights in the valley of the Mississippi river are staring nights. They look at men with the pupils extended. The skies are empty over the cities and the plains. The skies have not formulated a thought that I can breathe into my being. In the whole valley of the Mississippi river there is no bed of thought in which I can lie.

There are farm women living in houses that stand beside dusty roads in Illinois and Iowa. In Indiana and Ohio there are many towns. In Michigan—far up where the valley is no more and where the cold finger of the North touches the earth in September—there are men living who wear heavy boots and fur caps and who walk all day under naked trees.

Everywhere are men and women who arouse wonder in me. I have awakened the feeling of wonder in myself. I have awakened from sleeping under a tree.

Half-Gods

The little half-gods are whining in the street. The strong medicine of life has burned their bellies and their skins are wrinkled. Their bones have become brittle and their voices weak. They are too old and too young. Words without meaning drop from their lips.

In the attempt to walk on the rim of life the half-gods have made themselves engines of steel. The air is befouled. The children of men choke in the streets.

My ears are befouled. I have got a disease from sitting with half-gods in a room. My clothes are befouled by the stench of the engines.

Ambition

I am one who has walked out of a tall building into the streets of a city and over plains into a forest that fringes a river. My notion is one of escape. I can no longer bear the life led in my father's house. I am a child and cannot escape out of my childhood. There is a door through which I cannot enter, a wall I cannot climb. The idea of escape long ago attacked the seat of my reason—a quaint fancy, as well enough I know that such a thing as reason cannot exist.

In the streets of a city, after I had walked out at the window of a tall building, a man came to walk with me. He held a small stick in his hand and twirled it over his finger. He said God would forgive me my transgressions if I would go in at the door of God's house and cease walking up and down.

God lies on the ground in the forest with his head at the base of a tree.

The fingers of God flutter like the wings of a gnat.

A little leaf in the forest, touched by the finger of God, whirls and twists in an agony of delight.

I have bathed in a stream and walked up and down on prairies.

I have been lying at full length in Illinois.

I have put my hands into Iowa, into Kentucky, into Indiana, Kansas, Ohio, Nebraska, the Dakotas.

My mind is the mind of a little man with thin legs who sells cigars in a store. My mind is the mind of a cripple who died in an alleyway at Cleveland, Ohio. My mind is the mind of a child who fell into a well, the mind of one who cleans the streets of a city, of an actor who walks up and down on a stage.

I double my fists and strike the ground a sharp blow. Ridges of land squirt out through my fingers.

I have remade the land of my fathers.

I have come out of my house to remake the land.

I have made a flat place with the palms of my hands.

A Man Standing by a Bridge

For a long time I had the illusion I was helping to build a house. A wind has blown the illusion away. Building is going on but I have nothing to do with it. It may be that you are the builder.

I am perplexed with trying to find out who does the building. I creep in the dusty hallways and hear many strange voices. The voices of men and women resound out of the darkness.

The voices cry out to me that they are the voices of builders but as I go forward, feeling with my hands on the walls, I do not come to the place of the building.

A soft voice has whispered to me that there is no such thing as a builder. It was a woman's voice. "The noise you hear is made by heavy untruths in the hands of arrogant men. The men lean out of a window. They beat on a brazen sky. They are trying to make holes in the sky."

EDITORIAL

It is an ironical fact that the collapse of the Hon. William Randolph Hearst as a journalist is almost as great a disaster to journalism in America as was his rise. No historian of the national press is ever going to overlook the atrocities that he performed in the gaudy '90's of the last century, when the juices of youth were still in him and his conscience yet hid in a blastocele. The contemporary theory, loudly preached by the primitive Babbitts of the time, was that he was the sole cause of the Spanish-American War. The more indignant added, at the turn of the century, that he was also responsible for the butchery of the sainted McKinley: wasn't Czolgosz a diligent reader of the *Evening Journal*? But these crimes, after all—even if true—were light compared to his more purely professional misdemeanors. Didn't he invent the streamer headline? Didn't he popularize the synthetic photograph, still surviving in the more pornographic tabloids? Wasn't he the real father of the comic supplement, no matter who printed the first one? Didn't he introduce the American flag into journalistic typography, and the editorial done in circus type, and the news lead in pica? Whose reporters boldly rescued beautiful heroines from the clutches of Butcher Weyler, and collared the secret letters of John D. Archbold, and laid bare the sinister plottings of the Japs? Hearst, in that boozy, bawdy epoch, was yellow journalism, and yellow journalism was Hearst. He made all the rest of them jump; worse, he made them follow. There was scarcely a newspaper in America, in 1900, that did not show his influence, and there is scarcely one today that has quite got rid of it. He debauched journalism in the Republic almost as certainly and brilliantly as the movies have debauched the theatre. He will never be forgotten so long as 72-point type is larger than 18-point, and a moron can take in a picture quicker than he can take in an idea.

I have described all these things as atrocities, but the word needs a certain qualification. The good in yellow journalism, even in the sort of yellow journalism that came from the Hearst *Urquell*, was considerable, and to deny the fact is an affectation. It shook up old bones, and gave the blush of life to pale cheeks. The American newspapers, for a generation before its advent, had been going downhill steadily. The supreme effort of the Civil War had left nearly all of them exhausted, and the passing of such heroes as Greeley had left them without adequate leaders. The American mob was rapidly becoming literate, but they were making no rational effort to reach it. Here Hearst showed the way. True enough, Pulitzer has preceded him, but Pulitzer was not really a mob-master: he was too doctrinaire and too sniffish. Hearst was of a simpler cut. He did not try to lift up the mob, like Pulitzer; he boldly leaped down to its level. Was the ensuing uproar all evil? I doubt it. Hearst not only vastly augmented the enterprise of the whole American press; he also forced it into some understanding of the rights and aspirations of the common man. A rich man himself, he combatted the corruptions of wealth, whether political or social, with an immense fury and a superb technical virtuosity. His papers, publishing exposure after exposure and following them up with denunciations of the utmost vigor and effectiveness, completely broke down the old American respect for mere money, and paved the way for many reforms that are still in being. The government we suffer under is still

orrupt, but, especially in the cities, it is urely not as corrupt as it used to be. Yellow journalism had more to do with hat change than is commonly put to its redit. And Hearst was yellow journalism.

His present ignominious presence in the Coolidge band-wagon not only presents a psychological riddle to dash even the Freudians; it is, in more than one way, a public calamity. For there was never a time in American history when the old-time Hearst was more needed than he is needed today. The newspapers are steeped in a complacency that would be comic if it were not so tragic. With so few exceptions that they may be counted on the fingers of two hands, they accept the Coolidge buncombe as gravely as if it were a revelation from Sinai. The most transparent nonsense, if only it be emitted officially, is printed without question, and hymned as in duty bound. No one knows any more what the actual news is. And that is not only true in national affairs; it is also true in State and local affairs. Reporters of enterprise and courage grow fewer and fewer, the old eager scrutiny of the public business is abandoned, and any sort of fraud, provided only he have money enough, is treated with profound respect. Where are the old devastating columns of purloined letters? Where are the slashing cartoons by Davenport? Where are the editorial philippics in black, black type? They are gone—and they are missed. The American daily press, with Hearst leading it in a devil's dance, was loud, vulgar, inordinate and preposterous—but it was not slimy and it was not dull. Today it is both.

II

The amazing thing is that Hearst himself s up to his ears in the universal muck. Some of his papers, true enough, are still noisy in tone and hideous in aspect, but ll their old honest frenzy is gone. There s nothing in them, in the way of actual ews, that is not in the Springfield *Republican* or the Philadelphia *Public Ledger;* there is often a great deal less than is in the New York *Herald-Tribune*. Once privateers in politics, pursuing shams and exposing frauds, they now confine their enterprise, such as it is, to romantic murders, filthy divorce cases, and other rubbish of that sort. As public organs they are vacuums, and their influence is *nil*. For two years past they have been lathering the grotesque Mr. Coolidge, with frequent sweeps of the brush toward Judge Gary, and even John D. Rockefeller. If Mark Hanna were still alive, would they be anointing him too? It seems very probable. But by the same token it is also irrational, monstrous, and against God. Hearst genuflecting before such bladders is somehow quite as shocking as Nietzsche in a baptismal tank. It is no wonder that the spectacle has filled the cloak-rooms of journalism with fantastic rumors, most of them highly discreditable to all parties concerned.

The Hearst support, in fact, probably does Coolidge very little good: it seems too unreal. For the Hearst technique is not fitted for eulogy, save, perhaps, when the subject of the eulogy is Hearst himself. Its proper use is in the department of invective. I believe that it is very effective there, and, as I have said, that in its day it accomplished a great deal of good. The irony of the old-time *Sun*, now Munseyized and disemboweled, was feeble compared to it. Hearst was the first American journalist to fathom the full potency of pictures. His arguments against Hanna have been forgotten, along with Hanna's defense, but no one who lived through those electric days of the dying century will forget the fat man in the loud checked suit, with a dollar-mark in every check. The thing was not only immediately devastating; it was criticism of a high order—apt, searching and, I believe, more just than not. Was it vulgar? Of course it was. But what is popular journalism if it is not vulgar? Its critics, I think, would do well to study etymology.

Now Hearst repudiates the philosophy of a lifetime, and led by the platitudinous

Brisbane, sets up as a Babbitt in his declining years. All the characteristic cautiousness of Babbitt seems to have got into him. His warnings against the Japs, once clarion calls, are now mere whispers; his onslaughts upon the Motherland have the dull formality of caveats to a will. It is a long while since he contributed anything new to the so-called art of journalism. Once he was prodigal in his inventions; now not even a new headline comes from him, nor from any of his slaves. These slaves grow more and more obscure, and more and more incompetent. They are no longer splendid special commissioners, roving the world and bearding the Pope; they are sober business men, alert for libel and refreshing themselves with golf. Try to imagine Karl Decker playing golf! They let the tabloid slip through their hands. They lost the Ku Klux to the *World*. Hearst himself grows respectable, personally as well as professionally. Bishop Manning begins to show signs of forgiving him. He will be cheered, on some near tomorrow, at a session of the Iron and Steel Institute. It is a sad story.

III

With echoes in all directions, East, West, North, South. There are not a dozen American newspapers of today with any more personality than so many sardines out of a can. They all seem to be slipping down to the level of the Washington *Star*. Certainly there should be room in every large American town for a paper with at least as much enterprise and individuality as the New York *World*. St. Louis has one, and it is immensely prosperous. Baltimore has another, and it is even more prosperous. But the tale of them is soon told. Elsewhere the tendency is for all papers to look alike—and when they look alike they are invariably all bad, as in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and (perhaps I should except one paper here) Los Angeles the damned. The last journalistic Bolshevik of Philadelphia is no more: the gazettes of the town are now merely daily editions of th *Saturday Evening Post*. Washington has n newspapers at all, but only vaseline ma chines. Everywhere the syndicate featur crowds the news harder and harder, an everywhere editorial-writing becomes mor and more indistinguishable from pants pressing. Hearst was the last America journalist who dominated his medium His successors (following his own lament able example) are simply well-oiled mech anisms. There is little more difference be tween one and another than there is be tween two Uneeda biscuits.

This ironing out, I am convinced, is a evil. It makes for the economical operatio of newspapers—which now clump int miserable chains, like filling-stations an grocery-stores—, but it works against th development of the concrete journalist. H is no longer a professional man, laborin for that superior singularity which is successful professional man's chief reward but a white-collared slave. That his re turns in money have greatly increased o late does not conceal his slavery. He work anonymously, like a clerk in a bank, an when, by some whim of his master, he i thrown out, he sinks into anonymous noth ingness. A racy and original personality wa once his chief asset; it is now as dangerou to him as it would be to a Cistercia brother. The effects are copiously visible i the dull bungling that now passes for new reporting—the bath of bilge when Hard ing died, the disgracefully incompeten handling of the Miami hurricane, the gar bage that issues out of Washington daily What has become of the Julian Ralphs an Richard Harding Davises? They are bre no more. Even the *Herald* under the younge Bennett—as shabby and dishonest as i was—could breed them, but they can n more come out of the dull, standardized unimaginative, groveling dividend machines that now cover the country than a Luther or a St. Francis could come out of a Baptist theological seminary. If, by some miracle, one of them popped up, he would be fired at on sight. H. L. M.

THE MORTICIAN

BY ELMER DAVIS

For not Life's joys alone I sing, repeating—the joy of Death.—*Walt Whitman.*

The advancement of any people can be measured by the honor which they show to those who are departed.—*Dr. Frank Crane.*

BELIEVE it or not, but there was a time, not so very remote, when only one café in New York stayed open all night. (That, of course, was before Prohibition.) To this famous institution, maintained by the late John Dunston at Sixth avenue and Forty-third street, there came in the early hours of a certain morning a man of letters (not the author of these observations) who was disconsolate and depressed. He was there because he had had a row with his wife and could not go home; and he proceeded to plant his foot on the rail, prop himself Atlas-like against the bar, and endeavor to wash his sorrows into oblivion.

Presently, as will happen, he found himself engaged in conversation with another gentleman, who was helping him out in the public-spirited enterprise of keeping the bar from falling over; and when confidences had been exchanged in due course it appeared that this other gentleman also had had a row with his wife, and was at Jack's because he was afraid to go home. In celebration of this singular coincidence a few more drinks were had, and the party of the second part glowed with a brilliant idea. They were, he observed with cogency, in a hell of a fix; and for him (he dropped a furtive tear) there was no hope. But fortunately he was able to fix up everything for his friend the man of letters; yes, sir. He was going to send him home to his wife in style—in such style that she would be glad to see him, and would promptly forgive him all. "Yes, sir. You leave it to me."

The man of letters, by that time, was only too glad to leave it to anybody; he had barely strength enough left to whisper an address before he passed out completely and was left in the hands of his new-found friend. But no hands could have been gentler or defter, more dexterous or more sanitary—for the other gentleman was one of New York's most celebrated morticians.

He was, moreover, as good as his word. At dawn the man of letters went home in style, in the somber opulence of the best hearse in New York, drawn by six black horses adorned with nodding black plumes, escorted by a retinue of silk-hatted gentlemen funereally clad, their faces decently downcast in grief endured with manly fortitude. The hearse stopped before the door; a sumptuous rosewood casket was carried into the apartment; and when the lid was removed, there lay the man of letters, his limbs gracefully arranged against a background of pink satin—not dead, but sleeping.

If this were fiction I could set forth the successive emotions that harrowed the inhospitable wife—her bitter penitence at the thought that the harsh words lately spoken could never more, in this life, be wiped out; her rapturous joy when she discovered that her husband was not gone forever, but had been restored to her loving arms; the hallowed bliss of their reconciliation. . . . But unfortunately it is fact; and fact (luckily for us fiction writers who live by selling something more agreeable) rarely comes out with the pat neatness that could be desired. The address whis-

pered by the man of letters, in that last moment of semi-consciousness, was not his own, but that of a bachelor friend who was accustomed to offer him asylum on the frequent occasions when he dared not go home. And the bachelor friend, perceiving before he was thoroughly waked up that the man of letters was not defunct after all, merely observed, "What the hell, he is drunk again," and went back to sleep.

None the less the whole incident breathes a spirit of fraternal coöperation that is none too common in this self-centered age; and it shows furthermore that the mortician, whom the general public is apt to eye a little distrustfully through no fault of his own, but merely because he is the inevitable and predestined receiver of us all, is a man of like passions with ourselves, with his private sorrows and his generous impulses to benevolence. And by way of proof that under the just order of the universe benevolence is suitably rewarded, it may be added that a few weeks later the man of letters died, and was embalmed and laid away by his friend the mortician, at the usual rates.

II

It is a cause of much grief to morticians and funeral directors—there are no undertakers any more, or if there are, they are men of so little vision as not to be worth considering—that the public is inclined to regard their profession with levity. They argue, and quite reasonably, that the disposal of the dead is a function that has to be performed, and one, moreover, which the surviving relatives usually feel must be performed with a certain amount of ceremony and parade. The mortician provides the refined and decorous display which the customer demands—and then the customer roars about the size of the bill and regards him, ever after, with a compound of resentment and derision which would get on any man's nerves.

But to the philosophic observer it does not appear that the customer can wholly be blamed; the fault is in the nature of things. However doctors and nurses may regard it, death close at hand still has a gruesome strangeness to the rest of us. Ancient emotions revive against our will, suggesting that the corpse is something unnatural and ominous, that some sort of tabu hangs about the man whose business it is to do away with it. In reason, only materialists can excusably take this view; Christians, having grasped the mystery of this corruptible raised in incorruption, should have little care for the earthly shell of the departed; but the human race being illogical it is more apt to work out the other way around. There is something unnatural, too, about the man who comes into the home afflicted by death and removes the lifeless matter that till just now was the head of the household. If he belonged to a monastic caste, withdrawn in seclusion except at the moments when his professional services called him into the company of his fellow men, it would seem no more than fitting. But if you happen to see him next week, in a dinner coat and a red fez, setting out to the Shriners' banquet and ball, you cannot help feeling that here is a grotesque incongruity.

Morticians themselves, of course, can reconcile their public and private characters by the easy process which enables every man to reconcile whatever may have to be reconciled if he is to make his living and retain his peace of mind. But the effort to make the public take the mortician naturally is more arduous, and it is this that has led the mortuary industry into refinements of euphemism that would have aroused the helpless admiration of the Attic tragedians.

Consider the word mortician itself. "Undertaker," says one of the leading morticians of the country, "is a message of yesterday, gruesome and repulsive." I personally cannot see why; it is a general word, with nothing in it to connect it with the idea of death from which all modern mortuary publicity shies away. How-

er, it is out of favor; anybody with any rit at all now calls himself a funeral rector, and if he does not yet call himself mortician, he soon will. The word, one rns, owes its origin chiefly to Frank irchild of Brooklyn and Harry Samson Pittsburgh, distinguished members of e profession; and those who use it want make it connote a standard of efficiency. It is not a patented or exclusive word; ere is a body known as the National lect Morticians, including only some 200 the 24,000 funeral directors of the United ates, and these in the main the leaders of ie profession; but the word mortician is ot restricted to its members as the word altor is restricted to the members of cer- in associations, or would be if these gen- ine blown-in-the-glass realtors could per- ade a callous public to respect the decen- es of nomenclature. "An undertaker," ys George W. Olinger of Denver, head of he Public Relations Committee of the Na- ional Select Morticians, "is a man who aits for somebody to die and then tries o grab him. A mortician is a trained pro- essional worker who realizes that a cer- ain number of people are bound to die within a given period, by the law of aver- ges, and prepares himself to give the ervice that is required and give it as well s possible." It would seem, then, that a uneral director becomes a mortician as he ncreases in wisdom and stature and ele- ates his standards of Service.

Nevertheless the word has failed to nake the impression on the public that its nventors hoped. That low imitator, booti- ian, has involved it in some discredit. Realtor has passed into the spoken lan- guage, though not as the title of nobility which it was originally meant to be, but mortician is never called a mortician by nybody but another mortician. "The word," says a member of the profession with entire accuracy, "is perfect in its meaning and derivation." Nevertheless it has lately roused the fury of that captious purist, Mr. Aldous Huxley, who wants to know by what right the embalmers of the dead class themselves with such persons as mathematicians and academicians. Mr. Huxley, whose erudition is universal but not always accurate, forgets that the func- tions of morticians and academicians are essentially not very different.

Mortician, however, is only one of the euphemisms now current in the trade. The corpse is not a corpse nor does it wear a shroud. It is the body, or the remains; in- deed it is not referred to at all when pos- sible; and the garment in which it is wrapped, when there is one aside from ordinary clothing, is a negligée. The body is placed on a slumber-cot and removed from the home in an ambulance to the mortuary, where it is prepared for burial by sanitarians. What was once the ice-box, the cooler, or the morgue is now the prep- aration room; and thereafter the body is left in a slumber room until the services in the mortuary chapel. Coffin and hearse and cemetery are obsolete words; the body is placed in a casket which is conveyed by a funeral coach to the memorial park.

Death grins out from the very word mortician, but it seems to be bad form for a bearer of that title to mention death in any other way. This ritual reticence, this indirection, this avoidance of words of ill omen suggests the Neolithic savage; it seems a deliberate revival of primitive tabus. Yet the morticians might point out that they are not the only ones who are trying to prettify the language. Realtors are notorious offenders, and the trades that beautify the person seem to feel under obligation to bestow elegance on the vo- cabulary as well. A woman who used to buy her underwear and shoes and stockings at specialty shops now purchases lingerie and footwear and hosiery at salons devoted to exclusivities; once she wore dresses that made her look thin, now she is costumed in gowns that slenderize. And so on. Even in my own business, the trade term spiri- tual autobiography describes a type of novel which is pretty apt to be, in fact, an extremely carnal autobiography.

For yielding to this universal tendency

the morticians have more excuse than most people, for their relations to the public labor under an inevitable and incurable burden. As a candid speaker confessed at a recent convention, "the public is not attracted by the nature of the work a funeral director does." To borrow a figure from the arts, the technique must be magnificent to make one forget the character of the subject. Hence the extreme delicacy required in advertising to the general public. Mr. Olinger, above referred to, observes quite truly: "Publicity copy for a mortuary, when released on a large scale, regardless of how much care is expended in the preparation of a selling-list, is bound to enter, here and there, a home where sickness exists; and thus misunderstandings and criticisms often arise." To say the least! "And yet," he adds with entire justice, "there is no business that needs more, from the standpoint of the public, the light of educational publicity."

So hard is it to strike just the right note that that brisk trade journal, the *Casket and Sunnyside*, maintains a special department of comment and advice on advertising and publicity. The conductor of this page passed some sharp criticism on a mortician's advertisement under the figure of a black-winged angel, remarking that "there is a clammy finality about this advertisement that is appalling." To the outsider it might seem that there is a clammy finality about death itself that is appalling, if you care to let it get on your nerves; and tough-minded persons may feel that there is no use in dodging and pretense. But most of us, however easy we find it to be tough-minded about the bereavements of other people, are not so hardy about our own; and the editor was probably right in deploring the note of clammy finality. "Surely," he observed, "people do not want to consider their death from the funeral director's point of view."

More chipper are the advertisements of the various mausoleums, cloisters, burial abbeys, and so on (before long they will probably be calling them memorial cathedrals) which have sprung up of late yea Here the cult of the departed rises heights never touched by any primit chthonic worship; nor does it seem to supported by any authoritative Christi doctrine on the resurrection of the bod Ground burial, one learns, is out of da and barbarous; mausoleum entombment modern, progressive, and humanitaria "as sanitary as cremation and as sen mental as a churchyard." When sentime blends with sanitation, who can resist th joint appeal? "Here your departed lov ones will rest in permanent peace in a individual white marble tomb or cry high above the ground, where neith water, damp, nor mold can enter." An again: "You have the choice of just tw things: the one typifying death in dar ness, looking down, always down, int the grave; the other typifying death i light, death in sunshine and brightnes death in the hope of the Resurrection."

One mausoleum near New York, no satisfied with taking the sting out of death exerted itself to free the blessed hereafte from another sting that grievously prick some people in their lives below. It wa pointed out that families of great socia distinction had already purchased space i the mausoleum, and that those who bough now would enjoy the privilege of parkin their remains next to those of persons o quality, with whom they would neve have had a chance to associate in the worl of the living. Upon which an anonymou newspaper bard observed:

> Here in the body pent
> I love the rich but never see 'em;
> Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
> A day's march nearer the mausoleum.

It seems unwise, however, in the pro prietors of mausoleums to advertise th purchase of space as a duty to one's famil which no conscientious man can longe defer. Only a year or two ago all of u were told that it was our imperative dut to our families to buy lots in Florida an hold them for resale. The results must i most cases have discredited the whole ide

doing one's duty to one's family. Yet mortuary advertising can be done, d done well. Readers of the New York pers will remember the series of pastels prose dealing with the charms of a local ortuary which appeared, a few years ago, ider the title of "The Heaven of Sorrow." the late Dr. Berthold Baer, who wrote em, ever had a superior in the arts of phemism and suaviloquence, the name capes me. Consolation dripped from him ke holy oil that runneth down upon the eard, even Aaron's beard; it speaks well r the stability of our national character iat hundreds of people did not forthwith ommit suicide, in order to enjoy the inffable bliss of being buried by Dr. Baer's mployer. With all that, it was one of the ost effective campaigns in the history of dvertising. Everybody read it; most people aughed at it, to be sure; but thousands vho had no immediate expectation of ealing with a mortician had a name and telephone number hammered into their iemories; and when, by the operation of he law of averages, they did have a funeral n the family, they turned instinctively, gnoring all other funeral services, to the Heaven of Sorrow.

III

Among themselves, however, the mortiians unbend. When the National Selected Morticians, and shortly afterward the Naional Funeral Directors' Association, met t Washington last Fall, bright eyes and miling faces were seen everywhere; the opening of each session of the latter and arger body was in the hands of a commuity song expert, who "pepped up the crowd with stunt singing"; delegates and their wives did the sights, ascended the Washington Monument, made their pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, and in all ways behaved as normal Americans.

The National Selected Morticians did indeed meet with a misfortune traceable to the habit of euphemism; they had an engagement to shake hands *en masse* with President Coolidge and when they appeared at the White House and announced themselves as the morticians, word was passed down the line till it came to some uneducated person (uneducated, or perchance malicious) who transmuted the title into bricklayers. As bricklayers they were received by the President, as bricklayers they shook his hand; but no doubt the presidential handclasp was just as fervent under one name as another; a bricklayer's vote counts for just as much as a mortician's.

How high this merry spirit can rise when exoteric persons are not around to cramp the mortician's style is shown by the menu of a dinner at Kokomo, Ind., which concluded a convention of the funeral directors of surrounding counties:

Blood Solvent
Embalmers' Delight
Whipped Plaster of Paris
Carbohydrate Compound
Face Cosmetics with Cold-Cream Dressing
Carbonaceous Compound
Cavity Filler
Embalming Fluid
Cavity Fluid
Disinfectants

What actual foods are described by these allegorical titles I do not know, nor would it make much difference to the non-mortuary diner with a weak stomach who saw that card set before him. The morticians, however, seem to have confronted it without a qualm; which suggests that the habit of euphemism is not yet so ingrained that it need be maintained in private.

And the trade journals call a spade a spade. Look over their advertising pages, intended only for the professional eye, and you will find cheerful references to "our fast-selling line"; slogans such as "Making good is the best method of getting repeat orders." (You and I and all of us are destined to be those repeat orders.) Pleasant in its conjunction of the personal touch with business acumen is the advertisement of a memorial crucifix, which "will develop your word-of-mouth good will in a manner perfectly consistent with

good taste and Catholic doctrine. Given as your tribute to the bereaved family, the profit will take care of itself."

Indeed, with the best will in the world, the profession can hardly take the same view of its work as do those who are fated in due time to become its raw material. A recent editorial in the *Casket* dealt with the need for the more general adoption of higher standards of embalming. With this praiseworthy aspiration to technical efficiency no one can quarrel, yet it is rather disconcerting to the lay reader to find it set forth in such language as this: "If the embalming is of so low grade as to cause patrons to shudder as they for the last time look on the face of their departed, then the whole funeral is a total loss from the viewpoint of satisfaction."

I can think of a number of funerals that I might contemplate from the viewpoint of satisfaction, but they are not those at which I am likely to appear in the character of patron.

IV

To bridge this gap as adequately as possible, to make the consumer (inevitably destined, in the course of time, to become the consumed) understand the problems, the merits, and the deserts of the mortician, is the greatest worry of the leading men in the profession at the present moment. And it would seem that it is not the occasional irreverence of the public that worries them so much as a practical, and, the morticians would argue, an undeserved resentment.

The mortuary industry, one is told, lives for Service, with profit as only a subsidiary incentive. Now Service, for all that it has been run into the ground of late years, is not such a bad ideal; and it would seem to the lay observer that precisely the trouble with the mortuary industry today is that there is not enough Service. That, the select mortician might say with entire justice, is true of most other industries as well; but in view of the mortuary industry's peculiar relation to the public it a good sign that its leaders are out f Service and alert to improve its standar of efficiency. For there are morticians a morticians (or, to respect the terminolog of the profession, there are morticians a undertakers); and it is unfair to make th many suffer for the sins of the few.

Last Summer the Metropolitan Life I surance Company threw something of shock into the entire profession by a nouncing that it was about to undertak an investigation into the cost of funera —the actual cost, and the reasonable o proper cost. Along with the announcemen appeared some newspaper stories about th cost of certain funerals, which the mortici regards as outrageously exceptional an which he is afraid the public will take a average specimens. But the profession ough to be aware by this time that the high cos of funerals is always news. For example, the papers lately carried a story that th government was about to investigate th funeral of an Osage Indian enriched by oi royalties, which cost $3,000, including a $1,600 casket. The mortician might well have remarked that everybody trims the Osages and that it was unfair to pick on a single offender. For just as there are mor ticians and morticians, so there are funerals and funerals. They may cost comparatively little, or they may cost as much as you like; and if the mortician tries to sell you the more expensive rather than the cheaper goods, he is doing only what most other merchants will do in his place, given the mortician's advantage of knowing that the customer cannot very well walk out without buying anything at all.

But—the mortician who tries to sell off his costly goods hereafter, unless he knows that the customer can afford them, is going against the explicit ethical codes of his own profession. The National Funeral Directors' Association, in its convention last October, adopted a resolution that it is "criminal to take advantage of a family in its hour of grief by knowingly overselling merchandise or service." A week or two

rlier the National Select Morticians had opted a code of ethics which pledged its embers to give "professional service in eping with the living standards of the ceased" and to make its charges "comensurate with the services rendered, with siness soundness, and with the economic lf-respect of our members." This last pulation may seem superfluous, and ined the members of the National Selected orticians are men who have reached their sitions by taking care of their economic lf-respect; but in the lower strata of the ofession there are a good many men hose economic self-respect is so low as lead them to advertise cheap funerals language suited to very sumptuous furals indeed.

When a higher-grade mortician objects advertising like this his motives may interested, but the interest is not igble; he may resent cheap competition ut the chances are that he also knows iat service of the kind advertised cannot given at the advertised price, and that ie whole industry must suffer from the esentment which the customer will feel gainst all funeral directors.

As to professional service in keeping ith the living standards of the deceased, iat is a wholly desirable ideal; and failure realize it is more often than not to be lamed on the surviving relatives. Nobody vants a cheap funeral—that is, nobody vants a funeral that looks cheap; and uman nature being what it unfortunately s, a good many people are likely to order funeral that is bound to be expensive, nd then complain afterward when they ave to pay for it. If an outsider's guess in dvance is worth anything, this Metroolitan investigation is likely to show hat the customer in many cases is more o blame than the mortician for the exessive cost of the funeral.

None the less the announcement of the nvestigation disturbed the industry considerably. Promptly the national associaions offered to cooperate, and their repreentatives were appointed on the supervisory committee; but it was evident from remarks made at the October conventions that there was a good deal of disquiet. This was less apparent among the National Selected Morticians, and naturally; these men, generally speaking, are the leaders, they are good enough technicians and good enough business men to be able to make a profit without extortion. Farther down the scale everything becomes vaguer and uncertain; there is more overcharging and less profit. "In trading for profit," said Past President Ferd P. Schoedinger to the National Funeral Directors' Association, "the funeral director has too often sacrificed future opportunity." That is, he has killed the goose that laid the golden eggs; he has missed his chance of getting repeat orders. And yet he may have overcharged because he thought he had to overcharge, because he found he was running behind; and the chances are that he was running behind because he did not know his own business.

That is why this Metropolitan investigation, which in considering the cost of funerals will no doubt make allowance for difference in ground rental, cost of materials, and cost of labor in different parts of the country, may turn out to be the best thing that ever happened to the industry.

V

For, if the outsider may trust the speeches made at last Fall's conventions and the editorial comment on them in the trade papers, the chief trouble of the mortuary profession is inefficiency. That is probably true of most industries, and of society at large; and it will be true so long as the general run of humanity is possessed of only moderate brain power. But the mortuary business also suffers from overproduction—and overproduction to meet a relatively fixed demand. The death-rate fluctuates slightly but its general tendency is downward; the enrollment in the mortuary industry goes steadily upward. Only a great epidemic could enable its plant to

run at full capacity, and the doctors rather hope we have got rid of great epidemics.

There are, or were when the last census was taken in 1920, altogether some 24,000 morticians, funeral directors and undertakers in the United States. That is three times as many as there were thirty years ago; the population is less than twice what it was thirty years ago, and the total number of deaths not much more than a third larger. In 1890, the average mortician took care of 124 funerals a year; in 1920 he had only 56. That means more costly funerals and less prosperity among the general run of morticians.

Of these 24,000 only a little more than 7,000 belong to the National Funeral Directors' Association; add the three State associations not affiliated with the national body, and still two-thirds of them are left out. This unorganized two-thirds is, of course, in the main, the less competent two-thirds; it includes the marginal morticians, many of them hanging on the ragged edge. At the last N. F. D. A. convention it was roundly declared that the 24,000 ought to be cut down to 10,000; the best ten thousand of the lot could do good jobs and make comfortable livings without overcharges. What would become of the other fourteen thousand is another matter, nor need it be gone into now; for they are going to stay in the business until or unless dire poverty forces them out.

But even in the higher grades there are a good many men who hardly know what it is all about. The last N. F. D. A. convention was much concerned over cost accounting. The subject had been brought up a year before and several hundred members had expressed receptivity to a cost accounting system; but it appears that only eighteen of all the thousands had in the meantime actually installed it.

Cost accounting, like Service, is an idea that can be overdone; but it would seem that most people are in no present danger of overdoing it. A survey of a considerable number of representative morticians by a firm of cost accountants showed that these men, in the higher grades of the profession, handled half their cases at an actual loss. Naturally they did not know they were handling cases at a loss; they did not understand their own business, did not comprehend their actual costs or their actual capital investment. No doubt many a mortician would as soon think of including the good will and the plant of a business inherited from his father in the capital items on which he must earn a return as would the average farmer of including the capital value of the farm which his grandfather homesteaded. Farmer and mortician alike wallow in the fat years with no idea of laying up a reserve for depreciation and replacement, and then wonder why hard times hit them with such violence.

And because they do not know what they must earn to break even they do not know what to charge or how to charge. John M. Byrne, commissioner of the Casket Manufacturers' Association, told the convention that the average funeral director's method was simply to multiply the cost of the casket by five or six and set that down as the total cost of the funeral. On the bill, of course, it is itemized; but as likely as not the distribution will be fanciful, and the mortician himself will not know what actual costs a given item covers. A man who bills his customers on this principle cannot be fair to them or fair to himself except by happy accident.

This simple economic ignorance, rather than evil intent, probably accounts for a practice against which the national associations are fighting—the custom of advertising this and that feature of the funeral as free; free chapel accommodations, free use of certain rooms, even, occasionally, free casket-coach service. All of these services cost the mortician something, and, the economists of the profession argue, if he gives them away free he is a poor business man. As a matter of fact, he does not give them away; he adds a rough estimate of their cost to some other item. As in the case of the memorial crucifix mentioned

above, "given as your tribute to the bereaved family, the profit will take care of itself"; that is, you can add the price on somewhere else. To admit that the customer pays for everything, and to tell him exactly what he is paying for and how much he is paying for it, is one of the reforms toward which the leaders of the profession are working.

VI

All of which has an interest for you and me, the general public. Sooner or later we are certain to be consumers of the mortician's services, and it is good news that he is on the way to charging for them more reasonably and more intelligently. For when it comes to the cost of a funeral the conscience of the mortician seems likely to be his only guide for some time to come. The customer, though he may buy with at least some intelligence in another market, procrastinates and shies away from a cool-headed examination of the wares of the mortician; he waits till the funeral is over and then cries out that all undertakers are thieves.

Mr. Olinger, before he undertook to look after the public relations of the National Selected Morticians, issued a booklet about his own business in Denver which leaves little enough vagueness and mystery about mortuary costs and services. He argues that a man who has foresight enough to budget his income, to lay aside so much for insurance, so much for payments on his house, so much for savings or investment, might reasonably lay aside a certain amount to pay for the funerals which are going to occur to all of us some day. (The example of Enoch and Elijah seems unlikely to be repeated in our time.) "Eighty-five per cent of the families where death occurs," one reads, "do not have $500 in cash." The cost usually comes out of the insurance, of course, but most families need the insurance for other things. It is only good sense to start a burial fund; and it is only good sense, as Mr. Olinger recommends, to shop around while there is time, to look over various mortuaries, price the different grades of service, and decide at leisure what you want.

Unless you do that, "the next-door neighbor, the family physician, or the nurse, are usually the ones who call the mortician. Naturally they favor their friends and it is a well known fact that in many instances unscrupulous parties recommend undertakers who never fail to compensate them for their trouble, and this bill the family eventually pays in settling their funeral expenses." True enough; and equally true that any man of sense will make up his mind now whether he wants a $300 funeral or an $800 funeral and find out where he can get one that suits him at the price.

But in these matters, as in some others, the human race is not addicted to reasonable behavior. That man is rare who will devote solicitous attention to plans for his own funeral, still less for his wife's. We all let it go till somebody dies, and then—Why, then, thinking over the tabulated meannesses of the last ten or twenty or forty years for which it is too late to apologize, we decide that the best is none too good. The average rosewood casket, it may be conjectured, is offered in reparation for countless snarls across the breakfast table. The funeral usually effects some discharge of the accumulated emotion; and when the bill presently comes along we look it over and decide that the mortician is a robber with no bowels of mercy.

He will sell us what we want, and sometimes it comes high. How high? Well, pending the Metropolitan report, Mr. Olinger is not afraid to let light into dark places; in an establishment which will go as low as $125 or as high as you like, "the average expense for a modern funeral today," he says, "including a simple dignified casket of quality, embalming service, newspaper notices, music, and in fact all details of service, including the use of two limousines and motor hearse, will be from $200 to $300." That, of course, is a Denver price; it would have to be boosted for New

York or Chicago. But even in New York and Chicago it does not have to run up into the thousands unless you take off the limit, or let the mortician do it with your eyes open.

But who has the hardihood to order a cheap funeral? One might do it for one's self, if one could ever grasp the idea that one is mortal; but not for a wife, a husband, a parent, a child. In certain Italian circles a funeral is no funeral without a brass band; this folkway can hardly be blamed on the mortician, nor is he wholly to blame for the cult of the costly casket. Even beside the grave, perhaps especially beside the grave, one must keep up with the neighbors.

I knew a man, an employer of labor—poorly paid labor with ideas beyond its means. To do away with false modesty, I may say that he was a newspaper owner; to avoid misconception, I may add that he never was my employer. When one of his employés died, he who paid the salaries knew well that the family could not afford an expensive funeral; so he was accustomed to go to the widow and tell her that he had influence with a casket manufacturer, and could get her an excellent coffin below cost price.

This was a pious fraud; the coffins he got were made out of pine wood, decently covered with the proper black cloth; he paid forty dollars apiece for them, and at that price, in those days, the manufacturer made a profit. But nobody knew that underneath the black cloth was only a pine box; the widow paid forty dollars for a forty-dollar coffin, and enjoyed all the satisfac tion of believing that she had a caske that would retail for two or three hundred She had the satisfaction, the coffin manu facturer had his profit, and everybody wa happy. . . . But if she had known that he husband was actually being laid away i a forty-dollar coffin she would have droppe dead on the spot in grief and shame.

So the pride and belated contrition o the human race is the mortician's standing temptation to overselling; he can hardly be blamed for resenting the general tend ency to regard him as a despoiler of the widow and orphan. It is hard to see wha can be done about it; people will go on or dering extravagant funerals without look ing around to see what they can get at a reasonable price; and the mortician will go on taking the blame.

Nor does it appear that the morticia has much hope of attaining his other de sire, of being treated with a properly rev erent solemnity. He might evoke a littl less levity if he would leave the art o euphemism to the realtors and the gar ment trade, and go back to calling a hearse a hearse and a coffin a coffin; but a grue some humor will play about him and his calling till the end of time. There neve was a keener reader of the public mind than William Shakespeare, and he knew that a gravedigger was always good for a laugh. For sooner and later the morticia and his retinue are going to get us, each and every one; at which prospect we might as well laugh, for that is all we can do about it.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

DITHYRAMBS by a member of Kanyon Klan No. 9, of Grand Canyon, Ariz., in the *Kourier Magazine:*

A land of free religion,
Where each may have their belief.
The voice of all the people,
Elect their leader and chief.
A land of free education,
Without a tyrant's rod,
Some people call it Freedom,
And others call it God.

And now a regular Melting Pot,
With foreigners galore;
Catholicism raging wild,
For power—ever more.
But then there came a Saviot,
With face turned from the clod,
The noble Knights of the Ku Klux Klan,
Another form of God.

HARMLESS hobby of a man of learning of this happy Commonwealth:

What is believed to be the oldest slice of bread in the world is a keep-sake of Dr. A. W. Jamison of the School of Business Administration at the University of Arkansas. The piece of bread, sliced from the heel of an ordinary loaf, is nine years old.

CALIFORNIA

FROM the bill of fare of the U. S. Grant Hotel at San Diego:

This hotel was built and is operated by U. S. Grant, Jr., in honor of his illustrious father. America's highest honors did not rob General Ulysses S. Grant of the common touch nor the simple dignity of a plain American. This hotel reflects the straightforward and friendly spirit of the great American. It is a hotel for all the people, free from snobbery and the price of snobbery—excessive prices.

THE movement toward perfection in Los Angeles, as revealed by a news item in the *Examiner:*

Tenants moving into the new Roosevelt Building, now nearing completion at Seventh and Flower streets, must first subject themselves to a rigid financial and moral examination by the board of directors of the Sun Realty Company, owners.

THE HON. W. F. WALLACE, director of sales for the Wickham Havens Real Estate Company, as reported by the San Francisco *Chronicle:*

Civilization is the product of the salesman.

NEWS item from the progressive town of Oakland:

The name of Raswan, Arabian stallion, killed recently in an accident in Pomona, is to be perpetuated by Carl Reinhard Schmidt, owner of the thoroughbred, who, through court proceedings, has himself taken the horse's name and expects to carry it through life.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

NEW champion discovered in the Citadel of Idealism:

What is believed to be a new speed record for handshaking was made today by President Coolidge. He received 1,220 Woman's Christian Temperance Unionists and insurance agents in twenty-seven minutes, shaking hands with them at the rate of forty-five a minute.

THE HON. THOMAS WEBBER WILSON, A.B., LL.B., of the Sixth Mississippi District, in the House of Representatives:

There are many actors and plays now upon the stage in the United States which are very valuable contributions to the high ideals of a free people. One of my very closest friends, who is justly honored and appreciated by the people of this country, Pat Rooney, has dignified and elevated the great profession to which he belongs.

FLORIDA

CARD of thanks in the Miami *Herald:*

I desire to express to so many friends my heartfelt appreciation for the acts of kindness and words of sympathy extended to me since the death of my dear wife, Carrie Barrett Miller. Words sometimes are not adequate to express great joy, deep sorrow or sincere thanks. It is more or less embarrassing to a man to say words of sympathy, and it is equally as embarrassing to make suitable reply when the words are received.

As one friend said, "W. F., I can't express it, but you know."

And I did know, and they know that I do know, even though they do not tell me so.

I want to thank the newspapers of Miami for the manner in which they presented the news of her death and burial and the pains they took to get correct information.

The floral display at the church showed the loving touch of my friends, the Warner family of the Miami Floral Company.

Having been an undertaker in the early days of Miami, I can appreciate the many little acts of kindness shown by the W. H. Combs Co. that do not appear on their bill.

Only a firm like the John B. Orr Construction Company, whose personnel are men with artistic souls, could have developed the idea so unusual and revolutionary which I gave them and have everything, down to the minutest detail, come out satisfactorily.

Her body now lies in a fifty-ton concrete casket with a snow-white lining which is softer than folded silk, because it fits every contour of her face and form. To avoid any unusual pressure on her body, they built the white sand and cement up around her with their hands, and waited until it set. Then they banked the darker concrete over her until she had enough to protect her from any weight; after that had thoroughly set, they filled the forms. My last remembrance of her is not a casket sinking in the ground; it is not dirt being shoveled into a grave; but my last view was her sleeping face, and friendly hands gently pressing the white cement over it.

I do not express thanks here to the White Temple membership or the choir, because theirs was a labor of love to a member of their great family.

W. F. Miller.

(*Advertisement*)

GEORGIA

Additional proof that the only hope of this country is its Youth, gathered from the illustrious Atlanta *Journal:*

QUEENS COLLEGE

The Pi Delta Literary Society held its regular meeting Saturday evening at 7 o'clock. The meeting was called to order by the president, Miss Eleanor Cathcart, and then turned over to the vice president, Miss Kathleen Brown. An impromptu programme was rendered. The first number was a debate, "Resolved, That it is easier to make love in a Ford than in a buggy."

ILLINOIS

Dr. Henry J. Schireson, "famous facial surgeon," in *This Week In Chicago:*

I say this with all reverence (for what surgeon who has any soul at all can ignore or forget the miraculous workings of a Supreme Being?)—that being a good facial and plastic surgeon is next to being God.

The Hon. Ernest Palmer, general manager of the Chicago Board of Underwriters, as reported by the *Insurance Field:*

Mr. Palmer rated insurance so far above the legal profession as to leave no room for comparison, and also said that insurance outranks medicine. Comparing further, he found insurance superior to the newspaper business and to grocers, while as to real estate he declined to consider that line on the ground that its reputation was so generally known. And insurance is commandingly superior to union labor and political organization, he declared. "We have a business that we know is right and we will fight for it," concluded Mr. Palmer.

Medical advice found in the Tuscola *Journal* by the alert sleuths of the American Medical Association:

To break up colds in the chest, peel and slice one large onion, put in a glass and add one stick rock candy, broken in small pieces, one tablespoon glycerine, two tablespoons honey, mix well and let stand one-half hour. Then start taking in doses of one teaspoon every hour.

To draw boils, carbuncles or felons, use a poultice of pure lard and flour mixed to a thick paste with a pinch of sugar added. This soothes and draws without pain.

For deep or bad sores of any kind, a good grade of cigar ashes dropped in the sore is very healing. This is also very good in cases of proud flesh.

INDIANA

Military news from Indianapolis, the Northern capital of the Klan:

When Mrs. Aimée Semple McPherson, Los Angeles evangelist, opens a three-day series of services Friday she will be appearing under the auspices of the Indiana National Guard, and the guard will receive a share of the proceeds of the meetings.

From the *Laugh-A-Yet*, the weekly publication of the Lafayette Kiwanis Club:

Jimmy introduced the guests very hesitatingly. With loquacious pleasure he introduced, not only the guests present, but also our unseen visiting brethren such as *Ben Franklin, the first Kiwanian in the U. S. A., and St. Patrick, first Kiwanian in Ireland.*

IOWA

Leaflet circulated in the sanctified town of Des Moines:

REASONS WHY I DON'T DANCE
BY EVANGELIST CARL BASSETT

I would not like to die dancing. Would you?

Three-fourths of the fallen girls in America were ruined by the dance, according to the testimony of dancing masters.

Dancing is contrary to the spirit of the whole Bible.

The dance originated in a house of prostitution and was never danced outside of a house of

prostitution for the first hundred years, and the steps they used then are tame compared to the steps they use now.

There are no soul-winning dancing Christians.

I couldn't pray at a dance. Could you?

I wouldn't enjoy reading my Bible after the dance.

No young man will go through the motions of the dance, hour after hour, without thinking impure thoughts.

I would be miserable if I knew God were watching me while dancing.

A girl who dances cheapens herself in the eyes of the finest men in town.

If a girl heard the ordinary conversation of men between dances, as they discuss her, that girl's cheeks would blaze with mortification and she would run home and never dance again.

The dance has a secret language, by which the man can silently learn if the girl in his arms is pure or not, without one word being uttered.

Dancing has created a condition in the public schools that is almost as bad as the white slave traffic.

KANSAS

THE intellectual life in the vicinity of Independence:

> This week's subject for debate of the Gamble Holler Literary Society, about ten miles northwest of here, has been announced as "Resolved, that a dirty good woman is more benefit to a man than a clean mean woman."

How Aimée knocked them cold in Wichita, as reported by the eminent *Eagle* of that great Christian town:

> Bible students in Wichita declare that when Mrs. McPherson figuratively slid down a sandline in search of a wealth of crude oil product to weigh against the value of a soul, when she took a government dirigible and went heavenward to take off the pearly gates and cast them into the balance, she preached a sermon greater than Russell Herman Conwell's "Acres of Diamonds." For Mrs. McPherson's sermon, "The Value of a Soul," they say, is the greatest sermon of the age. It will live for generations. It is literature. Those who subscribe to this statement and who have written Angelus Temple complimenting the achievement are Bible students. They include Dr. W. H. Rogers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, and his assistant, Dr. H. B. O. Phillpots; Mrs. J. E. Foulston, Bible lecturer, 247 South Hillside; Mrs. E. G. Robertson, 159 Circle drive; Dr. J. C. Beitel, pastor of the Community Church; and Dr. E. E. Stauffer, pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church and president of the Wichita Council of Churches.

CAMPAIGN handbill of an Emporia statesman:

> A Straight line is the shortest distance between two points.—*Euclid*
> There is no place like home.—*Homer*
> He is a better poet than Walt Mason.—*Dreiser*
> Children should be seen and not heard.—*Jonathan Davis*

WRITE IN

MARSHALL WARREN

The Wild Party's Choice

FOR

CONSTABLE

Many Years Experience in Party Organization

FOR

Old Age Pensions, Hot lunches for school children, Free Motherhood, Paper Bag Cookery, Bone dry law, World court, Fletcherism, Single Tax, City Manager plan, Army and Navy, McNary-Haugen, Babe Ruth, Free Verse, Mann Act, Montessori Method, Abolition of Grade Crossings, Deep Breathing, Freedom for Armenians, Relief for the Jews, The Working Girl, a college of osteopathy in Emporia, Free Beer, 15c cigarettes.

AGAINST

The twilight sleep, Limitation of campaign expenditures, Ku Klux Klan, Birth Control, League of Nations, Government operation of mail planes, Bishop Manning, Rum Runners, Compulsory military training, Crystal Gazing, Chiropractic, Christian Science, The Go-Go Birds, Voodooism, Immigration, N. Y. Stock Ex., Woman Suffrage, Nebular Hypothesis, The drainage ditch, Recognition of Russia, Evolution, Leopold and Loeb, Speed Limits, Law of Gravity, Child Labor Laws, Branch Banking, and the Temptation of St. Anthony.

His experience insures an able administration

KENTUCKY

ANOTHER executive secretary discovers a soft job, as related in a dispatch from Georgetown:

> The National Stop Profanity Association has been organized in Georgetown. This movement was originated by Dr. H. H. Roberts of Georgetown, and has for its object the prohibiting of the publication and sale of immoral literature, and the fostering of laws that would prevent immoral and suggestive movie plays, and all other influences that may prove demoralizing to youth.

LOUISIANA

FROM the latest issue of the State Baptist Annual:

> Decent people no longer find lake and sea-shore a place of rest and relaxation. Modern bathing suits make modest men and women feel like hiding their faces in shame. Again and again I have been told, in different parts of Louisiana, that the present day swimming-pool is a men-

ace to the morals of the young. Mixed bathing must be abolished.

Dance-halls are ticket-offices to Hell. The dance-hall has always been the handmaid of the brothel and the saloon. If we are to have men and women worthy to become parents of the coming generation, we must abolish the dance-hall. It leads to carnality and ought to have been abolished when we abolished the brothel and the saloon. I would as soon have my son frequent a saloon as to have my daughter visit dance-halls. The modern dance, with its music, is nothing if not carnal. It leads to carnality, and, when kept up for hours, it leads straight to Hell. Two-thirds of the women of the street fell as a result of the dance-hall. The majority of the men who frequent dance-halls go there with nothing but carnal thoughts in their minds. The youth who goes to the dance-hall looking for clean pleasure is considered lacking in carnal technique. Innocence can not endure in dance-halls, where the atmosphere is heavy with sensual music, and men and women seem to be held together with adhesive tape. If girls would dance with girls and men with men the movement against dance-halls would not be necessary.

MAINE

SIGNS of a literary renaissance in New England, brought to light by the Milo correspondent of the Bangor *Daily News:*

A poetess, a very precocious child indeed, has recently been brought to light. She is an inhabitant of the town of Milo, yet few know her on account of her shy, retiring nature. Noted critics have predicted that she may in time take a place on the platform of literature beside the famous Mrs. Browning. Here is an extract or two of her remarkable genius:

Winter is here! Winter is here!
Winter with all its comfort and cheer
The cow's in the stable, the horse in the field
The barn's full of fodder, we've had a good yield
Yet my soul's full of sadness, my heart's like ice, etc.

Dear Papa:—Do you think I ought to study my lessons today? I'd like to run, if the day is done, and just fritter my time away.

MARYLAND FREE STATE

DITHYRAMBS in the eminent Cumberland *Daily News:*

A POEM

DEDICATED TO THE GREATER HONOR AND GLORY OF ST. JOSEPH'S CLUB

The St. Joseph's Club consists of the best
Young men that Cumberland can boast,
Are loyal, and true blue,
To their duties, their girls and you.

All the fellows are gentlemen—Cumberland's best,
And believe me, this is no jest.
Oh boy, I feel like throwing out my chest,
At being one of "Cumberland's best."

The girls—none others can compare
With their beauty fair,
Their grace and jaunty air,
To brave deeds inspire men to dare.

Fifty strong, they advance,
In dramatic circles as well as games of chance.
Their triumph in everything the same.
They'll earn their way to the Hall of Fame.

In amateur dramatics they star,
And their fame spreads afar.
With professionals they're on a par,
Excellence!—Mr. Ley and his actors—there you are!

And as you enter the Club rooms,
You're conscious of the homelike air.
Ah! there for you a good chair.

And, oh boy, a radio fair.
Still more comfies—a "Vic" stands there—
You'll forget every care.

In their play, in their work,
Never do they shirk.
Here's to St. Joseph's Club!
The pride and joy of every girl and boy.

WILLIAM E. WOLFE.

MASSACHUSETTS

OBITER DICTUM of the erudite editor of the *Hampshire Gazette*, published in Northampton, Cal's home town:

Property is all there is to civilization.

MICHIGAN

FROM the Hudson *Post-Gazette:*

LIBRARY BOARD IN EXISTENCE 20 YEARS

HAVE ALWAYS PURCHASED COAL SUPPLIES OF LOCAL DEALERS

MINNESOTA

THE dangers St. Paul women run should they fall in love and then repent, as disclosed by an Associated Press dispatch from that remarkable town:

False teeth are "an essential part of the human body, belong to the individual and would be of no use to any other individual." So ruled Justice J. F. Doyle yesterday in deciding that Mrs. Rose Zwerisckl should recover her teeth from her former sweetheart, Bartholomeau Xonocadas. He said he was holding the teeth

because Mrs. Zweriscki had refused to return a diamond engagement ring. The teeth fell out of the woman's mouth when the couple quarreled over the return of the ring after their engagement was broken.

MISSOURI

News item from the eminent Sikeston *Standard:*

At the Sunday night services of a certain religious sect an official from out of town was present to take the wing measurements of the congregation, the idea being that at the Judgment Day, when the Angel Gabriel sounds his horn, the wings will be waiting and ready for the devout to slip on.

MONTANA

Holy Church succumbs to the modern spirit in Helena:

Monsignor Victor Day, administrator of the Catholic diocese of Helena, yesterday made the following announcement:

"In view of the National Wool Growers' convention held at Butte, in virtue of powers granted the ordinaries by canon law, I hereby dispense the faithful in Butte and suburbs from the law of abstinence Friday of this week."

NEBRASKA

Instructive anecdote from the *Engineering-News-Record:*

The twin cities of Omaha and Council Bluffs felt need for a new bridge over the Missouri River, and desired to procure a suitable design. The Kiwanis clubs of the two cities threw themselves into the breach and instituted a competition for designs for the bridge. It was to be a memorial bridge, and particularly handsome. The ordinary procedure of inviting bridge engineers to submit designs did not seem just the thing; instead, the two clubs enlisted the school children of Nebraska and Iowa in a bridge-design contest. To stimulate interest they set up a number of prizes, one for the best design sent in each week and a grand prize for the best of them all. Fifty dollars in cash money was to be the grand prize. "The bridge drawing contest continued for more than twelve weeks," proudly records the Omaha *World-Herald.* Naturally enough, "hundreds of remarkable designs" were submitted during this period, according to President Patrick of the Omaha Kiwanis Club. The final decision gave the grand prize to a fourteen-year-old boy of Kearney, Neb., for a sketch of a five-arch structure duly equipped with piers, roadway, lamp-posts and space for memorial groups and tablets.

NEW JERSEY

The complete history of a free American citizen of Midland Park, living in the Coolidge Renaissance, as reported by the New York *World,* a well-known gazette of that glorious era:

Charles I. E. Mastin, seventy-five, of Midland Park, N. J., who commuted on the Erie Railroad more than fifty-five years and kept the stub of every commutation book ever issued to him, will be buried Saturday in Ridgewood, N. J., after services in the Paramus Reformed Church. Mr. Mastin, who was president of La Favorite Rubber Manufacturing Company of Hawthorne, N. J., died Tuesday. Two years ago his commuting record was recognized by the Erie, which gave him a gold watch. From 1870 to 1911 Mr. Mastin rode daily from his home to New York and back, and in recent years had commuted between his home and Hawthorne, where his factory is located.

NEW MEXICO

How the art artists of Taos neglect a sister art, as reported by the eminent *Valley News:*

Those who believe that the moving-picture business in Taos is a great success will do well to ask Mr. Montaner, owner of the Montaner Theatre, and find out from him if it is a paying business. Mr. Montaner is almost broke on account of his investment in the moving picture business. During 1926 he not only lost money in the business, but after paying the interest on money borrowed for the investment, taxes and fire insurance, he had to use his income, salary etc., in the amount of $3,780.60 to meet debts and other obligations that he had to face on account of the moving-picture business. And to meet his personal obligations during 1926 he had to borrow money. His income and salary etc. all go on account of the theatre. Sure the moving-picture business is H——l for Mr. Montaner.

NEW YORK

From the *Congressional Record:*

Islip, N. Y.

Senator Copeland,
Washington, D. C.:

I sent the following telegram to Speaker of the House and Presiding Officer of United States Senate. Please tell the wet Senators for me I consider them nothing but traitors to the Constitution of the United States. I believe the government should put more poison in alcohol instead of less, and kill the nullifiers of the Constitution off by the hundreds of thousands, and the wet Senators should die first. They are nothing but poor white trash, and mighty poor at that, and would never be missed. Other men gave their lives for the Constitution of the United States, but the wet Senators and men of their stand are not willing even to give up a glass of rum for the Constitution.

John C. Doxsee

THE life of a Manhattan Crœsus in the Coolidge-Mellon era, as reported by the *World:*

Since the premiere of "Peggy-Ann" at the Vanderbilt Theatre, three times a week in the self-same two seats to the left and on the front row sit a wealthy broker and his wife. Up to date they have seen the show fourteen times. Later they went back stage and made presents of candy to the cast. It appears that they are inveterate theatregoers, and when they like a particular show they go again and again. Then they both go back and meet the actors. They saw "Artists and Models" sixty-seven times.

ANNOUNCEMENT appearing in the streetcars of Manhattan:

JUSTICE JAMES C. CROPSEY: If every boy were a Boy Scout, soon there would be no crime.

FROM a *World* reader, who knows the inner secrets of things:

Not only the boxing experts, real, near and "phooey," but also all the other writers who analyzed Dempsey and Tunney in an effort to foreshadow the outcome of the fight missed entirely one quality possessed to a high degree by Tunney and totally lacking in Dempsey—the spiritual. Abraham Lincoln had this magic quality; Woodrow Wilson possessed it. And it lifted these men to the heights. Gene Tunney had it and it rendered him indomitable, invincible, and all who are without it are indeed as clay.

JAMES J. WILSON

NORTH DAKOTA

THE love of learning in the legislative halls of this great State:

Senator Bill Martin this afternoon introduced a concurrent resolution urging that a proposal to close the North Dakota University, the Agricultural College and the Teachers' College at Valley City for a period of two years be submitted to the people for a vote. Under the proposal these State institutions would remain closed for two years and not be reopened unless the faculties pledged themselves not to ask for further increases in appropriations.

OKLAHOMA

TRANSCENDENTAL political news from Oklahoma City:

Governor Henry S. Johnston said Wednesday that he wanted to sign the $3,000,000 school aid bill and the $300,000 children's hospital bill between 11:30 and 12:26 o'clock Thursday because L. Howell Lewis, the Oklahoma City astrologer, advised him that any act performed during that time would be "properly received by the people." Lewis has conferred during past years with many city and State officials. He advised often with J. C. Walton when he was mayor of Oklahoma City and Governor.

PENNSYLVANIA

PUBLIC notice in the Milford *Dispatch:*

TO THE RESIDENTS OF GREELEY

I, the undersigned, beg to inform each and every man who cannot act as a perfect gentleman to remain outside the boundary line.

Shame on the community that will not stand by a lone and undefended girl when her virtue is at stake.

Thousand times shame upon every man who stands by a brutal beast.

I demand respect, the utmost respect, from every man, old or young. Think of what you would like to know of your own wives, sisters and daughters.

We American born Christian women are not interested in lust, vice or the life of the slums.

We abide by the law of the U. S. A. and by the law of God, the Ten Commandments.

I am interested in the Poultry Market, not in the Matrimonial Bureau.

This is my last warning to every man and woman in Greeley: Absolutely leave my name out of all kinds of gossip or some day it will be expensive.

The Lord has been and always will be with me. His guardian angels watch over me.

To my prominent neighbor: "Please sweep in front of your own door. There is lots of nice clean snow to keep you busy. Let me do the worrying about my debts. Better watch your own steps!"

EMILIE DOSCH

SERMON-SUBJECT of the pastor of the Methodist Church of Lander:

God's Selected Chauffeur.

TENNESSEE

DITHYRAMBS composed by the Hon. J. W. Butler, a State Senator of this great State, and flung into the teeth of an heretical world by the eminent Christian journal, the Nashville *Tennessean:*

One little germ on the bottom of the sea
Generated itself spontaneously,
Which afterwards grew bones and marrow,
And finally became "Dangerous Darrow."

Everything is its own creator;
Man is his own originator.
He started in the sea as a single cell,
Evoluting from form to form, it's hard to tell

So hush little bed bug, don't you cry.
You'll be a June bug by and by.
And later a million years or more,
You'll be a college sophomore.

So why should a skunk envy a man?
For by the grand evolution plan,
He should look forward with great hopes
Of being a teacher like Professor Scopes.

Or be a lawyer with cunning ways;
Like Mr. Arthur Garfield Hays,
To give Christianity a crooked deal,
Assisted by Dr. John R. Neal.

Evolutionists are so very wise
They solve the mysteries of the skies.
They rob humanity of future hope
By filling them full of Darwin dope.

June bugs and tadpoles, turtles and frogs,
All are our kinfolks, so are the dogs,
Monkeys and baboons, gorillas and apes—
All our cousins in different shapes.

When you were a tadpole, and I were a fish
We had all the fun one could wish.
But, Dear Reader, this is one monstrous lie,
It is what Evolutionists say, not I.

TEXAS

FURTHER proof of the soundness of the doctrine of preëstablished harmony, disclosed by an Austin dispatch:

> The champion hog caller of East Texas and one of the ranking callers of the United States has been elected assistant reading clerk of the House of Representatives.

VIRGINIA

OBITUARY notice in the eminent *Greene County Record* of Stanardsville:

> Clyde (Buck) Harlow, aged 17 years, was killed by a south-bound train some time during Sunday night. Buck went to Proffit to call on his lady friend Sunday. On his way back is when he met his fatal blow and death. It will never be known just how he met his death, but his body was found early Monday morning by the section hands. It was badly mangled.
>
> Buck was a true Christian and a faithful church member. He was an unusually good boy for his age. He never put any one to any trouble; or said an unkind word about any one. He loved and had a smile for everybody. Clyde will be missed by everybody, especially his fellow men, whom he worked with day by day, and loved them as himself. He has gone to prepare a place for us. He had often said he had no home here, but a beautiful one in Heaven, where we know he is with his loved ones, who have gone before and prepared a place for him. Clyde had many nice friends in Charlottesville, and everywhere he ever visited, and they have often said since his tragic end, "Oh, we miss Buck so much, and if we knew just how he met his death, we would be more satisfied; but we will never know. He left us Saturday night so happy and cheerful and said good night as usual, 'I will see you all Monday morning.' But when that time came no little Buck could we see. When the news came that he had been killed by something we will never know, but a train, I guess. We were all sad and worried to know he was taken so happy and cheerful, and just in his young and happy days."
>
> The Lord knows what is best for us all. He is not going to let us suffer in any way. Clyde was faithful to his little brothers and sisters, who miss him now. We can't live always in this world. The best are taken first. We must do better and prepare to meet this loved one in Heaven, and hope we may. May his soul rest in peace.

WISCONSIN

PROOF that Catholic universities are just as good as Harvard and other such atheistic institutions, and even better, as revealed by an examination paper recently submitted to the trembling young Websters at the Law School of Marquette University:

FINAL EXAMINATION—JURISPRUDENCE

(1) "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that *all men are created equal*, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain *unalienable rights*, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. *That to secure these rights, governments are instituted* among men, *deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed*. That *whenever* any form of *government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people* to alter or to abolish it."

Explain this sentence of the Declaration, paying special attention to parts underlined.

Prove the statements there made.

(2) (a) Prove that unjust killing is always morally wrong.

(b) If a doctor kills an unborn child to "save the mother's life," can he justify his act on the ground of self defense and claim the child is an unjust aggressor?

(c) John has a raft which will support only two persons; he sees Mary and Jane in danger of drowning and picks up Mary but lets Jane drown. Is he guilty of murder? Suppose (1) John is a good swimmer; (2) John cannot swim; (3) if Jane is in advance of Mary and just reaching for the raft can John push her away or make her sink to save a place for Mary?

(3) (a) Prove that society is natural for man and that authority is necessary for civil society.

(b) Show that the right to private property is demanded by man's nature and therefore founded on the natural Law.

(c) What is to be said therefore of Marxian Socialism?

(4) (a) Does a lawyer who tells a client, for whom he has won a divorce suit, that he is now *morally* free to marry again violate the natural law?

(b) Give the reasons for the unity and indissolubility of the marriage bond.

(c) What are the respective rights of the parents and the state as regards the education of the children?

(5) Give your ethical judgment as regards lying. Is broad mental reservation ever allowed? Explain fully.

COUZENS OF MICHIGAN

BY FRANK R. KENT

In an unguarded moment, some twenty years ago, a great lawyer with a penetrating mind and long, intimate experience in the highest moneyed circles gave it as his profound conviction that there was in the world but one thing more timid than one million dollars and that was two million dollars.

The shot rang the bell. While the scale may have to be raised a bit to meet modern conditions, the idea is as sound now as then. In the main the fabulous figures of finance, the high bracket boys with their million-dollar incomes—some 280 of them, according to Treasury statistics—are a fearsome lot, restrained, restricted and weighted down by their wealth, apprehensive lest in some mysterious way it may melt away, worried over every tremble in the credit structure, painfully concerned about the strength of the social fabric, on guard as to what they say, cautious as to what they do, solemn and secretive, elusive and evasive, afraid of the Jews like Mr. Ford, of the journalists like Mr. Mellon, of ridicule like Mr. Morgan, of Hell's fire like Mr. Rockefeller. None of these whales, and few of the others who trail them closest in the matter of money, seem light of heart or free of spirit. The closeness with which they watch their step precludes any such state of being. Even those rare ones who absurdly call themselves Democrats are of an identical mold.

All of which makes it the more refreshing to find a man of many millions—not merely a millionaire, for mere millionaires are common enough these days, but one of the first string players who does not know whether he is worth ninety or a hundred and sixty millions—it is refreshing to meet one of these Grade A money men who has got clear out from under the burden of his riches, who is neither afraid he is going to lose them nor has become denatured by their possession, who does not slink around full of suppressions, who is not watched over, guarded, protected and press-agented, who can—and does—say unwise and indiscreet things, who gets mad in the open and hits from the shoulder, who indulges his impulses and appetites, and kicks up his heels when he feels like it, and "acts natural."

The interest in such a man is tremendously heightened when he is found in the United States Senate, where, without being in the least radical or erratic, despising the "damned Democrats" most cordially, considering himself a real Republican, thoroughly hard-headed and hard-boiled as to things in general, without the least trace of idealism and with no vestige of personal or political sympathy with the so-called Insurgents, he yet finds himself lined up with "those birds" most of the time simply because he revolts against the smug hypocrisy of the orthodox big money view and is too robust, mentally and physically, to stand the cant and bunk of an administration that is completely dominated by great wealth and in which cramped and puny figures like Coolidge and Kellogg stand out as heroes.

The extraordinary thing is that the burly virility of this man—James Couzens, Senator from Michigan—the amazing facts about his Senate career, the real drama of his blazing feud with the saintly Secretary of the Treasury, the awful blow he gave

he good Calvin in the Warren fight, his plendid isolation as the one multi-million-ire who opposed the first Mellon bill, his listinction as the only vastly rich man in he country who doesn't belong to the nion—it is astonishing that these things, ogether with the present effort of Mr. Mellon, through the governmental ma-hinery, to make him pay ten millions and nore of alleged back taxes, have not kindled the spark of popular interest and nade of him a really national figure. There is material here for a novel—everything save the love interest. The single incident of his putting $1,000 cash—all he had, and $100 of that borrowed—into Ford stock and getting a check for $30,000,000 when he sold out twenty-one years later, after having divided honors with Henry as the business genius of the plant, would surely seem to be enough in itself. Those who ought to know say Jim Couzens carried that check around Detroit in his pocket for a solid week, showing it to his friends and having a good time until some-body figured out he was losing $14 a minute in interest. Finally and reluctantly he put it in the bank.

By far the most interesting thing in con-nection with Mr. Couzens since he entered the Senate is his conflict with Mr. Mellon, which started two years ago, has grown increasingly bitter, is still going on, and promises to continue as long as these two implacable rich men, one of whom is high priest in the finance temple, the other of whom has been called the scab millionaire because he neither feels, thinks nor acts along the orthodox big money lines, have their health. It is a dramatic, colorful and vital fight, which has not been generally grasped nor properly pictured. Here they are, the two richest men in public life in this or any country, at this or any time, members of the same political faith, be-longing to the same social clubs, visiting the same houses, and yet engaged in a per-sonal war which can neither be arbitrated nor adjudicated and which has already affected the personal and political fortunes of a score of other men. Between them they probably have more money than Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Dawes, the nine other mem-bers of the Cabinet, the nine Justices of the Supreme Court and the ninety-five other members of the Senate taken together—if you except T. Coleman Dupont, who is not enough of a Senator to count. It might be possible to throw in most of the mem-bers of the House and still be within the facts, but it is better to be on the safe side. Anyhow, they are staggeringly rich and their fight makes all other personal and political quarrels in Washington—and Washington is full of them—seem pale and sickly in comparison.

II

Its start was curiously trivial. A slight suppression of the smart Aleck impulse by certain second-class subordinates of Mr. Mellon might have preserved amicable relations and averted the break. That, at least, is the view of some who have the facts. But others who know Mr. Couzens best, who fully appreciate his fighting spirit and his inherent distaste for letting anybody get away with anything without a battle, but particularly a man of great wealth, think it would have come in any event. Here is the story: When, three years ago, the first Mellon tax bill was produced there arose from the newspapers all over the country a chorus of approval—in most cases before they had even seen the bill. It was then that the financially fortunate who pay taxes in the high brackets first put forth the quaint notion that Mr. Mel-lon is the "greatest Secretary of the Treas-ury since Alexander Hamilton." But when Senator Couzens got a copy of the original bill certain things about it did not seem to him clear or right. Thereupon, with Couzenish directness, he sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Mellon about it.

Now, it is conceded that this first letter of Senator Couzens was a poor letter. It was badly expressed, had in it several half-baked criticisms and rather poor points.

It did not go to the root of the matter at all. Mr. Mellon, as is his custom, turned the letter over to the bright young men by whom he is surrounded. These snappy boys read the Couzens letter and snorted with delight. Their keen intellects saw at once all the openings it presented. "Here," they said, one to the other, "is a splendid chance to set one of these smart Senators down hard—to show him exactly where he gets off. This is our dish!" Thereupon, with great gusto, they sat down to prepare Mr. Mellon's reply, the idea of which was to make a monkey of Senator Couzens. No posted person thinks that Mr. Mellon, personally, wrote that reply any more than the well-informed think that either the first or second Mellon bill was really drawn by him. He leaves all that sort of thing—and most every other sort of thing—to the aforesaid bright young men. Usually they do not slip up, for they really are bright—at least some of them are—but this time they did. It is even probable that in addition to not having written the letter Mr. Mellon did not read it. All he did was to sign it. He relies to a much larger extent than is generally thought on his bright young men.

Well, when Senator Couzens received the letter he got genuinely angry, which was not surprising, for it was anything but complimentary to his intelligence. Pityingly, it pointed out his ignorance and commented on his crudity. He isn't a brilliant man, of course, and does not pretend to be. He did not go to college and says he was pretty poor at school except at mathematics. He is a direct fellow and not subtle. But he got all the subtle meanings in that Mellon letter all right and he didn't like them at all. First he swore for a while, and then he started to dig in and do some work. When next he wrote a letter to Mr. Mellon there was nothing half-baked about it. Also it *did* go to the root of the matter. Mr. Mellon turned it over to the same bright young men, but this time it took them considerable time to prepare his reply. They thought it would close the controversy. Mr. Mellon signed it an mailed it, but strange to say, it produce no such effect. On the contrary, Senato Couzens soon made it plain that as a letter writer he had just started. Presently th bright young men had their hands mor than full and began to curse him in thei sleep. The correspondence got hotter an hotter and finally Mr. Couzens jamme through the Senate, to the accompanimen of almost tearful protests from Senato David A. Reed of Pennsylvania, Mr Mellon's Senatorial Spokesman, a resolu tion for a real probe of the Internal Revenu Bureau.

This nearly drove the bright young me wild and one of them—I don't know whic one but I suspect—proceeded to do some thing for which the saintly Mr. Mello should have taken him out on the Sout Lot, as the good Calvin so oddly calls it and booted him around until the age secretarial toe was tired. Certainly he de served it, because he put the "greates Secretary of the Treasury since Alexande Hamilton" in a position which shed neither lustre nor credit on him, and which but for the extraordinary and unprece dented reverence in which he is held b the press, might easily have proved so un comfortable that he would have been glad to go back to that curious Pittsburgh seclusion from which he emerged in 1920 the most alarmed-looking man who ever came to Washington.

What happened was this: At the time the minority Ford stockholders, chief o whom was Mr. Couzens, sold their stock to Mr. Ford, the Internal Revenue Bureau assessed the current value of the stock and Couzens, with the others, paid income tax on the increment in value. Later, in 1922, Senator Jim Watson, of Indiana, who now says he remembers nothing at all about it, but who was, it is believed, inspired by a newspaper that wanted to crack at Mr. Ford, called attention to the case in a confidential letter, and asked that an investigation be made as to whether a sufficient valuation had been placed on the

stock. This was done and the verdict, later approved by Mr. Mapes, solicitor for the Bureau, was that the assessment was a proper one and that the government had got all that was coming to it. But in 1925, while the Couzens resolution was pending and the feud between Mr. Couzens and Mr. Mellon's bright young men was at its bitterest, somebody dusted off the old case, and one fair afternoon Mr. Couzens was called out of the Senate Chamber, told that a complaint had been received, and asked to sign a waiver of the time limitation on a new assessment. This was exactly four days before the time limitation expired.

It is easy to guess his answer. It seemed to him a direct effort to club him into submission. If he signed the waiver the Bureau could hold action over his head as a threat. He regarded the whole proceeding as a raw attempt to blackjack him into being good. So did many other Senators, and some went so far as to say so. Certainly Mr. Mellon, personally, had no such purpose, but just as certainly one of his bright young men did. In any case it is almost incredible that he should not have seen what the appearance of the thing would be, and it is even more incredible that he or anyone else should have thought Jim Couzens would sign a waiver under the circumstances. What he did was exactly what ought to have been expected. In none too polite terms he informed the abashed officials who brought the waiver that he would not sign it, and in reply to the intimation that if he did not the department would be forced to levy a jeopardy assessment, he told them to levy and be damned.

Then he walked across the Capitol corridor into the Senate Chamber, got the floor, and told the story three minutes after it happened, adding that the case had been investigated and closed three years before, and was brought up now only as a piece of political retaliation designed to make him call off his investigation. The next day a letter, signed by Mr. Mellon, came to the Senate and was put into the record by Senator Ernst, in which the Secretary emphatically denied all this, and said that the case had not been up in the department before, and that it was necessary to act now because of the time limitation. But Mr. Couzens again denounced the whole proceeding, and the Bureau then, after enormous labor, having served notice on all the other minority stockholders in three days, put on a jeopardy assessment of back taxes amounting to $35,000,000. Of this huge amount $10,000,000, plus interest, must be paid by Mr. Couzens if the government is successful in its suit.

However pure Mr. Mellon may be, it must be admitted that all this does not look very good. It really is amazing that it aroused almost no press criticism at the time. Perhaps the main reason was the fact that the original Mellon bill, stoutly opposed by Mr. Couzens, was then on its way through Congress, and there was in the larger newspaper offices so much concern lest it fail that not even the Democratic papers—with a few notable exceptions—could be got to speak save softly on any administration subject. If, as was the fact, most of them deplored the Teapot Dome and Daugherty investigations as in bad taste, it was hardly to be expected they would assail the revered Mr. Mellon for what appeared to be the use of the power of his office to check a Senator's effort to investigate that office. As a matter of fact, the attitude of most of them was that it served Couzens right. So, too, thought the other multi-millionaires of the country. They professed their complete inability to understand Couzens.

To a good many other persons, perhaps, the whole thing seemed a laughing matter, though no one in Washington saw anything funny in it. There was no disguising there the bitterness of feeling between the two men. Their letters about this time were so rough that great fear was felt by all the third vice-presidents of trust companies in towns under a million that poor, pestered Mr. Mellon would get disgusted and retire, thus letting the country go completely to the dogs. An instinct

among those above the grade of third vice-president told them better.

It was at this juncture that an incident occurred in Washington of no significance at all except to show the thoroughbred strain in the Secretary, and, as it was told by Mr. Couzens, it proves also that even in the heat of battle he, on his part, does not lose his sense of humor. On the day when the roughest exchange between the two occurred, one of the best known hostesses in Washington awoke to the fact that she had invited both to dinner that night and that both had accepted. For a while she was in real trepidation. She rushed around to consult with friends, but finally concluded that it was too late to do anything. But she was alarmed lest a scene of some sort occur in her drawing-room. Her sufferings were intense. When Senator Couzens and his wife entered the room, Mr. Mellon, having already arrived, was at the far end. He at once excused himself from the persons to whom he was listening, walked the length of the room, shook hands cordially with Senator Couzens, and introduced himself to Mrs. Couzens. He then walked across the room, got his daughter, brought her over, introduced her to the Couzenses, and then for the rest of the evening proceeded to devote himself to Mrs. Couzens with such effect that the next morning that lady lamented to a friend that "I certainly do wish to Heaven Jim would not always have to have his worst fights with the people I like."

III

But neither the threat of the Internal Revenue Bureau nor the occasional inevitable social contact softened the fight. Mr. Couzens went ahead with his probe and Mr. Mellon with his suit. What the former uncovered is all set out in the *Congressional Record*. There are a good many things he does not understand, but figures are not one of them. He is himself an expert accountant, but he hired a lot of others to help him. By the time he had finished his investigation he had enough data to give Mr Mellon and his bright young men man very miserable moments. He did not, it i true, reveal any actual crookedness in th department, but he did expose some ver embarrassing situations, and, supporte by much convincing evidence, he did mak specific charges of favoritism in adjustin the tax claims of certain exceedingly ric newspaper publishers who were supporter of the administration, and of various larg financial interests that had contributed t the Republican campaign. Also, he showe that in matters involving Mr. Mellon' own numerous interests almost invariabl favorable decisions and adjustments wer rendered. It was not charged and no one i silly enough to believe for a moment tha Mr. Mellon, personally, intervened to ge favorable treatment for himself or for in terests favorable to the administration. I was not even charged that he knew abou such treatment. Of course, he didn't, but i occurred just the same. As Mr. Couzen pointed out, it was unnecessary for anyon to pass the word along the line as t which were the Mellon concerns an which were the administration supporters The bright young men knew without bein told. If they did not, they were not ver bright. Everybody else knew.

Senator Couzens dredged up a lot of goo stuff. He made some real news, but he di not get anywhere with it. So far as th public was concerned it was as if hi charges had never been made, his evidenc never produced. No one remembers muc about the business today. Nothing stuck Yet he had a lot of awkward facts, enoug to give Mr. Mellon and the bright youn men a thundering bad time if he had ha any real newspaper support or if th Democratic leadership in Congress at th time had not been dead from the neck up

There were two main reasons for hi failure. One was that Senator Couzens while a very good business man, is a poo public speaker, if any. On the floor of th Senate he was unable to present his fact in a way to rivet interest in them an

make them seem important. The same tale in the eloquent mouth of Senator Reed of Missouri would have shaken the chandeliers and made a sensation. But from Mr. Couzens of Michigan it was only a dull and uninspiring record, difficult to follow and too full of figures to seem real news. The man simply lacks the publicity instinct. He has no flair for the effective presentation of such things. He did a really fine job in dredging up the facts against the most stubborn resistance, but when it came to making them public in a dramatic way he was at loss.

The other reason was the unprecedentedly impregnable position of Mr. Mellon. In the memory of the oldest observer in Washington, there has been nothing like his journalistic and business support. It dates from the introduction of the first Mellon tax bill and has continued to the present day. So Senator Couzens found the press largely uninterested in his facts and mostly unsympathetic toward his attack. By a considerable section of it he got himself abused as a blatherskite, and news was spread about that there was grave concern in business and banking circles lest such efforts on the part of "cheap" Senators to annoy Mr. Mellon and handicap him in his efforts to "lighten the burdens of the people" (by reducing first and most the taxes of the very rich) might lead to his becoming so disgusted that he would resign.

The facts that there was not the slightest danger of Mr. Mellon giving up a job he enjoyed more than any other he ever had, that Senator Couzens was anything but a cheap Senator and that he really had a pretty strong case backed by real evidence —these facts never got home to the public. To most readers it probably seemed a pity that the good and great Secretary should be worried in this way. The idea that, under his administration of the Treasury, questionable practices could be indulged in, or that in matters wherein he had a personal interest it would not be a point of honor with him to see that his department leaned backward rather than forward—no such idea ever caught hold. Senator Couzens' facts made no more impression than did the facts about the Aluminum Corporation, brought out by Senator Walsh. Such was—and such is—the political state of mind produced in the American people by their long-continued prosperity that it was impossible to dent the armor of Mr. Mellon. To many it seemed and seems almost treasonable to intimate that a man with so much money could be anything but noble.

The combination was too much for Mr. Couzens. But he made some pretty points, and anyone who thinks he has given up the fight does not know him. He is the sort of fellow who gets quiet and purrs when the battle grows thick, and is at that time most dangerous. The tax suit, which might have cost him ten millions or more, probably worried him less than it worried any of the other defendants. To a friend he said, "I don't give a damn about the ten millions, but I don't want to lose." With almost any other man that would have been buncombe, but not with Couzens. If you really know the man, you know that there isn't anyone who could say that sort of thing and grade higher in sincerity. As a matter of fact, he does not expect to lose the suit. He expects to win in the long run, but even if he loses it will be almost worth the money to him to have proved, as he has, by photostat copies of the Internal Revenue Bureau's own records that the case was investigated and closed in 1922, and that Mr. Mellon, in stating it had not, was badly misinformed—which is not, however, exactly the way Senator Couzens puts it.

The first trial may not end until June or later. No matter how it goes, the case will be appealed ultimately to the Supreme Court. If Mr. Couzens wins it will be a smashing defeat for Mr. Mellon, but that fact will be hard to gather from the daily press, which seems by now to have lost sight of the start and the point of the whole business.

IV

In the meantime Mr. Couzens is about as free from care as a man well can be. One reason is that he is one of the few vastly rich men who, in full health and strength —and only 55 years old—have really retired. His great fortune is managed for him by his secretary, Morgan, who lives out in Detroit, and is highly paid, but is not allowed to consult with the Senator on any matter whatever. If bonds are called, Morgan makes the reinvestment. If the Senator overdraws his account at a bank, the bank calls on Morgan, not on him. Once a year he puts a firm of auditors on Morgan's accounts and has them checked up. He does go over their report, but that is all. When he said that he intended to retire he meant it. When he said that he intended to devote himself to being Senator he meant that, too. He has become a strong and a useful one, and, except with the most blindly orthodox, a popular one.

Of course, politically he is hard to classify. He cannot be coupled with Mr. Borah, because Mr. Borah is at bottom much more in tune with the traditional Jeffersonian principles than most Senators who call themselves Democrats. Mr. Couzens is inherently a Republican, a firm believer in the basic Republican principles and policies. What he can't stand are the Republican practices. To Senators of the type of Messrs. Fess and Bingham, and even to more august and important party personages, whatever is Republican is right. But that doesn't go with Jim Couzens. He hasn't that kind of mind, and he hasn't that kind of character. His sense of right and wrong is not in the least atrophied by his partisanship. He would like to go along with his party, but his self-respect seldom lets him. He is one of the few Republican Senators handicapped in that way.

The result is that almost from the start he has found himself forced into an anti-administration attitude toward Republican Presidents. He was that way under Mr Harding and he is even more that wa under Mr. Coolidge. He is about the onl Republican Senator who is not regularl invited to the White House breakfasts which does not grieve him at all, but i indicative of his standing. The way h got in wrong with the Harding adminis tration was typical. Soon after he took hi seat Mr. Harding named a man to a hig place who seemed off-color to Mr. Couzens He had no particular interest in the ma or the place, but he made an investigatio and became convinced that off-color wa much too mild a phrase—that the ma was genuinely bad. It seemed to him out rageous to give such a fellow a high posi tion in the government and he started ou to stop it. What he did was to go to Re publican Senators and say, "Look here if I come to your office will you listen t me?" They said they would and they did One Senator with whom he talked wa later sent for by the late Secretary of War John W. Weeks, and asked to stand by th President.

"Well," said the Senator, "I'll vote fo him if you insist, but I don't want to, an do you know the facts?"

"No," said Mr. Weeks, "I don't. Wha are they?"

When his friend got through Mr. Week said, "I don't blame you for not wantin to vote for him. I wouldn't do it either."

The upshot was that the Harding ap pointee was overwhelmingly rejected i spite of Presidential insistence, and Sen ator Couzens was responsible.

What lost him the favor of Mr. Coolidg was a somewhat similar incident. Mr Coolidge badly wanted to have Charle Beecher Warren as Attorney-General. He comes from Senator Couzens' State an Senator Couzens knows him very well an thinks very poorly of him. He went to the White House and told Mr. Coolidge ex actly the sort of man he thought Mr Warren was, and said he would oppos his confirmation if his name were sent in. The name was sent in and Mr. Couzens cer-

ainly made good. He not only opposed onfirmation, but, aided by the happy ap of the Vice-President, prevented it. he fight was a soul-stirring one and Mr. ouzens greatly enjoyed it. Mr. Warren, vith his reputation badly battered, was ejected. The irritation of Mr. Coolidge vas intense and it was while he was still n a pained and peevish state that he named ohn Garibaldi Sargent.

The mere mention of Senator Couzens' ame since that time makes him fretful nd querulous, although outwardly he reserves an appearance of placidity when he has to consult Mr. Couzens on local ppointments, which is not often, because Mr. Couzens regularly refuses to make ecommendations unless asked, never has andidates of his own, and in general declines to handle patronage. This attitude lone makes him all but unique among enators—Mr. Norris of Nebraska being he only other of a similar habit. Mr. ouzens' course in opposing the confirmation of Cyrus E. Woods was not calculated o improve his relations with the White ouse or with the Secretary of the Treasury. It is also probable that, in addition to oting to throw out Smith of Illinois in anuary, he will vote next Winter to hrow out Vare too, which will break the rave young heart of Senator Dave Reed nd disarrange all the Pennsylvania plans f the Mellon machine.

But that's the way things break for enator Couzens. Every time a question of ight or wrong comes up in the Senate he inds himself against the Republican position. It is, some think, a pity he can't take he regulation narrow, smug and partisan iew of these matters. But he can't. That's ll there is to it—he just can't—and he loesn't want to either. Before his Internal evenue Bureau investigation ended he nade a striking and pregnant remark often uoted in Washington. "Give me control," ne said, "of the Internal Revenue Bureau and I will run the politics of the country." What he meant by that, he said, was that this Bureau has not only the power to reward, but also the power to punish. A large proportion of the big financial interests, the rich newspapers, and wealthy corporations and individuals come to it to get adjustments on their taxes. Millions are often involved in a single case. It is not necessary to do anything crooked. Mr. Couzens does not charge that. What he points out is that every claim for adjustment can be decided in any one of at least three ways, all entirely legal and defendable. One way can save the claimant much money, the second can give him an even break, and the third can take his shirt. "Give me," he says, "this unlimited power to reward and punish, and I will run the country. I won't even have to use it either—at least not much or often. All I need is to have it generally known that I have it."

A great many stories of Mr. Couzens' fights in former days in Detroit, as a candidate for mayor, as mayor, and in his Senatorial campaigns, are told. It is interesting that the fellows he picks out to fight are nearly always rich men. At times around the Detroit Club he is as popular as the measles, but he never cares, and never stops speaking his mind. In the old days, if the fights did not find him he found them. He is not as tense now as he was when he first came to Washington. Socially he is thrown, not with the Progressives of the Borah or Norris type, who don't function much socially, but with the reactionaries of the Longworth type, who do. They haven't changed him much —but some. The old fighting spirit is still there, but it does not blaze all the time as it did. He still remains, however, the most absolutely fearless and outspoken man in Washington public life, the only multimillionaire who does not belong to the union—and will not join.

THE OLD LADIES' MAN

BY FERNER NUHN

The dining-room table, bared of the supper cloth, had always been the center of the Walkers' evening life. It was a comfortable old piece of furniture, square with rounded corners, sagging slightly in the middle, its top scratched and revarnished badly, so that flakes of the old coat showed dark under the new. This evening the children spread their lessons on it, or played noisy games over it: flinch, crokinole, caroms, dominoes. Mrs. Walker reserved a corner for her wicker work-basket, and Mr. Walker sat beside it in the great leather rocker, which he was in the habit of dragging every evening from the parlor. The big, "semi-indirect" light-bowl above, like a friendly household sun, flooded the room with a warm, even light.

Mrs. Walker sensed that something was worrying her husband. She could tell by the way he frowned at the *Evening Gazette*. Perhaps he would talk it over with her sometime. Perhaps not. Inscrutable man! He was not secretive, exactly, but so self-dependent, so self-sustaining. She glanced at him again as she bit off a strand of darning cotton from the stocking she was mending.

Evelyn, glad for any distraction from her high-school home-work, said roguishly, "Now mamma! There you go biting thread again. Don't you know it ruins your teeth!"

"That's *right*, Evelyn," said Mrs. Walker, elevating her eye-brows in an arch-admission of guilt.

Frederick Jr., monopolizing the doorway between the dining-room and the parlor, was completely abstracted in the construction of an esoteric something c card-board, string, glue and small sticks He sat painfully on one leg, the other out stretched at an impossible angle to balanc himself as he leaned forward: a taut spraw of concentration. Through his teeth h whistled over and over again a single ba from a popular song, making the sound now with inhaled breath, now with ex haled breath, as it happened to come.

"Oh, Frederick," wailed his mother "can't you get another tune?"

Frederick, looking up bewildered blushed as he came back to consciousness The whistling stopped, but in a few min utes it started again of itself.

The older son, Elmer, high-school jun ior, was out. "With the boys, mother," he had said. "I'll be back by ten."

Evelyn whined, "Mamma, you know all about Civic Beauty. Help me think o something for this darn theme."

Mrs. Walker scowled at the ceiling "Well . . . ," she began with rising in flection, and ended by suggesting som points Evelyn might make, most of whic Evelyn rejected abruptly and scornfully.

At ten o'clock Mr. Walker yawned an looked at his watch. "Ten o'clock!" h said as if astonished. "Time to go to bed." Though he never went to bed before tha time, he was always astonished whenever ten o'clock came and found him not ye in bed.

He went over and stood above Frederic Jr., looking down at him with amuse paternal benignity. "Well, sonny," he sai after a moment, "what's it going to be?"

Self-conscious under this attention Fred erick gave up cutting a circle out of a piec

of card-board and said slowly, "I can't exactly tell yet."

"Better call it quits for tonight, sonny. Time to go to bed." He turned and went into the shadowy kitchen, to lock the back door. Coming back, he bent over Mrs. Walker and, patting her shoulder, said, "Coming along, hon?"

"After I set some dough," she answered.

Half an hour later she turned out the light in the kitchen and crept through the silent dark house, up the steep winding stairway. Moonlight falling through the high window gleamed where the banister turned tortuously. It was an inconvenient, old-fashioned house, with too many halls, too few windows, and rooms much too small for comfort. They had always hoped to build a spacious, up-to-date, modern house sometime.

She undressed by the hall light as it came through the door into the bed-room. She knew that her husband was still awake, for she heard him rubbing his head—a habit of his when he could not sleep. Presently, from the bulk of bed clothes, vague in the shadows, came his voice.

"Mrs. Garett stopped in the office today," he said.

"What did *she* want?" asked Mrs. Walker, falling in with the annoyance his voice had betrayed.

Mrs. Garett was what the Walkers called a society woman. Mrs. Walker knew that of all the sorts of people with whom Mr. Walker dealt in his business, society women disconcerted him most.

"She had some more stories about Lydia Betz."

"Ach, what now?"

"Lydia quarreled with one of her men roomers. The whole neighborhood could hear Lydia's voice, of course."

"What about?"

"About him entertaining at all hours of the night. You can imagine how Lydia threw the details in his face."

"Did she make him leave?"

Mr. Walker did not answer immediately. Then, in his slow way he said, "Mrs. Garett didn't say."

"Was that all Mrs. Garett had to say?"

Again silence. Mrs. Walker went on undressing.

"She thinks it would be a good thing if Lydia could be got to move into some smaller house somewhere."

"That's where you come in, I suppose. Getting Lydia to move!"

Mrs. Walker turned out the hall light, closed the door, and slipped into bed. A block of moonlight jumped on to the foot of the bed.

"Will you try to do anything about it?"

Mr. Walker ignored the question. He almost never spoke of what he was going to do or not going to do. In fact, he frequently failed to tell of things even after he had done them. Likely as not Mrs. Walker learned them first through the neighbors. Sometimes he would send a basket of fruit to a sick person, signing the card, "From Mr. and Mrs. Walker." Later a member of the receiver's family would meet Mrs. Walker and thank her profusely for the gift, and Mrs. Walker would have to smile and say, "Oh, you're welcome, I'm sure," as if she knew all about it. That was Fred Walker for you.

"I guess she's been getting worse with the chickens, too," he finally mumbled.

"Letting them run again?"

"She's been going around to the neighbors collecting garbage for them."

Mrs. Walker snorted softly. "As if she didn't have enough money to buy screenings!"

"She puts the garbage in a bushel basket, and pulls it from door to door with a rope."

"Heavens!"

The noise of a passing motor car grew louder and louder, and then gradually subsided. As it passed, a gallery of lights flashed around the border of the room.

"It *is* too bad she has to be in that neighborhood. She ought to have a little house on the edge of town," said Mrs. Walker. Later she said with a tone of

finality, "Well, it's not your business, is it, to see that Mrs. Garett has the right kind of neighbors?" She was trying to reduce the burden of sympathy which Mr. Walker had for people in trouble, rich and poor alike.

"No, it's none of my business," said Mr. Walker. But the words carried little conviction.

II

Next morning the telephone rang at six o'clock. "Ach!" exclaimed Mrs. Walker, getting up and throwing on a kimono.

It was Lydia Betz. "Is Fred there?" she screamed in her thick German voice. "Tell him to stop on his way down town."

The diaphragm rattled with excess of vibration. Mrs. Walker held it an inch from her ear. She had taken Lydia's telephone calls before. "All right," she answered quietly, and hung up.

Early sunlight slanted golden through the glass in the hall door. The milkman's horse clumped slowly by; Mrs. Walker withdrew hastily as she saw the milkman swinging across the yard to exchange a full bottle for the empty one on the porch. She shuffled back up stairs.

"Lydia!" she said to her husband, who was pulling on his socks. "She wants you to stop on your way down town."

"Yes," he said, "I could hear her up here."

"Why she always has to call up at six o'clock when she knows you never go down town before eight-thirty, I don't know!"

At eight-thirty Mr. Walker ambled across the back yard of Lydia Betz's place. His nose wrinkled at the unsightly hodge-podge of chicken-coops and out-houses. He had to smile in spite of himself when he happened to think of the reason Lydia Betz had once given him for keeping a certain antiquated out-house. Something about "all that waste of water using those new-fangled things." He stooped to avoid a low branch of an apple tree. The tips of his shoes were shiny-black with dew.

Lydia's house had been considered quite a mansion in its earlier days, a show place —"the home of Harlan Betz." Harlan Betz had been an "old settler" and a great land-owner. His house, massive and conspicuous in its coat of cream-colored paint, its many plate glass windows gleaming darkly, had dominated early Washington street, and drawn after it the residences of the town's select people. When he died, his fortune, once great, was found to consist of little more than the "mansion" and the double lot on which it was built. Like that of many other "old settlers," his career had been one of fading glory in his later years. Somehow all his lands had slipped away acre after acre. Childless, he had left the house and lot to Lydia Betz, spinster niece who had cared for him in his old age. The old man had been quite deaf for many years preceding his death. Lydia Betz had surrounded him with shouted comfort to the limit of her lung power, which was not mean. Habit had triumphed, and after eighteen years Lydia was still shouting like a sailor in a gale.

Fred Walker knocked at the back door of Lydia's house. He contemplated with annoyance the accretion of junk piled raggedly against the side wall. An old commode held a basket of rotting potatoes, some dried ears of sweet corn in a cracked granite pan, a pot with a dead geranium, a few sticks, and five or six corn cobs. A welter of muddy gunnysacks lay in a corner; a coal scuttle tilted against a chair without a seat, on which was balanced a box containing flower bulbs and loose dirt. "Burn all this stuff," formed in Fred Walker's orderly mind. Ridiculous how old ladies had to save and save everything.

The truth was that after Harlan Betz had died, Lydia had drifted back into the economy of her early life, which had been spent on a small farm in Ohio. She insisted on living in the house, but she was incapable of living up to it. She had bought chickens, taken in roomers—and also boarders, at first—and done all the work herself. Two words had been burned into

her conscience in childhood: *work* and *save*. In her old age, importuned not at all by necessity, these fiery commandments continued to goad her relentlessly, and produced the spectacle of a dirty peasant grubbing out her life in a plate-glass mansion.

Mr. Walker heard shuffling steps. The door opened.

"Oh, it's you, Fred," she shouted. She came on to the porch, pushing her shapeless bulk unceremoniously past Mr. Walker. Her strong neck, rugged like a tree-trunk, thrust itself forward from heavy, bent shoulders. She wore no corset, and the belt of her skirt cut deep into her waist, shaping her body into two spheroids of flesh, set one on top of the other. A heavy black skirt, shiny with wear, swelled over her abdomen to a ragged hem rearing ridiculously in front. Her wide, gnarly feet were encased sloppily in home-made cloth slippers.

She thumped down the steps in the manner of one who expects to be followed. Mr. Walker went after her somewhat sheepishly. "What now?" he thought. She rounded to the south yard, where she stopped and indicated the side of the house with a Rodinesque gesture.

"Look at that paint!" she shouted. "Blisters! That Mr. Porter is no good. Only this Spring he painted it, and now look! It is all blisters!"

Mr. Walker looked at it gravely.

"I wish you would see that Porter and tell him he must scratch this off and paint it again. For nothing!" she screamed.

Heads appeared at the windows of Mrs. Garett's house next door, and a woman across the street stopped sweeping her porch to give better attention.

Mr. Walker said nothing. Lydia looked at him with the respect which ignorant people always give to those whom they consider infinitely wiser than themselves. He was, to her, omniscient and omnipotent in all those obscure relations of men and money known as business. He had taken care of many of Mr. Betz's affairs before he had died, and he had been the executor of his estate. She had come to depend upon him to look after her own business; he kept all her "papers" for her. He came in any emergency, listened, advised, and settled matters with perfect power and wisdom.

"The blisters may not be Porter's fault," said Mr. Walker quietly.

"Ach, then whose?" shouted Lydia.

"Didn't you tell him to put on only one thick coat last Spring when he advised two thin ones?"

"Ya, but one coat was enough. I can't pay for two coats."

"Well, it was the thick coat made it blister."

Lydia was silent. She never contradicted Mr. Walker outright, though she sometimes surreptitiously ignored his advice.

"Well," she finally said, "what is there to do about it?"

"Pay Porter for doing it over," replied Mr. Walker.

"Ach, I am not rich enough!"

Mr. Walker said nothing.

"Well," said Lydia cacophonously, "then I'll let it go." Her lower lip sagged with old age and obstinacy.

Mr. Walker turned as if to go.

But Lydia interrupted him, "Wait, Fred. I have something for you. Come!" The lines on her leathery, pouched face were a little less grim as she led the way back to the rear of the house. She lifted a gunnysack off a basket of tomatoes. Some of them were over-ripe; others were green. A crafty generosity spread over her face and her little eyes narrowed with what was meant to be good will. "Here," she said loudly, "you can return the basket some time on your way down town."

"Thank you," responded Mr. Walker kindly. "But I can't take it now. You better 'phone Mrs. Walker and have her send Freddy for them."

"Ya, all right."

These occasional gifts of vegetables, and sometimes of a chicken, gave Lydia the feeling that she was requiting Mr. Walker handsomely for his little business favors.

In her peasant heart these products of labor represented wealth more concretely than did money. She felt that Mr. Walker ought to be mighty glad to get fresh vegetables and poultry. Money, well, money was different. Money was very personal property, to be hoarded in a stocking. Mr. Walker was a sort of stocking to her, a wise and very safe stocking.

Mr. Walker, affected again by the sight of the junk on the back porch, resolved to say something to Lydia. "You must find this big house pretty hard to take care of now that you aren't so young any more, Lydia," he ventured.

"Ya, it keeps me hustling," she said.

"Had you ever thought of selling the place and buying something smaller somewhere—some place that wouldn't give you so much work?"

"Ach, no!" she shouted. "This is my house. I can take care of it all right."

As he had expected, she could not be moved. She would die in this house.

"Well," he said, "must be going." He was not one to waste his time.

III

Later that morning he was working at the desk in his little frame office on Main street when the screen door squeaked slowly open and shut again. Little old Mrs. Carpenter crept in.

Mr. Walker continued for a moment to make neat entries in a ledger. Mrs. Carpenter would not have interrupted him for anything. She stood timidly at the low railing which protected his desk from the rest of the room. Her costume was that which she had worn in public for twenty-five years. Or if these were not the identical garments they were such perfect replicas as to defy a perception of the difference. A little round black hat covered with black lace sat high on her head. Ancient mutton-leg sleeves widened the shoulders of her black jacket, which narrowed to a wasp waist, and then flared out again over her hips. From under this jacket a very full black skirt flowed to the floor. Her hands were demurely encased in black gloves.

As she waited for Mr. Walker to look up her little heart-shaped face had the slightly frightened, eager look of one who must be ready at any moment to meet the attention of a busy man. Mr. Walker was always so busy! But he was such a fine man, Fred Walker, so obliging, so wise, so solid. And for all his busy-ness there was ever something boyish about him. What a son he would have made! Mrs. Carpenter looked upon him as something of a son to her, the second son that she had always wanted. Martin was a good son in his way, but . . .

Mr. Walker closed the ledger, made notes swiftly on two slips of paper which he filed dexterously in pigeon holes, and turned to Mrs. Carpenter. "What can I do for you, Mrs. Carpenter?"

Mrs. Carpenter's hands fluttered to the railing in front of her. She answered in her high thin voice, "It's about Martin's Building and Loan."

Martin, her son, with whom she lived, was a bachelor. He ran a cigar store and billiard hall.

"I'm afraid he can't pay it this quarter, Mr. Walker."

Building and Loan was one of Fred Walker's many interests. He was the sort of small town professional man who, through a scarcity of demand for any specialized service, turns his hand variously to law, real estate, private banking and insurance.

Mrs. Carpenter continued falteringly, "I told him I'd . . . I'd see what I could do about it. It's hard for him to get away from the store, you know." Then, with revealing irrelevance, she added, "Martin hasn't much of a head for business, I'm afraid."

Mr. Walker let her go on without interruption. He had found that clients usually betrayed themselves more quickly thus than if he stopped them to ask questions. And anyway, with his consummate knowl-

edge of the condition of most of them, little enlightenment was ordinarily necessary.

"I was wondering if maybe I couldn't pay it this time out of my own money, Mr. Walker." She looked at him with a bright, frightened face. "I guess . . . I guess I have enough. And Martin could pay it back later."

This was not the first time Mrs. Carpenter had wanted to give or lend her son money. Mr. Walker had always persuaded her not to do it. Her few dollars! He had wanted to conserve them so that, if necessary, she could live independent of her son for the rest of her days, or at least have enough to pay the fee of an old peoples' home. He had arranged that she pay her son a hundred dollars a year house rent. He didn't trust Martin Carpenter very much.

Mrs. Carpenter waited tremblingly for Walker to pronounce judgment. Whatever he said would have for her the authority of divine revelation. Mr. Walker never made mistakes. She felt flighty—girlish—before his infallible sober-mindedness.

At last the oracle spoke. "No. Better not disturb your funds. Tell Martin to drop in here this noon when he goes out to lunch."

She looked at him hesitantly, bewildered. "All right," she said in her piping voice. She turned and crept out of the office.

At noon Main street was bright and hot and dusty under the vertical sun. The sidewalks were mildly populous with mid-day activity. A Ford switched back from the curbing with a staccato gasp. Martin Carpenter stepped into Fred Walker's office. Lank and loose-jointed, he slouched over to the desk, his length of limb accentuated by the lax carriage of his shoulders and the protuberance of a small pot-belly.

He took a wallet from his pocket. "Here," he said unpleasantly, "I managed to raise part of it." He handed Walker some paper money and a check or two. Walker counted the money carefully, tabulating it on a slip of paper. Mr. Carpenter slumped at the railing, his long arms hanging loosely.

"One hundred fifteen," said Mr. Walker. "That makes one hundred thirty-five yet to pay."

Mr. Carpenter nodded.

"Time is up today, isn't it? Well," he continued, "I'd hate to see you lose your home." Mr. Walker looked down his nose. After a few moments he added, "I'll take your promissory note for the one thirty-five, payable in two months, no interest. But you'll have to come through square on the next quarterly payment." He handed a blank to Mr. Carpenter, indicating a table at which there was pen and ink. Mr. Carpenter filled out the note morosely and handed it back. Mr. Walker looked at it, nodded and returned to his work. Mr. Carpenter left the office.

"Hmph!" thought Fred Walker. "Risks losing his home on account of one hundred and thirty-five dollars. Serve him right if he lost it."

IV

One morning sometime later Mrs. Walker was dusting the furniture in the parlor when she saw Grace Walker, her husband's spinster sister, turning in at the front walk. Mrs. Walker hastily thrust the furniture into place, grabbed up the bottle of furniture polish, and went into the kitchen. There she tossed off her apron, and when the bell rang, answered it leisurely and with dignity. She was just a little bit afraid of Grace Walker.

"Well!" she said, smiling. "Won't you come in?"

Grace did not return the smile but gave Mrs. Walker a glance as if to say, "Oh, drop the soft soap." Grace Walker had a disconcertingly frank attitude toward things. She harbored no illusions about herself and refused to be a party to the harboring of illusions in others.

They took chairs in the parlor.

"How's everything?" asked Mrs. Walker politely.

"As usual." Grace was a dressmaker. "I'm supposed to be making million dollar Paris gowns out of stuff bought at Elliott's for nine eighty-five."

There was a pause. Grace was so hard to talk to!

"Has Mrs. Harry Stark given you any work lately?"

"No, thank the Lord," said Grace.

Mrs. Stark was the town fat lady. Bulletins concerning the gaining girth of her bust, of her waist, as revealed by measurements for a new dress, were awaited with the keenest interest.

Grace leaned forward. "Have you heard that Lydia Betz had a stroke today?"

"No!" exclaimed Mrs. Walker, genuinely concerned.

"You'll be wanting to run over and see her, won't you?" asked Grace enigmatically.

"Why yes, I ought to go over and see her. Is she bad?"

"A man passing by saw her fall. She was in the chicken yard. They carried her in and 'phoned Fred. I guess Fred got hold of Carrie Mason to take care of her."

"Fred never tells me anything till it's all over."

"That's the way he is with everybody. I found out from Mrs. Garett. I was measuring her for a new dress."

"Is she pretty bad, did you say?"

"Pretty bad? I should say so. I guess you won't have to wait much longer."

"Wait much longer! What do you mean?"

"To get the Betz house." Grace looked at Mrs. Walker unflinchingly.

Mrs. Walker colored in spite of herself. It had occurred to her that—well, somehow, sometime they might own the Betz house. She had never allowed herself to think just how it might come about. Lydia Betz had no near relatives. . . . And this house in which they had lived for twenty-five years, cramped for room, unable to entertain, forced to all sorts of shifts to provide beds when relatives descended upon them—they had always wanted to sell it and move into a bigger one. But Mr. Walker, being a real estate man, had always resold the best houses which came into his possession, and his family had gone on living in this one, which had small value on the market.

But she said, "Why Grace! I . . ."

Grace interrupted her. "Oh, be honest," she blurted out. "You know Fred hasn't been nursing her all these years out of pure love."

Mrs. Walker was truly indignant. "Why," she explained, "Fred has the kindest heart in the world! There are half a dozen old women he looks after without expecting hardly a cent for his services."

"Yes, I know. But Fred always manages to get something back for his charity. He knows well enough about 'bread upon the waters.'"

When Grace left, Mrs. Walker hurried over to see Lydia Betz. She was convinced that she would have done the same for any old lady whom she knew as well as Lydia. Yet after what Grace had said she couldn't wholly subdue a feeling of hypocrisy.

And there were Evelyn and Elmer, growing up, wanting to entertain their friends. And Freddy ought to have a better room than that back closet. . . .

V

Lydia Betz was dead. Fred Walker, as was expected, saw to the funeral arrangements. There were no relatives of Lydia at the service except some cousins, farmers from Grundy county, and a dapper nephew from Omaha. The nephew arrived at the last moment, but tried to make up for his tardiness by being as helpful as possible. "One would think he had acted the devoted son to her all his life," sniffed Grace Walker.

The day after the funeral, discussion of the will became more overt. Those close to the Walkers had not mentioned it heretofore out of a sense of delicacy. A convenient obliviousness to actualities was a

form of family protection in Dork, and was rigidly adhered to by the best people. Mrs. Walker herself had not dreamt of asking her husband about it. It would all come out in time, and impatience would indicate a cupidity not to be admitted even to oneself.

In the late afternoon Mrs. Rickart from next door was gossiping with Mrs. Walker in the latter's kitchen.

"Well," said Mrs. Rickart, as one who tries to see the brighter side of things, "I guess Mrs. Garett and the Hugheses will not be sorry to see the Betz house changing hands."

Mrs. Walker knew that she was dying to learn what could be learned about the will. "Yes," she said. "Yes, Lydia was quite a trial to her neighbors."

"Lydia didn't have many relations, did she?"

"No. None but some cousins and this nephew."

"I guess he won't stay around here long now that the funeral is over."

"No, I guess not. I guess Dork is too slow for him."

The front door bell rang.

"I'll just slip back home," said Mrs. Rickart.

"Oh, don't hurry off! It's just the paper boy for his money, I think."

It was not the paper boy. It was Grace Walker. Mrs. Walker brought her into the kitchen.

"I suppose you've heard about it," said Grace, throwing her hand-bag on to the kitchen table.

"About what?" inquired Mrs. Walker keenly.

Mrs. Rickart withdrew her hand from the knob of the back door. Her lips were moist and parted.

"About Lydia's will."

"No, we haven't heard," said Mrs. Walker, trying not to seem overly alert.

"She left everything to this nephew from Omaha, including the house and lot." Grace spoke scornfully, with her usual carelessness of consequence.

Mrs. Walker went white in spite of herself.

Mrs. Rickart looked from Grace to Mrs. Walker and back again, savoring every nuance of the effect, yet ready to tender condolences should they seem in order.

Mrs. Walker was recovering herself. After all, she had escaped exposure. The surface was saved. She managed to say, "I wonder if he'll make his home in Dork."

If only Grace would be kind!

"They say not. He told Mart Carpenter he would have to be back in Omaha tomorrow."

"So he knows Mart Carpenter," said Mrs. Walker.

"Yes, they met at some Moose convention." Few were the winds of gossip that did not eddy through Grace's dressmaking parlor.

"Well, I've got to be getting some supper ready," said Mrs. Rickart, anxious to change her rôle from that of sponge to sprinkler. She left.

"Can't you stay for supper, Grace?" asked Mrs. Walker.

"Oh, no. I'm too busy."

Left alone, Mrs. Walker dropped into a chair. The shadows deepened in the kitchen, quenching the shine of the stove on which she had prepared tons of food, obscuring the cracks in the floor, the floor from which she had swept wagon-loads of crumbs and dirt. . . .

In Mart Carpenter's Smoke Shop the dapper nephew of Lydia Betz sat on the edge of a pool table, swinging a foot shod in a lemon-colored oxford.

"Hell no, Mart!" he said in a gust of cigarette smoke. "You couldn't pay me to live in a desert like this."

Mart, leaning back with his elbows on a glass case, mused, "Well, Andy, you might be surprised at the parties we can kick up right here in Dork!"

"Nope! Not for me! None of your rural deviltries." He waved a white hand holding a cigarette and smiled urbanely. "The

quicker I turn this property of mine into as many smackers as it'll yield, the better I'll like it. And I'll find more use for those smackers in Omaha than in Dork."

He drew at the cigarette, and continued, "Where you can give some advice, old man, is in pointing me to a slick real estate man here that'll boost the place off on to some sucker for all she's worth, and I don't care how much more. Say, what about this fellow Walker that took care of the old lady's business? Would he be likely to get a good price for it?"

"Naw," sneered Mart, "don't go to him for anything big like that. He's just an old ladies' man."

Carrying sacks of groceries which rattled as he walked, Mr. Walker entered his house and went through it to the kitchen. He set the packages on the kitchen table and stepped over to kiss his wife, who was at the gas stove turning over potatoes that were frying. "Well, hon," he said, "how's everything?"

With just such groceries in just this way he had come home each evening from town for the last twenty-five years. Mrs. Walker turned her head to look at him. The same Fred, quiet, slow, inscrutable, kind, solid.

She said boldly, "Quite a surprise, Lydia's will. Who'd ever thought she would leave everything to this nephew?"

He looked at her serenely and said in his slow way, "Well, I don't know. She always used to think considerable of him. She named him when she made out her will eight years ago." He went across to the kitchen sink to wash his hands for supper. While the water was running he added, "I remember what a hard time I had getting her to make one out."

GEORGE STERLING AT CARMEL

BY MARY AUSTIN

STRANGE now to recall that the thing most worth recalling of the early years of 1900 was the rumor of a new poet of Keatsian promise, rising somewhere about the Golden Gate—Oakland, was it, or Piedmont, or San Francisco? Searching all the horizons of print one discovered that his name was Sterling, and that his Keatsian flavor was neither imitative nor too pronounced. In 1903 I published a book about the Land of Little Rain where I was then living, and received a note from Sterling which proved him generous, shy and discriminating. A year later I met him.

That Summer of 1904 I had gone down to Old Monterey to study what was left of Spanish California backgrounds, for a novel. Returning to San Francisco, I was reported in the daily press as being entranced with the locality to the point of determining some day to have a home there. Thus notified of my presence in his neighborhood, promptly arrived George Sterling, whose first personal remark was that he, too, meant to settle somewhere about Carmel Bay, with no more delay than the building preliminaries called for. Sterling and Henry Laffler, the literary editor of the *Argonaut*, called together, for Laffler at that time, with the sense of its being a tremendously worth-while office, had cast himself for the part of literary impresario to young talent on the Pacific Coast. Sterling was as handsome as a Roman faun, shy, restless, slim and stooping; giving the impression, though we were within a few months of each other as to years, of being entitled to the extenuations of youth, which I, for my part, never denied him. The business of the call was to invite me to dinner at Coppa's.

One dined so well in San Francisco in those days. Such heaping platefuls of fresh shrimp for appetizers! Such abalone chowder, such savory and melting sand-dabs, salads so crisp, vegetables in such profusion, and pies so deep and flaky. Such Dago red, fruity, sharp and warming! And all for thirty-five cents! At Coppa's that night there was also spaget', and, replacing the ubiquitous American pie, little almond crumby tartlets well filled with whipped cream. Beside Laffler and Sterling, there were a short man with the face of a Breton sailor and hair like one of Fra Angelico's angels, who turned out to be James Hopper; a square cropped Aztec glyph whose name was Zavier Martinez; one of the Irwins, I think; and other such students of the creative arts who adventured so gloriously along the coasts of Bohemia.

Coppa's was one of the preferred resorts of such as these. They had decorated it in the manner of art students, with gay, clever and slightly ribald comment and sketch, of which I recall only a fragment of half burned plaster turned up, still smoking a day or two after the San Francisco fire, of a Chestertonian gentleman helping himself generously to pie, to the inscription, "Paste makes Waist." The afternoon following that dinner Sterling walked with me to Portsmouth Square, while I filled the Stevenson galleon with violets. We had tea and cumquats in a neighboring Chinese restaurant, and the poet read me passages from "The Testimony of the Suns." So no more until I met him again at Carmel in the late Summer of 1905.

II

The Mission San Carlos Borromeo looks inshore up the valley of Carmel to the lilac-colored crests of Santa Lucia; off shore, the view just clears the jaws of Lobos along the sunpath between it and Cypress Point. Full in the crescent bay the sea lifts in a hollow curve of chrysoprase, whose edge goes up in smoking foam along the hard packed beaches—ever and ever, disregardful of the nondescript shacks, the redwood bungalows and pseudo-Spanish haciendas crowding one another between the beach and the high road. But when I first came to this land, a virgin thicket of buckthorn sage and sea-blue lilac spread between well-spaced, long-leaved pines. The dunes glistened white with violet shadows, and in warm hollows, between live oaks, the wine of light had mellowed undisturbed a thousand years.

Sterling's first choice was the delectable point at the turn of the road toward Sur, on the Carmel side of Harry Leon Wilson's "Ocean Home," giving directly upon the sea. This proving too far from the final town site, he built at last upon a similar point of pines, all but islanded by meadow, looking toward Santa Lucia and Palo Corona. To reach it from the town one climbed a piney hill, threaded the close encinas, skirting a lovely lake of herd grass all afoam with flowers, and then went along a ravine made secret by dark, leaning bays. James Hopper owned it after Sterling, and afterward it went up in fire, somehow an appropriate end. George was the last man in the world to have wished the house where his happiest years were passed to become a gaping place to the penny curious.

The heart of the Sterling house was a long room overlooking the woodland prospect, with a huge square fireplace at one end, which it was the poet's pride to keep well filled with fat pitch-pine backlogs; but George could seldom be found there by daylight. We achieved, all of us who flocked there within the ensuing two or three years, especially after the fire of 1906 had made San Francisco uninhabitable to the creative worker, a settled habit of morning work, which it was anathema to interrupt. But by the early afternoon mail one and another of the painter and writer folk could be seen sauntering by piney trails, which had not then suffered that metamorphosis of asphalt, concrete and carbon monoxide that go in the world of realtors by the name of "improvements," to sun themselves along the town's one partially cleared passage to the sea, and make delightful impromptu disposals of the rest of the day.

It was the simplest occupations that gave the most pleasure, and yielded the richest harvest of impressions, observations and feeling-response, which are the stuff of the artist life and the envy and hate-edged amazement of the outsider. Sterling's greatest pleasures were those that whetted his incessant appetite for sensation—the sting of the surf against his body, the dangerous pull of the undertow off the Carmel beaches, or gathering seafood among the "undulant, apple-green hollows" of the Mission Cove. He also delighted to go striding, ax on shoulder, over the Monterey hills looking for pitch pine, or for bee-trees, or whatever arduous and practical simplicity restored him to that human touch, from which it was his weakness to fall away, or perhaps never quite to attain in any other relation.

Of all our walks he loved best the one on Point Lobos, no poet's stroll, but a stout climb, dramatic, danger-tipped, in the face of bursting spray-heads torn up from primordial deeps of sea gardens, resolved into whorls and whorls of lambent color. Interrupting or terminating such excursions, there would be tea beside driftwood fires, or mussel roasts by moonlight —or the lot of us would pound abalone for chowder around the open-air grill at Sterling's cabin. And talk—ambrosial, unquotable talk!

How shall one account for the charms of life lived solely for its creative values,

a charm that holds over to the mere recital of it, even for those who have never entered into its subtle simplicities? Yet one must account a little to explain why there gathered such a company at Carmel, at the furthest geographical remove from the distributing center for creative work. I had already tasted life in the Latin Quarter of Paris, and at Florence, among the "prairie dogs"—you know, those pensive ladies who sit in cafés with elbows on the table, and paws adroop, propping their chins, and mouths slightly open to receive wisdom—when Gordon Craig was their prophet, and people used to follow Isadora Duncan respectfully in the streets—young Isadora who could dance—merely to enjoy the subtle motions of her walking. I had been entertained at the dingy, eternally hopeful resorts of Soho by English novelists, who had happily survived them, and lived two years in Greenwich Village two floors under Hendrik Willem Van Loon, before he became a best seller, when Jimmy managed the Mad Hatter, coming to rest finally at the foot of Cinco Pintores Hill, where the diversions of creative activity range all the way from dance-drama of the Stone Age to taking tea with John Galsworthy and Sinclair Lewis at the same time. But none of these experiences keeps so fresh a savor as the eight or ten years at Carmel when George Sterling was easily the most arresting figure.

There was beauty and strangeness; beauty of Greek quality, but not too Greek; "green fires, and billows tremulous with light," not wanting the indispensable touch of grief; strangeness of bearded men from Tassajara with bear meat and wild-honey to sell; great teams from the Sur, going by on the highroad with a sound of bells; and shadowy recesses within the wood, white with the dropping of night-haunting birds. But I think that the memorable and now vanished charm of Carmel lay, perhaps, most in the reality of the simplicity attained, a simplicity factually adjusted to the quest of food and fuel and housing as it can never be in any "quarter" of city life. And very much more than we at that time realized, it nearly all derived from George Sterling, between whom and the environment there was a perfection of suitability that mediated for even the clumsiest the coveted level of simplicity.

III

The Sterlings were an old Sag Harbor seafaring family. The poet's father had been a physician, and George had played pirate, robbed orchards, and hunted Captain Kidd's treasure. At the age of seventeen he was converted to the Roman Catholic faith, along with his father. As a result he was transferred to St. Mary's College, Maryland, where there had been some idea of putting his already pronounced literary taste to the uses of the priesthood, for which he later proved to have no vocation. Priest he was to beauty, and altogether logical to his mystical, rum-drinking, humanitarian, Catholic, Puritan, 100% American line. Nothing else so explains a poet of Sterling's austere exoticism.

The story of his life happenings is as meager as Hawthorne's or Whittier's. While still a youth he went adventuring to California, but no further than a desk in the office of his uncle, Frank C. Havens, a realtor of importance in the transbay regions of San Francisco. In his twenties he married Caroline Rand, a stenographer in the office where he was clerk. The high points of his own rating were his acquaintance with Ambrose Bierce and Jack London. Bierce, whom he met about the time he began to write, directed his reading, which never quite made up the lack of formal education. If, as the poet admitted, Bierce also formed his taste, it was at least a taste which, left to itself, never faltered to either side of a narrowly classic line.

Never having seen Bierce but once, at Sterling's house, and having known him only through young people who had passed under his hand, I judged him to be a man secretly embittered by failure to achieve direct creation, to which he never con-

fessed; a man of immense provocative power, always secretly—perhaps even to himself—seeking to make good in some other's gift what he himself had missed, always able to forgive any shortcoming in his protégés more easily than a failure to turn out according to his prescription. I thought him something of a posturer, tending to overweigh a slender inspiration with apocalyptic gestures. I am sure he left as many disciples sticking in the bog of unrealized aspiration as ever he drew out on firm ground; but Sterling, who carried loyalty to excess, never faced the precise values of his association with Bierce. Which leads me to suspect that he did not feel altogether sure of their surpassing character. In the end they drifted into an attitude of slightly veiled antagonism over George's acceptance, chiefly on the authority of Jack London, of Jack's version of Socialism.

It was Sterling's humanitarianism which led him in that direction, for he was not really informed on the subject. He was a little touched too, or perhaps it was only his admiration for Jack made it seem so, with London's sense of the importance of the Nordic in the scheme of things. But his true devotion was to beauty, in which he found the supreme reality and the final test of excellence in art—the test, too, of his own personal metal. For no Puritan could more cleanly have excised out of his work all that any hide-bound Puritan would have found unacceptable in his behavior. It was the keenest criticism of his own life, and of our work, that Sterling could have made; all the more biting because he was, I think, quite unconscious of making it.

If George took his sociology from Jack, it was not without recompense. At that time one found him reading manuscript and proof for London with a meticulous interest that never flagged; his diction was irreproachable, and his feeling for the fall of a sentence and the turn of a figure peculiarly sensitive. The two of them used to talk over their literary projects with even exchange. If Jack developed themes of George's originating—for Jack had that pliability of genius which enabled him to work freely in anybody's material—he stinted neither credit nor *kudos*. Moreover, I have always suspected that London's open buying of plots for short stories from any writer with more plots than places to bestow them was chiefly a generous camouflage for help that could not be asked or given otherwise without embarrassment. Jack took an æsthetic pleasure in displaying the open hand, but never, to my knowledge, with the least tinge of patronage.

Nor did Sterling ever withhold anything that one poet could ask of another. I recall once his coming to me to borrow fifty dollars—Jack, usually his banker for such accommodations, being then on the voyage of the *Snark*—not for himself, but to lend to one he judged more necessitous. "But George," I protested, "that man can never say anything bad enough about me; it would be poison to him to take my money." "That's why," explained the poet ingenuously, "if you lend it to me and I lend it to him, he'll never know." George expected generosities like that of other people, and achieved them, too, for, though he had sharp hates and quick resentments, he could never be faithful to them to the extent of doing less than justice—and very often, indeed, a little more than justice—to the other man's work.

IV

Jack London and I had to shake down a bit before we began to get on together. There was the difference in type, for one thing, and the constantly dissolving and reforming ring of Jack's admirers, inclined to resent my being unimpressed by Jack's recent discovery of Darwinian evolution. Nor could I ever take London's pronouncement of the Social Revolution so seriously as did his adorers—and who of the younger set in those days was not an adorer of Jack London? But in time, largely by way of

Jack's new wife Charmian, we arrived at a Platonic exchange.

They were to me, these two—Jack and George—the first professional literary men that I had known, a source or endless intellectual curiosity. They were, for example, the first people I had known who could get joyously drunk in the presence of women they respected. For in the outlying desert regions where I had lived this was not done. Partly because of this novelty and partly because I myself had developed a psychological and physiological resistence to alcohol far in excess of its reported delights, I gave myself with enthusiasm to discovering what the others got out of it. That it was for Sterling the apparatus by which all his energies were stepped up to the creative level there is no manner of a doubt. By what slip of inheritance he found himself stripped of that natural alternation of psychic levels, which enables some men to pride themselves on their virtue, who can say?

Always he was ridden by restless impotencies of energy, which only by sharp exaggeration of sensation would find their natural outlet in creative expression. He could not give himself either to composition or to intellectual exposition of an idea, nor even sit and lounge comfortably, until by one of three ways his genius had been eased into its appropriate path. When he had been plunging about for an hour in the stinging surf, or wrestling pine knots with an ax, or pounding abalone which had just been strenuously gathered from the rocks, or had several drinks in him—then would talk pour from him gloriously. Striding through the woods at a long-legged pace that few could follow, as one could see him of afternoons, tramping the hills in company with Jimmy Hopper, Sterling's tall figure always a little in advance, had the same high effect on him.

Jack, who was, by the time I began really to know him, sagging a little with the surfeit of success, preferred the lounging drift-wood fire or the pitch-pine blazing hearth. And we talked, as I recall it now, of every aspect of this problem of creative release but one. Jack had much to say, as he says it in "John Barleycorn" and in "Martin Eden," for which George served as hero. That was before the terminology of psychoanalysis now on everybody's tongue had got into the current speech; but we approached the problem well enough as the handicap of genius on its way to creative expression, along with another idea, of which it seems appropriate now to speak.

I mean the liability of men of genius to find their subjective activities, on the way to fruition, so largely at the mercy of the effect on them of woman—or to be more exact, of a particular woman. I say *men* of genius. When I said that we talked of every aspect of release but one I meant the one involved in my never needing either a drink or a love affair to unlock the fountain of the deep-self. Neither did Norah May French, for that matter, who was the only other woman in our circle whose work came near to the class of London and Sterling. So I am left in doubt if, seeing I had no such problem, it never occurred to them that I might know the reason why, or if it was the profound, accustomed indifference of the male to what goes on in the mind of any woman who has not personally stirred him. They were, at any rate, willing to admit me intellectually to this and similar problems, including the reason why women in general are so sharply attracted to men of creative capacity.

Jack London thought—and Jack had material enough, God wot, upon which to base a conclusion—that the assault that men of genius yielded to or withstood, according to their particular natures, was the biological obligation of women to mate *ascendingly*, preferring, he insisted, a tenth share in a distinguished man to the whole of an average one. Knowing primitive women as I did, I thought that there might be something in this, but I also found an element less excusing in the assiduity of women of all degrees to come

into what they themselves called "inspirational" relations to men of exceptionally creative ability. I thought this disposition was due, in part, to the psychic indolence of women, perhaps the fruit of their long parasitism and their failure to produce creative gifts of their own, which they tried to compensate by the illusion of "being an inspiration." I say illusion because what I couldn't help seeing was that what served was chiefly the accelerated vibration of an "affair," raising the poet's plane until he volplaned off into creative achievement. So we argued and analyzed until Jack in his second marriage had accomplished what we, for all our sakes, determine to call an ideal mating, one in which no other woman than the mate is worth the turn of a hand to him, writing less and less well as the old tensions of unhappiness relaxed.

But for the poet there was the inevitable spring of recurrent beguilement, the spirit's impregnated flight carrying with it, as the queen bee trails the entrails of her mate, too often the pride and peace of the Muse's understudy. What I made of it, looking on, was a problem with which all our morals are incompetent to deal: for the incurable defect of most of our morals is that they are not geared to the obligation to produce and to keep on producing. Sometimes, recalling that the one possibility that never seemed to occur to either Jack or George of a naturally self-releasing psyche, beyond the reach of wine and women, it occurs to me that these were both, amorousness and alcohol, devices of the Great Experimentor to bridge the gap of evolution in His own unperfected experience. This being an entirely new idea to both of my friends, they regarded it hopefully.

Sterling made, at the last, a kind of life philosophy of his dependence upon women for his fruitful contacts with that terrible and august lady whose names are Truth and Beauty and Poesy, but without ever realizing, I suspect, his chief incapacity, namely, his inability as a man to enter participatingly into the psychic life of women, not even that of the gracious and lovely woman who bore his name and whose pride and happiness were swept from under her in the backwash of one of his own outlived—and least profitable—adventures.

It was the same pagan lack of perception of certain widely human aspects of reality that induced the manner of Sterling's death. For death was to him the dark mother, in which life finds only the relief of oblivion. As there was no capacity in him to conceive the less personal plane of existence, so he failed of realizing the validity of experience unrelated to the pain-pleasure principle by which he lived. He knew nothing whatever of the plane of mystical, creative capacity, to which neither cup nor kiss could lift him. For periods of years, when I knew him, he was never without the means of death, of which he feared nothing but that he should come to fear it. He had a dread of living on until age or disability should rob him of the power to lay down his life of his own volition. He had at times a touch of morbid fear that he should sometime come to suffer pain, though, so far as I ever knew, he had no ailment but youth incurable. What I have said here was what it was agreed among us three that I should sometime say. Withal, he had this abiding virtue, that he lived so sincerely with himself and so vitally that even his failings were contributive and informing.

It was not Sterling and Jack London only who established the literary tradition of Carmel. The house that Robert Louis Stevenson lived in at Old Monterey, and the walks he took, had not then been "improved" out of existence, and there were still people who remembered another tall, stooping figure, with his black hair tossed backward and his long hands forever busy with a cigarette. Charles Warren Stoddard, bridging the Bret Harte period to our own, made his home in the old Spanish Capital, and Rollo Peters, the "one other" of Whistler's painters of nocturnes, had his

studio on the hill overlooking the scimiter sweep of Monterey Bay. The year of the earthquake and fire brought us, for brief intervals, Will Irwin, Jesse Lynch Williams, Henry Milner Rideout, Ray Stannard Baker and Lincoln Steffens and a score of lesser names.

Harry Leon Wilson made his home there, first at Carmel and, after his marriage, five or six miles down the Sur Coast, and for a time Mike Williams, incomparable talker, Irish and fey, and destined, though none of us suspected it, to become the editor of the most intellectual Catholic weekly in America today. Laffler of the *Argonaut* came often, generous of appreciation and wistful of his own just-baffled creative gifts. Whether Fremont Older was ever actually a visitor or not, of which I am not certain, he was too well known among us, as we all vibrated more or less between Carmel and San Francisco, not to have contributed to the cheerful atmosphere of literary affairs.

Professor folk from the Universities of California and Leland Stanford made their Summer homes in the village, and contributed a pleasant note of scholarship, though Vernon Kellogg was probably the only one who was ever completely accepted in the Sterling circle. Norah May French, whom George never ceased to regard as the most promising of women poets, died at his house, though not, as the penny-a-liners would have persuaded the public, by his fault—unless she took unawares the contagion of his suicidal trend. She died, literally, as Heaven knows how much of genius dies out of our unregarding society, because between frail health and poet sensitiveness she could not afford to live. But the penny-a-liners and the near-literary who flock wherever genuine talent is to be found, as though it were to be scooped up there like honey-dew from Heaven, would have sensation or nothing at all.

Much that got into the press about affairs at Carmel had no more fidelity to fact than an item reported by a recent visitor there, in a guide book, to the effect that my house at Carmel had a cow's tail for a bell-pull. The truth is that my bell-pull was a strand of ancient Spanish hair rope, at the other end of which hung a bell which the rope had once supported around the neck of the bell-camel that came with the herd imported by Jefferson Davis for domestication in the American desert. The bell was of bronze, and bore an inscription in Arabic to keep off the evil eye. It had been given me by the *major domo* of the man who had carried the news of the discovery of gold to Washington in '49. This reduction of an article of authentic use and beauty to an absurdity is symbolic of the major misapprehension of Americans in general as to the inwardness of the artist life. There were a good many such, "cows' tails" hung upon the names that made of Carmel-by-the-Sea an unforgettable experience.

V

No more than it began with them, did the artist tradition of Carmel end with Sterling and Jack London. It went on from R. L. S. to young Rollo Peters and Sidney Howard's first play, which was produced at the Forest Theatre, and, lastly, to Robinson Jeffers's "Tamar," which was written in time for Sterling to extend to him that warm, self-effacing appreciation which he never denied to young talent, and which was never more freely given than when it promised to overshadow the elder poet entirely. There were notable painters, too, who settled a few miles further down the coast at Carmel Highlands, where Harry Leon Wilson still keeps his home. But for all the years that I knew the place, Sterling's was the focusing figure.

He was supposed to resemble Dante. There was, in fact, a sharp likeness of profile, the Roman nose, the beautiful long chin, the forward-jutting brow. But the squared force of the Italian full front thinned out in the New Englander: the mouth curled too much and the clasp of the jaw was less severe. Sterling, certainly,

would never, had he met his worst enemy in Hell, have kicked him in the face as Dante did. Much more likely, he would have waited until the angelic warder had gone by, and given the poor, damned soul a drink. George was supposed, too, to resemble a faun, and in that there was enough of truth to suggest to London and myself that there might even once have been a faun type of man whose psychological make-up would have been something like George's, imperfectly humanized, having the intellect and will of man, but emotions and instincts almost wholly of the wild creature sort, incapable of abandoning the one or being entirely faithful to the other. The poet's smile had always a slightly sardonic twist, and the tip of his thin nose was mobile and inquiring. He was easily tamed, and though he fell occasionally into quick, light quarrels, during which he might go the length of refusing all intercourse with the other person and of composing a scurrilous couplet about him, he would never, never descend, however badly he had been used, to doing anything less than justice to his work. Also, as is the way of men of genius, the women who had moved him turned, once the charm was broken, like Shelley's Harriet—that was her name, wasn't it, the one he called "brown demon"? Alas, poor Harriets, how fast they hasten to oblivion!

VI

Time must serve to appraise Sterling's work. As an influence in the literary development of the Pacific Coast, he will always have to be taken into account. He was over-faithful to his locality, publishing at San Francisco almost exclusively, resting upon a local réclame which narrowed his public and, perhaps, somewhat the scope of his genius. Just before the late war he made a sally to New York, but that town was never particularly open to appreciations of what came to it from regions unaffected with its particular cachet of smartness. And Sterling's was never a competitive nature. Although he wrote all through the period of revolt and alteration of poetic pattern, his models remained classic, the choice of a fundamental New England sub-intellect, reënforced by the influence of Bierce's imitative, excluding taste. It was to Bierce more than to native choice that Sterling owed the cosmic gesture, the high forensic manner which comes out most strongly in his first notable work, "The Testimony of the Suns," and in the "Ode to Browning," which was a fine Freudian defense of Sterling's own personal neglect of the great Englishman, combined with his intellectual recognition of him as a great man.

What might have come out of Sterling had he lived in Sag Harbor and remained true to his inheritance is shown in "Mirage," and "Willie Pitcher" and in those two exquisite fragments of "The Dove," and that to me most livable of all his sonnets, "Omnium Exuent in Mysterium." His most Keatsian lines are those which were struck out of him by the Greek quality of beauty as it was once on the coast of Carmel:

> Landward he saw the sea-born breakers fare
> Young as a wind and ancient as the air. . .
>
> Now the wild lilacs flood the air
> Like broken honeycomb. . .

All of these are now happily gathered into the "Selected Poems." In the mind of one who knew him, they are inextricably mixed with the beauty that drew them forth—drift-wood fires on the opal-tinted beaches, the sound of a Japanese flute issuing out of the fog- and moon-haunted pines of the Forest Theatre, great spray heads bursting in the violet-tinted air over Lobos. One sees that whatever place in American literature he will finally take—if not the highest, it will surely be not a low one—Sterling himself will become a myth there, a figure of man noble, inconsequent, but never utterly denied his desire to identify himself with truth and beauty.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Linguistics

THE SOUTHERN ACCENT

By Burton Rascoe

A southern accent is something that no one but a native Southerner of Scotch, Irish, English, or French stock, or a mixture of two or more of these strains, is ever able to acquire. I have heard Northern flappers who, having visited in the South, imagined that they had acquired a cute Southern accent, but their imitation was as far away from the real thing as Joe Cook's imitation of four Hawaiians. And I have heard Northern impersonators try to give imitations of Southern types with results that, to a sensitive ear, were about as wide of the mark as I should judge would be the efforts of a Mississippi share-cropper to imitate the infrequent vocal sounds made by Mr. Coolidge.

Jews, even when they are born in the South, never acquire a pure Southern accent. They may have a Southern way of talking, which, to an undiscriminating Northern ear, passes for a Southern accent. But that way of talking, when closely analyzed, turns out to be a matter of idiom, vocabulary, and approximate pronunciation, and not a matter of accent or inflection or, most important of all, of voice placing.

Even a Negro never has a Southern native, Protestant, white man's accent. Northern people with careless ears are often heard to say that Southerners talk like Negroes or that Negroes talk like Southerners. They do so in about the same way that Belgians of Walloon stock talk like born and bred Parisians. The articulation of the Negroes is as predominately labial as Northern speech; whereas the native, Southern, Protestant, white man's method of articulation is predominately lingual. The Mississippian is the only Southerner who articulates with the loose, flapping movement of the lips that sounds something like Negro speech, but the Mississippian's voice, like that of all Southern Protestant whites, is placed in the back of his mouth and never has that tinny, nasal quality that is peculiar to the *er*-sounds of Negroes and of New Englanders. Because of the back-placing of the voice and the habitual lack of muscle control of the lips in speaking, I doubt whether any Southerner would ever be able to speak the best Parisian French correctly, although he would have considerably less difficulty in mastering the looser, softer, more musical speech of the Marseillaise.

Moreover, although it is the habit of Northerners to think that all Southerners have the same accent and manner of speaking, the natives of nearly every State in the South can be distinguished by peculiarities of accent and methods of articulation. Some careful students are even able to tell what part of a particular State a person comes from after hearing him say only a few words. Tennessee, for instance, is divided topographically, agriculturally, commercially and culturally into East Tennessee, Middle Tennessee and West Tennessee. There is a general Tennessee accent that distinguishes Tennesseeans from Georgians and again from Alabamans, but there are also shades of difference in it among the natives of the three different sections of the State. I can usually recognize the general Tennessee accent about as quickly as a map vendor in the Place de l'Opéra can recognize an American, whether the American be groomed by Moe Levy and Truly

Warner or by Bond Street tailors, hatters and haberdashers; but Arthur Krock, who is from Louisville, Kentucky, and is now an editor of the New York *World*, can go much further: he can distinguish Tennesseeans (and other Southerners) by region. Five minutes after I met him, he told me that he would bet I came from the southwestern part of Kentucky, which was true, although I had been in the Southwest (Oklahoma) and in the North (Chicago and New York) for over eighteen years, and my speech had undergone natural modifications. T. S. Stribling tells me that on the streets of Salt Lake City he was once encountered by a garrulous drunk who addressed him two long hypothetical questions, to one of which he answered the simple monosyllable "Yes" and to the other "No," whereupon the perspicacious inebriate said, "Well, anyhow you're from Tennessee," and caromed down the street, leaving Stribling to wonder how, from two monosyllables, the stranger had arrived at that correct conclusion.

James Branch Cabell, Laurence Stallings, T. S. Stribling, and Dorothy Scarborough —to name four Southern writers I have met—all have Southern accents, as native, unfeignable, and undisguisable as that something that causes Sinclair Lewis of Minnesota, despite trousers pleated at the waist, a monocle and a Savage Club drawl and accent, to be referred to by the waiter in the Café de la Paix as Monsieur l'Américain. But Cabell's accent is distinctively Virginian, Stallings' is distinctively Georgian-South Carolinian, Stribling's is Tennesseean, and Miss Scarborough's is West Texan. The shades of difference are difficult to describe, for, whereas there is a considerable similarity in the Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee accents and methods of articulation, there are also shades of difference; and between these three accents and the accents of lowland Georgians and South Carolinians there are vast differences. A native white Georgian, not from the hills, rounds his lips whenever he uses them in articulating, whereas a Tennesseean keeps his lips almost parallel and motionless, even when he is pronouncing the sound *oh*. The Alabaman keeps his lips as nearly parallel as possible in pronouncing labials, but he also keeps them in almost the same loose state of vibration as he would if he were imitating a banjo trill with them.

There are slurrings peculiar to certain Southern sections and there are special pronunciations of diphthongs, as for instance the *ou* in *house* and *out*, which the Bluegrass Kentuckian, the Middle Tennesseean and Virginian do not pronounce as a diphthong at all, nor do they pronounce it precisely alike. The variations, according to region, may be stressed approximately as *hay-youss* and *how-oose* and as *aye-yute* and *ow-oot*. There is also a telescoping of words peculiar to locality, as, for instance, in West Tennessee and Southwestern Kentucky *bit of a* becomes *bitty*, as in "a little *bitty* fellow." The variations in the pronunciation of *fellow* may be approximated as *fello*, *feller*, *fellah*, *felleh*, and *fel-law*. In certain sections many words undergo phonetic changes. In Middle Tennessee, for instance, the native is always expressing his doubts about some transaction or other, but instead of saying "That sounds very dubious to me," or "I am a bit dubious about that," he says, "That sounds very *juberous* to me" and "I'm kinda *juberous* about that."

The numerous Tollivers of the South were originally Taliaferros, the Chisums were Chisholms, and my own patronym, it seems, was the French Huguenot Rouscoue, which suffered various sea changes, such as Ruscoe, Rusco, Resco and Rascoe, but was never confused with Roscoe, which is North British. Lancy as a shortening of Lancelot occurs as a first name as often in the South as Percy, shortened from Percival, occurs in the North. The fact that there are many Lancelots in the South and Percivals are rare, whereas the situation is the reverse in the North, may indicate something about the temperament and point of view of the two divisions of the country. For Lancelot was the bravest

of King Arthur's knights, while Percival was ignorant of chivalry and was the purest of the seekers of the Holy Grail. Tennessee rightly comes by its name "The Volunteer State," for not only at the beginning of the Civil War but at the beginning of the late war its male population of warring age volunteered almost *en masse* (even though the urgency may have been only that boredom and desire to escape obligations which made the Crusades so popular), and the greatest official hero of the war was Sergeant Yorke, a Tennessee hill-billy.

Dentistry

TOOTHACHE

By Howard R. Raper

Decay of the teeth and toothache are so common that even physicians and dentists do not always think of them as diseases. Yet diseases they most certainly are. Perhaps the most common characteristic of all disease is tissue destruction: pulmonary tuberculosis destroys the lungs; gastric ulcer attacks the lining of the stomach; nephritis attacks the kidney; cancer attacks almost any tissue of the body; wherever there is suppuration—that is, pus formation—and, to a lesser degree, wherever there is inflammation, there is tissue destruction. The loss of body weight, so common to all diseases, is but another manifestation of tissue death and destruction.

Viewing disease, then, as a tissue-destroying force, dental disease, which starts with dissolution of the enamel, has a rather portentous beginning, for it attacks the hardest substance in the body, and then, as it progresses, the next hardest substance of the body, the dentin. If unchecked, it soon reaches what laymen call the nerve. This part of the tooth, which occupies the center, like a marrow or pith, is technically known to dentists as the pulp, and is composed not alone of nerves, but also of blood vessels, cells, and fibers. When disease reaches the pulp, it promptly attacks it, causing first inflammation, then gangrene and dissolution. Following the course of the pulp, the infection now passes out through the end of the root of the tooth, (where the pulp makes its entrance) into the bone, and proceeds to manifest its presence by making a hole in it. It is these holes in the bone which are revealed by *x*-ray examination. From this focus, it is the present belief that the disease may spread to almost any tissue or vital organ of the body, manifesting its presence always, at bottom, in the same way: that is, by tissue damage and destruction.

The first pangs of toothache occur when disease reaches and attacks the pulp. I pause to explain that by toothache I mean a severe and unmistakable pain, not the slight pains or indefinite annoyances that come and go, without apparent cause, in and about the teeth. The common ailment of toothache, then, is seen to occupy a most significant place in the disease process just outlined. Its pathologic significance lies in the fact that it marks the point where disease, entering the body by the dental path, first reaches the circulation, first gets *inside* the body. Its strategic and clinical significance lies in these facts: before it occurs, the progress of the disease may be stopped with mathematical certainty, by the relatively simple process of filling the tooth, but after it occurs, the treatment required is complicated and expensive, and there is no way of knowing, beyond doubt, exactly when it does or does not stop the inward progress of the disease.

When a man dies he does not die all over, all at once. He is not all alive one minute and all dead the next. When he succumbs to old age or disease, or is ready to pass on, as Mother Eddy so gently put it, much of the tissue throughout his body has been dead for some time, with the

balance simply awaiting its turn. Any dissolution of tissue by disease is, thus, in a sense, the beginning of death. True, the ultimate and complete death of the organism may be a long way off, but any pathological destruction of vital tissue is a beginning, and, on principle, should be stopped as definitely and as soon as possible.

We cannot prevent all, nor anywhere nearly all, dental caries; so we cannot stop dental disease that way. Nor can we stop the progress of dental disease with absolute and unquestioned certainty *after* it has reached the pulp; that is, after the disease has reached the stage where toothache ordinarily first occurs. Thus our only choice is to treat it before it reaches that advanced stage. That treatment consists simply in excavating, sterilizing and filling the carious cavity, before toothache occurs. By filling the carious cavities before they become too large, disease may be kept from ever reaching the pulp, and so toothache is prevented, and disease is kept not only out of the pulp but out of the bone and vital organs of the body also.

Cavities in the teeth must, of course, be found before they can be filled. This at once brings up the question: Do the methods now in common use enable dentists to find all cavities in the teeth? That question may be answered in the affirmative so far as the open, exposed surfaces are concerned. But how about the hidden surfaces, the surfaces in between the teeth, *i.e.*, the proximal surfaces? All dental radiographers of any experience or discernment know that a large proportion of the cavities in the proximal surfaces escape detection by the ordinary ocular, instrumental methods of examination in common use. The radiographers know this because the proximal cavities which have escaped detection by ordinary examination are revealed by *x*-ray examination. The relative efficacy of the *x*-ray examination as a means of locating proximal caries, compared to the ordinary methods, has been put to many tests by the writer and others. A brief record of one of these tests follows:

A young lady of about twenty, with rather good-looking teeth, was selected as the patient. An *x*-ray examination of her mouth and teeth revealed the following proximal findings: One large cavity, two medium size cavities, two very small cavities, one filling with caries going on underneath it, one filling improperly placed with an excess of filling material encroaching on the interproximal tissues —in all, seven findings. After the *x*-ray examination, the patient was examined by ten dentists, by ordinary ocular and instrumental methods, with the following results: Two dentists found two of the seven findings, six found only one, and two found none. A 100% failure on the part of ten representative dentists to find all, or even a high or moderate proportion, of the proximal lesions revealed by the *x*-rays!

Why are not the *x*-rays used more often for this purpose? There are two main reasons: (1) Only dentists who have done a considerable amount of *x*-ray work realize the extent of their failure to discover proximal cavities by the ordinary instrumental and ocular methods; others are laboring under the delusion that they are finding these cavities, just as they labored under the delusion that they were treating teeth correctly before the advent of the *x*-rays in the practice of dentistry; (2) until recently it has required ten to fourteen or more exposures to make an *x*-ray examination of the teeth, which is but one way of saying that such examinations were too difficult and expensive to be done periodically for people of moderate means.

The latter difficulty has recently been overcome by the development of a new type of *x*-ray examination, known as the interproximal examination, which can be made in one half the number of exposures heretofore required, with a corresponding reduction in difficulty and expense. The new examination is based on the simple and obvious idea of radiograph-

ıg both the upper and lower teeth (the ɔronal two thirds) simultaneously. It ras announced over a year ago and is now sed rather extensively. Because it is a implified and therefore less expensive exmination than the old one it can be made eriodically at intervals of from one to wo years. If the teeth are kept under such bservation there is almost no danger at ll of any cavity becoming dangerously arge before detection.

Aside from its value as a means of findıg cavities the periodic *x*-ray examination as the, to my mind, very great added dvantage of being something tangible ɔ which the idea of preventing toothache ıay be tied. There are literally hundreds f thousands of people in the United tates who go to the dentist every six ıonths or year. Why do they go? Do they now exactly why? Do the dentists to vhom they go know exactly why? Try sking them and you will discover they o not. Desirable objectives are seldom ttained blindly or by accident. The purose of preventing toothache—that is, of reventing pulp exposure—must become lear-cut and definite in the minds of both entists and patients before dentists prace the kind of dentistry that should be racticed or patients receive the kind of rvice they should receive. The rather ecent clean-up of septic mouths rested ainly on the disclosures of *x*-ray examiıations. It is my hope that a practical reventive dentistry may likewise be eveloped through the medium of the terproximal *x*-ray examination.

Perhaps I should mention that this new terproximal examination is not calculated to take the place of the older, more familiar dental *x*-ray examination. It is made for a different purpose. It is made to prevent focal infection. The ordinary periapical dental *x*-ray examination is made mainly to observe evidence of such infections after they have been allowed to occur. It may be of interest also to know that interproximal *x*-ray examination reveals the beginning of pyorrhea before it can be detected in any other manner—but that is another story.

After toothache, and the treatment of a tooth involving removal of the pulp, the tooth is then known to dentists as a pulpless tooth, and to the laity ordinarily as a dead one. Those who have pulpless teeth and have developed any of the innumerable degenerative diseases attributed to focal infection, know, to their dismay, the lack of agreement among different dentists and physicians as to the best thing to do with such teeth. It is no pleasant experience, when sick and discouraged, to have some teeth extracted, or even to consider the expediency of such extraction. That is one of the unfortunate things about pulpless teeth: they kick the victim when he's down; they seem so harmless when one is well, and become such a source of concern and uncertainty when one is sick.

Prevent toothache and you prevent pulpless teeth. Toothache, it seems to me, is worth avoiding for its own sake, but, as I have tried to explain, there is more to it than the pain. When it is allowed to occur it means either the loss of a tooth, or the retention, at considerable bother and expense, of a tooth which now may be a source of serious systemic disease.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN IN AMERICA

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

My initiation into Gilbert and Sullivan began, literally, in the cradle. I was crooned to sleep by snatches of "Pinafore" and "The Mikado." The very first American performance of "Pinafore," indeed, had taken place in my native Boston—it reached New York only a year later. Two Boston theatres had been inaugurated with Gilbert and Sullivan operettas—the Bijou with "Iolanthe," in 1882, and the Hollis with "The Mikado," in 1885. Both houses are still standing; the first is now given over to the movies and the second resounds yet to many a catchy tune, but none so fetching as those that filled its walls in those bygone days. In the epical crush of that opening night at the Hollis, on November 9, two years before I was born, my father—then recently escaped from Russia—had managed to purchase a seat in the gallery. The music he heard must have transported him into a world far different from the liturgical strains he had chanted as a member of a cantor's choir in the old country. But they remained with him, and by the time the world was ready for me I found ready to hand the foundation of an excellent Savoyard repertory.

My first domestic depredation, I recall, was the breaking of a chalk statuette, in order to have writing material for a game of hop-scotch. "Do you know what you've done?" frowned my father. "You've smashed the three little maids from school!" And so I had. The popularity of the operetta had brought upon the market a miniature representation of the Nipponese-Victorian trio, and at once it had become one of our lares and penates. Only when I grew up did I realize the enormi of my deed. My first introduction to "Th Pirates of Penzance" found me still child. To judge by the exclamations surprise that surrounded me on the ope ing night of Mr. Ames's recent produ tion of the operetta, many Americans a still unaware that the tune of "Hail, hai the gang's all here!" derives from th work. As I sang it in childhood, howeve it had nothing to do with gangs. It ha been appropriated into the hymnody Frances E. Willard's temperance mov ment, and we sang it at every meeting our club to the lusty chorus of "Saloon saloons, saloons must go!" And the went.

Later, when I got to know the pirat in the flesh, and saw how freely the poured their sherry—and, worse stil when I discovered that the tune to whic I had been a saloon-smasher was used b them in effecting an easy change fro piracy to burglar*ee*—I conceived a horro of adapters that has not since departed. still have, from a later period, an editori written by me as editor-in-chief of th *High-School Record;* with a strong mixtu of music and indignation I inveighe against the contemporary musical comed and pointed, with all the optimism of eigh teen, to the chorus of peers in "Iolanthe as a model for native composers.

By that time, of course, I was a co firmed Savoyard—and every true Savoyar I am convinced, is a trifle cracked. H knows Gilbert's words and Sullivan music so well that a departure from th text is a personal insult. He has note book clippings, and yearns for variorum ed

tions. What can he not endure for the sake of yet another hearing? I myself have seen "Trial by Jury" all but decimated by noble amateurs and left ignominiously to perish at the hands of the scratchiest of orchestras. I have witnessed performances of "The Mikado" that must have left both Sir William and Sir Arthur well content to be underground. And I have had the rare pleasure of attending the formerly popular double bill, "Pinafore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," with a friend who fell asleep in the second act of the English piece, only to awake and inquire how the sailors had become Italian peasants.

Your true Savoyard, then, if not entirely sane, is not entirely mad. Gilbert and Sullivan, to him, are an indissoluble compound that is greater than the sum of its parts. He knows that there are moth-holes in Gilbert's libretti—holes that open into huge caverns in his non-musical plays; and he knows that Sullivan's music wears thin in spots. Yet he feels in this twin personality an appeal to a fundamental spirit of criticism which is at the same time a spirit of wit and humor. Gilbert-and-Sullivan, in short, is to him an attitude toward that bit of nonsense-verse called existence. He beholds no inconsistency in deeply admiring Wagner and at the same time revelling in the English pair. The German is ardent passion; the Englishmen represent delicate—even Victorian—coquetry tugging tentatively at the bonds of its Victorianism.

The rebirth of American interest in Gilbert and Sullivan may be looked upon, in fact, as part of our slowly emerging spirit of self-criticism, which always brings in its train the beginnings of national satire. We can, at last, laugh at ourselves; that way lies salvation. Librettists of our national foibles we already have; but we have yet to set ourselves to music. It is high time, for it is almost half a century since Gilbert and Sullivan first took possession of the United States. The furore of that conquest remains unparalleled in its province.

II

It began with "Pinafore," which, in England itself, had a dubious start. Had it failed in London—and, strangely enough, this was once a possibility—we should not, in all likelihood, have had the rest of the series. It may, indeed, have been the phenomenal success of this operetta in America that saved the day for that craft in England. Gilbert, Sullivan and D'Oyly Carte, in those early days of anarchy in copyright, felt deeply aggrieved by the piracy of their property in this country. Justice was on their side, though the law was not. But in the end they were well repaid. London, excited by billboards announcing that the piece was running simultaneously in over one hundred American theatres, conceived a revitalizing interest in the operetta. If, as more than one English authority has suggested, American enthusiasm was responsible for the success of "Pinafore" in its home waters, then it was the United States that ensured the continuance of the Gilbert and Sullivan works.

"Pinafore" proved, literally, a feverish rage on this side of the ocean. Yet when Montgomery Field, manager of the Boston Museum, was considering it for his theatre, he was strongly advised by the most prominent managers of the day not to import it. Fortunately, he stuck to his guns, and on the evening of November 25, 1878, revealed it for the first time to America. The audiences, at the beginning, were a trifle puzzled. It was only when the harem of sisters and cousins and aunts came tripping on to deck that the spectators sat up and took notice; when Sir Joseph Porter hove into view they were definitely amused. It may be recalled that the part of Ralph Rackstraw, on this occasion, was taken by a woman, Rose Temple. Not for a season or two was this flagrant violation of tradition abandoned. It was Gilbert's pride that, in reaction to the burlesque of the previous era, the pieces by Sullivan and himself called for no impersonation of one sex by the other. (In an innocent way he

was himself guilty of a superficial violation when, in "Princess Ida," he had his men don feminine garb, that they might enter Ida's university of man-haters.)

There were white "Pinafores" and, in Philadelphia, colored "Pinafores;" and there were—as in England—children's "Pinafores" and adult, church-choir "Pinafores." The catch words of the operetta became, in time, a public nuisance. Its tunes were ground out, in one city alone, by a hundred thousand barrel organs constructed to play nothing else. Even Sullivan's friends, immunized as they supposedly were against the infection, could not escape it. One Sunday morning, while Frederick Clay, the composer, was at church in New York with his friend, Sam Barlow, the minister ended his sermon with the phrase, "For he himself hath said it." Whereupon Barlow added to Clay, in a whisper, "And it's greatly to his credit!" at the same time handing over the half-dollar that was the fine for such quotations.

It was at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, that Americans were first enabled to see and hear "Pinafore" as author, composer and producer originally fashioned it. Gilbert, Sullivan and D'Oyly Carte had been brought to the United States by the vision of unpocketed earnings and distorted performances. New York had known the operetta for some nine months before the authorized version was given on December 1, 1879; Duff, who was to give the English triumvirate a deal of trouble before the copyright situation was settled, had presented "the first production in this city" as far back as March of the same year, at his Standard Theatre. The third page of his programme carried a note that drips, even today, with managerial unction:

> The success which has attended the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's work at this theatre is a most convincing and flattering evidence of both the cultured taste and keen appreciation of a New York public, who have been quick to discover the merit of a production which does not depend for its success upon the repetition of well-worn jokes and gross exaggerations characterising the so-called "burlesques" which have been inflicted upon the public for some years past. In "H. M. S. Pinafore" there is not one indelicate allusion, and its "intellectual wit," if the term may be allowed, is all the more enjoyable for that reason. To thoroughly penetrate the wit of Mr. Gilbert's dialogue, it is necessary to witness the performance repeatedly—so, by becoming familiarized with the lines, and studying their full meaning, the inexhaustible wealth of humor they possess gradually reveals itself. Too much cannot be written in praise of the beauties of Arthur Sullivan's work, which is, indeed, replete with gems.

The press was quick to notice the differ ence between the pirated "Pinafores" an the authentic version. The Fifth Avenu Theatre performance, I believe, opene with a bit of stage business that had bee imported from the Opéra Comique, con temporary productions omit it. At th rise of the curtain a martinet of ten im portantly supervises the activities of th mariners. On the entrance of Little Butter cup he falls in love with the bumboa woman, but is quickly assuaged by sugar stick. Gilbert was here undoubtedl rubbing it in.

"Pinafore," from the first, sailed i troubled waters. During the absence of th big three in the United States there was a attempt in England to oust D'Oyly Cart from power. One performance, in fact, wa given while an epical battle was bein fought behind the scenes of the Opér Comique. "The Pirates of Penzance," too was destined to be born in the travail o copyright dissension. In more respects tha one it is, geographically speaking, a American work. It was first produced a the Fifth Avenue Theatre, on Decembe 31, 1879, after "Pinafore" had played t packed houses for a month. (The perform ance of the day before, at Paignton, Eng land, was for the purpose of securing th English copyright, and was in no vali sense a première.) The chorus of pirate in the second act at once became, for th United States, a quasi-folksong, appropri ated—symbolically?—by hoodlums an politicians as a get-together slogan. Th part of Mabel was written expressly fo Blanche Roosevelt. Some of the music fo the operetta, if I am not mistaken, wa composed on this side of the ocean.

Gilbert, recalling the American première, as told how, in the hurry to get to the Jnited States, Sullivan left the score of the ntire first act in his London chambers. There was nothing to be done but write he act over again from memory, and Sul-ivan, who was always equal to such de-nands, sat down and accomplished the emarkable feat—so remarkable, indeed, nat later comparison with the original rchestration revealed an almost note-for-ote similarity. One number alone eluded ullivan's recollection: the chorus of Major General Stanley's daughters. Inas-uch as the situation closely resembled ne entrance of the Greek comedians in ne very first operetta they wrote, "Thes-is, or the Gods Grown Old," Gilbert sug-ested that Sullivan transfer that chorus o their latest piece. As a result, the trip-ing measures that we hear today when ne bevy comes rollicking over the rocks, (excepting the song, "Little Maid of rcadee") the only music of "Thespis" nat has yet achieved print, unless Sullivan ade unacknowledged use of other num-ers in other operettas.

III

The Pirates of Penzance" marked the be-nning of D'Oyly Carte's proceedings gainst the pirates of America. "Pinafore," course, had made Gilbert and Sullivan mous on both shores of the Atlantic, ough it was possible for Sullivan to avel in our West and disappoint a town y turning out to be merely a composer, d not the renowned pugilist of the ame. Carte, having, in the words of the ondoners, invented Gilbert and Sullivan, roceeded—this time in the words of his merican lawyer, Alexander P. Browne— o patent it himself "by an exclusive con-act with the author and composer, and om the profits of 'Pinafore' he bought traight a piece of land in perhaps the ighest-priced quarter of London and built n it his own theatre, the Savoy. His nglish establishment being thus put in order, he turned his attention to the American market."

Browne, in the *North American Review* for June, 1889, recited the tale of Sir Arthur Sullivan and Piracy, with a natural bias in favor of his clients. Not that one withholds agreement with his presentation of the case and his general conclusions; only that he conveniently forgot, in his virtuous condemnation of his erring fellow-citizens, that the English theatre had long been thriving on adaptations (read "piracies") from the French. Sullivan himself was fair enough to recognize that one of the adverse American decisions was itself based upon British precedent. Said Browne:

> "Pinafore's" success had developed in this country a horde of men for whom that opera had made a considerable sum of money. With the taste of blood in their mouths, they pricked up their ears at the news of further prey; they even quarreled among themselves, in advance, as to the distribution of the booty. Some of these men were, and long had been, the managers of well-known theatres and in good and regular standing in the profession; but the majority belonged to that class of penniless theatrical speculators who, in the expressive slang of the trade, are known as fly-by-nights or snides. This union of classes, the worthy and the worthless, showed well the lamentable state of public opinion then existing as to the propriety of appropriating other people's ideas without paying for them. In those days even the newspapers laughed at our efforts to protect such property in the courts, and in this way did much to salve the consciences of those managers who appeared to possess any.
>
> Appeals to "public opinion," "the self-respect of the American art-loving community," and similar phantasms having been tried in vain with "Pinafore," Carte decided to adopt different methods with the "Pirates." It so happened that, whatever the defects of our statutes, our common and unwritten law recognized fully the exclusive right of a foreign author to do everything he might like with his manuscript, except to publish copies of it. The latter privilege would seem a reasonable one, too; but, as a matter of fact, it did not exist. However, the half-loaf of dramatic bread thus promised appeared better than no bread at all. It was decided to keep both the words and music of the "Pirates" scrupulously in manuscript until the piece had been thoroughly run in New York, Boston and other large cities, thus insuring at least the cream of the business to those to whom the whole of it morally belonged. This plan worked well enough financially, but it was very distasteful both to the author and the composer. Naturally enough, Gilbert, having written his book, wanted people to read it, and Sullivan had the same reasonable wish for his music—that the lovers of it should

have it at home to play over and enjoy. But under our laws it could not be; a foreign author could hold his right of unlimited performance indefinitely until he published either at home or here, but when that day came, good-bye to any further American income for him.

The ensuing fights in the courts led to decisions that might themselves have been incorporated into a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. It appeared, from one finding, that if you had a retentive memory you could produce whatever you recalled of another's property, even though it had not been published. You could even hire a person with a good memory; and this was done. Browne's first fight was with a Boston firm of high standing, which published, before any of the operetta had been officially printed, a medley called "Recollections of the Pirates of Penzance." Fortunately, Judge Lowell, at that time on the bench of the United States Circuit Court—"and a good judge, too!"—expressed entire dissent from the doctrine of the Keene *vs.* Kimball case, upon which the memory-pirates had been basing their claims. Yet shortly thereafter, a Maryland judge, in a case involving a similar piracy of another Carte production ("Billee Taylor"), handed down a contrary decision.

Attempts were made to bribe the musicians of the "Pirates" company for copies of their parts. They had reason to feel none too loyal toward Sullivan, for when, on the plea that the "Pirates" was virtually grand opera rather than comic opera, they had struck for wages commensurate with the higher grade of the music, he had outwitted them by a ruse. Through a friend on the New York *Herald* he obtained a sympathetic interview, and then told the musicians that he could have his English orchestra on the way to the United States at the mere flash of the cable. He could, under the circumstances, have done no such thing. Yet there is no record of treachery among the members of the New York band. Though the utmost care was exercised in detecting note-takers at performances, the issue of the "Recollections" stands as proof that the land pirates had eluded the producer's vigilance.

In May, 1882, the "memorizing doctrine," as it was then called, was finally disposed of. But other ghosts remained to be laid, and one of the most taunting of these spectres rose again in Boston, at a performance of Gounod's "Redemption." The question involved was this: could a producer have his own orchestration of a composition made from a published pianoforte arrangement, and then present it without paying royalties to the author? Once again Judge Lowell came to the rescue; he held that "the exclusive right of performing the unpublished orchestral work had not been lost by the unprotected publication of the pianoforte version." Yet the piece itself, without orchestral accompaniment, might be given, and "Redemption" was actually produced in Boston with an "orchestra" composed of two pianos and a parlor organ—like an early German Reed entertainment.

Here, however, was hope for Sullivan. "Iolanthe" was on the books; its fortune in the United States seemed clear, for who would think of presenting it with a piano accompaniment? But once again a Maryland decision was to cancel a finding of Massachusetts. When Ford, of Baltimore, clashed with the interests of D'Oyly Carte, Judge Morris, though recognizing Lowell's premisses, reached the opposite conclusion. It now occurred to Browne that if an American were to make the next arrangement of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta for the pianoforte, the copyright would nominally belong to the American and thus secure the desired protection. "Princess Ida," in fact, was thus entrusted to George Lowell Tracy of Boston, who went to London for the purpose. "Princess Ida," however, was hardly desirable booty for our producers; the real clash did not come until "The Mikado" appeared on the scene. Tracy again made the pianoforte arrangement, and, in due course, Carte disposed of the American rights to Stetson of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Duff of the Standard, however, had his eyes on the

peretta. He knew that he would have ither to produce the pirated version with iano accompaniment alone or have orhestral parts written from the pianoforte core. Naturally, he chose the latter course. Now began a race between Stetson and Duff; the manager of the Standard planned his opening for August, thus forestalling the Fifth Avenue by about a month and a half. Duff tried to purchase Japanese costumes in England, but Carte bought up every available one in London and Paris. Moreover, he eluded Duff's agents in London, and before Duff was aware of it, had secretly transported an entire "Mikado" company to New York, thus achieving a double victory for himself and Stetson.

IV

The Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, counting "Thespis"—which many fail to do—are fourteen in number, and were composed between 1871 and 1896. To the average musical American, such pieces as "The Sorcerer," "Utopia Limited" and "The Grand Duke" are only names, if that. "Trial by Jury," since the advent of the radio, has received a number of good performances under very competent direction at one of the leading New York studios. It is admirably adapted to radio presentation, since it requires less than an hour for performance and contains no spoken dialogue. The same or a similar organization could profitably devote an hour to the very first of Sullivan's operettas—the one-act "Cox and Box," written to a libretto by Burnand in 1867. "Princess Ida," which contains some of Sullivan's most effective writing, is hardly familiar to American ears, despite a good revival several years ago in New York, with Tessa Kosta as the gelid Princess. "Ruddigore," from the first, has been a frost, though in England it was by no means a failure. Gilbert, it is said, was considering a trip to the United States for the purpose of superintending a revival of the piece, when he met his death in a gallant attempt to save a young lady from drowning in his lake at Grim's Dyke.

"The Gondoliers" at first so failed to attract Americans that it was promptly christened "The Gone-Dollars"; yet there are Savoyards who will prove to you in barbara and celarent that this is the finest of the series. De Wolf Hopper, several years back, restored "The Yeomen of the Guard" to the Gilbert and Sullivan repertory of New York; to the rest of the country it is only a tantalizing title. Now that there is talk of reviving "Utopia, Limited" in London, perhaps even this operetta may yet come to pass in a metropolis that has learned to take its pleasures, under Coolidge, of a Victorian institution.

It is a sign of the times, too, that when a native composer and a native librettist get together for a satire upon national foibles, their work is chronicled in the press as a "Gilbert and Sullivan" opera. The time is rotten-ripe for musical satire. Herein, however, lies a danger as well as a portent. "Patience," for example, is an excellent take-off, not only on the Wilde craze, but on all æsthetic sham; it is as much at home in the Gotham of 1927 as it was in the London of 1881. Yet a contemporary American librettist and composer setting out to perform a similar service for their own audiences would commit an anachronism by patterning their efforts upon Gilbert and Sullivan. They would likewise be bad psychologists.

There is a robustiousness, a healthy vulgarity, in the American audience that demands a lustiness not native to either of these great Victorians. The operetta for which they are being prepared must have in it a touch of Offenbach's sensuousness, his can-can spirit, to revitalize the elegance and refinement of the old Savoy. Grand opera, even when written by Americans on subjects from American life, will for decades to come seem an exotic on our soil. American life is a vast comic opera libretto begging for a genius to match its vital rhythms and its rich savor with a music that shall make it doubly alive.

EVOLUTION WHILE YOU WATCH

BY EMMETT REID DUNN

The hurly-burly at Dayton is long since over. The Fundamentalists have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. But there has emerged from their camp an insidious and (at least in so far as their customers and most of the general public are aware) unanswered question: Has anyone ever *seen* one kind of animal change into another? That this question remains without a categorical and public answer is sufficient to shake even the faith of many a more or less cultured skeptic. It also tends to confirm a somewhat saddening impression that many of the more vociferous evolutionists of the land have given "The Origin of Species" a much less careful reading than the Bible.

Here is the answer: Everyone who has ever dealt with a large number of animals of related species *has* seen one change into another. Those unfortunates who, for their sins, are condemned to identify and classify large collections of any group of plants or animals, constantly see and are perplexed by numerous individuals which fit into none of the established species or categories, but rather bridge the gaps between them. Before Darwin's time these individuals were greeted with annoyance, neglect, or even suppression. The window or the wastebasket, in those good old days of faith, was often the final resting-place of some unwelcome Missing Link. But since Darwin they have been better understood and more carefully preserved, until now every museum in the world has large series which show complete transitions between one kind of animal and another.

It is necessary to explain, first, why this is not more widely known, and second how the phenomenon takes place. Sinc the publication of "The Origin of Species biology has immensely expanded and ram ified. Specialization and divergence hav gone on in the study of living things a well as in the living things themselves The outcome has been that one of the oldes branches of the science, taxonomy or sys tematics—the study of the relationship and kinds of living animals—has come t be almost entirely the province of museur workers, and is almost entirely neglecte by the research men in the universities whose studies are rather in the fields o heredity, anatomy, and physiology, an who seldom have the time, opportunity o inclination to study large numbers o closely related living animals. In fact, th multiplicity of living species is such tha only the specialist in each group is abl to form any clear conception of the condi tions in that group; the general biologist not to mention the layman, has little or n notion of the state of affairs among ever such well known groups as the *Cimicidæ* the *Muridæ*, and the *Felidæ*.

But partly because the museum men seen to be inarticulate, the explanation and de fense of evolution have latterly devolve upon men in the universities who hav seen little or none of the most convincin and simplest proofs of it, or upon the pale ontologists who, while they have seen vast amount of evidence of past evolution have little to offer upon present evolutio capable of satisfying a skeptical or reli gious mind. It was no mere accident tha the great generalization was reached b Darwin and Wallace, and none other, fo

bove all other men of their time they had tudied large numbers of species and indiiduals in the field, and in that experience hey met with the very evidences of evoution most plainly to be seen today and nost convincing to any thoughtful person. Much of the present attempt to prove the act of evolution resembles the attempt of district attorney to prove murder by neans of circumstantial evidence while eye vitnesses of the crime cool their heels on he courthouse steps. Nor was it an accident that the first two chapters of "The Origin" were entitled "Variation Under Domestication" and "Variation in Nature," and that the lines of evidence which re now almost the only ones used were elegated to Chapters 10 and 13.

II

n order to demonstrate how evolution nay be seen in progress it is first necessary o outline the process of the origin of speies, or speciation, as it is generally undertood by the majority of systematic zoölosts. The process has been made clear in s broad outlines by the labors of two genrations, working especially on vertebrates, lthough the details and the causes are till in some dispute. That this process of peciation, by which one species becomes wo, has unquestionably been the chief neans of evolution is abundantly demonrated by the enormous numbers of different living forms now known. More than million have been described, and all, on ne basis of the evolution theory, are descended from one common ancestor. The ommon definition of evolution, descent ith modification, does not necessarily imly any such diversity of forms, since a ngle species might conceivably change *toto* into another, and thus *Ameba* might ave gradually given rise to *Homo sapiens* ithout there ever being at one time more nan one species. But the presence of the ast number of living species now known sure proof that evolution has been a proess of splitting, with the appearance of more and more coexistent forms, rather than a process of replacement *in situ*, without increase in the number. It is exactly this increase, and the consequent transition from one type to another, in space rather than in time, which can be so easily observed, as I hope to show.

The process of speciation, which is the same whether in nature or under domestication, consists of two parts. These are: (*a*) the appearance of inhereditable modifications in certain individuals, and (*b*) the formation of a group or community of such individuals. The appearance of these modifications is a known and observable fact, although the cause is unknown. The inheritance of these modifications is also known and observable, and subject to very definite laws, so that the phenomena may be predicted with an accuracy almost as great as that of the "exact" sciences.

The formation of the group or community is clearly observable in animals under domestication, but is more difficult to observe in nature, although the existence of such communities in nature will be obvious to anyone who will take the trouble to look for them and their existence is clear enough proof of their formation. But inasmuch as the whole set of phenomena is simpler and more obvious under domestication, let us examine the procedure of the husbandman, for the most ironical feature of the present secession from sense is that the very same Nordic peasants who forbid evolution to be taught to their children are continuously employed in enforcing it upon their cattle.

The amiable Mr. Lafe Collins, of Barkin's Corners, Rhea County, Tennessee, when not employed in upholding Nordic supremacy and putting down the hellish machinations of Darwin and the Pope, happens to notice that old Pieded's new calf is a long way the best ever dropped in Rhea county, and, having as firm a faith in the correctness of Gregor Mendel's pronunciamentos as if he had heard of them, decides that it will on the whole be more politic to keep him off the baby beef mar-

ket, for he will obviously make a likely bull. Note that we here have the appearance of modifications in an individual. To the satisfaction of Lafe these modifications prove to be hereditary, and his further endeavors are devoted to the laudable aim of having his own small herd consist solely of the offspring of old Pieded's calf. This fine bull lives up to expectations to such an extent that Mr. Collins' fellow Nordics become imbued with the same ambition, to the no small profit of the amiable Lafe and to the no small improvement of Rhea county cattle. Thus, in the very heart of the Gospel Belt, the formation of a group or community of new individuals is established, and thus in the course of time and favorable fortune Rhea County cattle may become as different from ordinary scrub stock and as famous as the long-established Hereford, Guernsey, or Jersey breeds. In technical terms I have here depicted the processes of mutation, selection, and segregation, both of the two last being artificial or under human control.

In the case of the Guernsey and Jersey breeds of the Channel Islands it is possible and even probable that the segregation was the first part of the process, and that after the isolation of a small group of cattle on an island various individuals appeared with modifications which could be and were inherited, and that these modifications, in the course of time, spread through all the cattle of the island, which thus came to be different from others without any assistance from the Anglo-Breton analogues of Lafe Collins and his confrères. Even if this were true, the process would be essentially the same as the process we have observed in Tennessee, save that selection would be absent, and that segregation would be effected by the English Channel instead of by Mr. Collins. This spreading of modifications throughout a group has been computed mathematically, and formulæ applicable to various situations are extant, the chief variable being the size of the population concerned and the resultant being the number of generations required to complete the in filtration.

This process of establishing breeds o cattle differs in no essential detail from th formation of species in nature. But perhap some Fundamentalist or other skeptic ma object that breeds of cattle differ from nat ural species (*a*) in showing less differenc between breeds than we usually observ between species; (*b*) in the fact that cattl of different breeds can mate and produc fertile offspring, while different specie cannot; and (*c*) in the fact that, in th absence of eternal vigilance on the part o the breeder, they would all revert to type while natural species remain constan without any guiding care. The truth is however, that none of these three fre quently urged objections has any weight All, indeed, flow out of the objector' ignorance of natural species.

No one pretends for an instant tha Highland cattle and Polled Herefords ar not more alike than the dwarf hippopot amus of Liberia and the clouded leopar of Sumatra, but there are considerabl grounds for maintaining that the differences between these cattle are as great or greate than those between the same dwarf hipp and his larger cousin of the Nile, th "blood-sweating behemoth of Holy Writ." Certainly the differences between th twelve species of North American wolve which are recognized by the latest authori tative count are less than those which separate collie, huskie, shepherd, and German police dogs, and far less than those which place the Boston bull and the greyhound at the opposite poles of the canine world. Similar instances could be multiplied indefinitely.

Many closely related natural species are infertile when crossed, and some that are fertile, as in the case of the horse and the donkey, produce offspring which cannot reproduce. On the other hand, cattle and bison cross and the hybrids are perfectly fertile, despite the fact that the two are in different genera and hence less closely related than the horse and the donkey,

which are members of the same genus. Indeed, among the lower forms there are instances of cross-fertilization between quite different creatures. Since, therefore, mutual infertility is no sign of the differentiation between two natural species, it forms no valid distinction between them and domestic breeds (artificial species).

The notion of reversal to type is old and incorrect. As a matter of fact, there is no such phenomenon in the sense that any pure strain will revert, for if any of the domestic breeds were isolated on a desert island they would remain pure or thoroughbred as long as they existed at all. If, however, various domestic breeds are crossed indiscriminately the differences cancel out and there is produced a mongrel which is in some respects a reversal to type. In other words, if the group or community is merged with and allowed to interbreed with another group, the characters distinguishing the two either disappear or become common property, so that the two groups can no longer be considered as separate entities. I have seen no one so hardy as to deny that the same result would take place if two related wild species began to interbreed on a large scale. But as I intend to show, this sort of miscegenation is very rare and usually impossible in nature.

III

The simplest situation with regard to species in nature is finely exemplified by certain squirrels in the Southwest, where there are two pine forest regions separated at present by the impassable barrier of the Grand Canyon. In each of these regions, only fifteen miles apart as the crow flies and visible one from the other, lives a species of squirrel. The two species are very closely related, and resemble each other more nearly than they resemble any third form. Here are two communities, segregated or isolated from each other by the canyon, and on the basis of the evolution theory the explanation of their differences is the same as that previously suggested for the Channel Island cattle, namely mutations appearing in isolation. There is here no question of natural selection, since the two forests present as similar environments as could possibly be imagined.

Here nothing can be seen in progress, and we view only the finished products of the process. But if we reconstruct the various stages and then look about us we can easily discover that every stage exists at present in a multitude of examples. First, of course, there was the single uniform group, whose range was not broken by the barrier of the Canyon. Gradually, with the formation of the canyon, intercourse between the two extremes of the range became more difficult. At this stage the mutants, or modified individuals which are constantly appearing in all animals, tended to have difficulty in transmitting their characters to the whole group, and more and more two groups became distinct. In this period, while the formation of two groups was going on, individuals intermediate between the two extreme types were common, so that a Fundamentalist would have been hard pressed to decide whether there were two species or one. Later the present stage was reached, with both differentiation and isolation complete, and now Darwinian and Bryanist may agree cordially that there are actually two different and distinct species.

Grand Canyons are rare and islands are common, so that the situation I have described is most often observed among the animal types on island groups. In fact, it was this exact phenomenon, observed in all its stages by Wallace in the East Indies and by Darwin in the Galapagos, that led them to their great generalization. There is, however, a still more common situation to be seen on any large land mass. Here the only isolation is that imposed by distance, and hence the group is not so easily split in twain, and differentiation would be vastly slower were it not that climatic and environmental differences are sure to characterize the extremes of any large area.

Thus natural selection accelerates the process of differentiation by favoring or opposing the survival of individuals with diverse modifications in each different environmental complex, while in the intermediate regions, usually narrow, between these areas, annectant and undifferentiated forms are found. The tiger is found from Bali and India north throughout continental Asia to Manchuria and Korea, but a Balinese tiger and a Korean tiger are very different creatures. The southern form is smaller, short-haired, and very brightly colored, while the northern is larger and long-haired, with stripes that are not so distinct. But while the two extremes are so different, an examination of the tigers of Indo-China and China shows a complete transition between the two.

Such transitional forms between quite different animals are exceedingly numerous in nature, and in many groups the incompletely separated species outnumber the distinct ones. In a group with which I recently had to deal there are eighty-seven kinds of animals, all obviously different, but in at least fifteen cases these different forms are not distinct but are connected in pairs by the presence of anatomically intermediate individuals in the geographically intermediate regions. Thus in this small group fifteen animals are perfectly obviously turning at the present time into fifteen other animals. This change from one coexistent form to another over an interval of space can be easily observed by any Fundamentalist traveling from Barkin's Corners to Hollywood or Palm Beach. On mountains in the tropics, where the climate changes tremendously in a few miles on account of the change in elevation, a single day of walking may suffice to convey the energetic inquirer from a region inhabited by one kind of animal, through a region inhabited by intermediates, up to a region where he meets a quite different (but not distinct) type. Occasionally this experience may be enjoyed *sub consule* Calvin, for there is a situation of this sort in Western North Carolina, and from Hendersonville or Brevard or Asheville it is no more than a day's climb into the Blacks or the Pisgahs, and in the course of it a complete transition from one form to another may be seen.

Just as mutation, artificial selection and segregation are the essential features of animal breeding, so mutation, natural selection and isolation are the normal components of natural evolution, and in both the segregation or isolation is the condition necessary for differentiation or speciation. The two processes are strictly parallel and comparable.

IV

In nature the original mutant individuals form what is termed a variety. If this variety prospers so that it comes to form all or a large majority of the population of a given region it then ceases technically to be considered a variety and is called a local race or subspecies. A variety, then, consists of one or more individuals with peculiar characters, which live with and among and interbreed with individuals not possessing these characters, and it may be the incipient stage of a local race. The latter consists of a group of individuals with similar characters, which constitute the exclusive population of the region in which they occur, but which merge indistinguishably, at the edge of this area, into another, strictly comparable, population, whose characters differ from those of the first. This second population is also a local race or subspecies, so that subspecies are always paired, and frequently number as many as ten, each one forming the whole population of its own area, but passing over without any break into the different populations of the adjacent areas, very much as the different colors of the rainbow merge one into another.

If such a group ceases to merge into adjacent populations, and a break is established it ceases technically to be considered a subspecies and is called a species, and this unbridged gap is the criterion of

the latter category. For example, if of ten different kinds of animals, occupying ten regions in a mutually exclusive fashion, nine intergrade with one another at the various border lines of their territories, and one does not so intergrade, the nine are reckoned as one single species (albeit divided into nine local races), and the tenth is reckoned as another species. It is obvious that a local race is the incipient stage of an independent species, and that in the transitions from one local race to another the so-called missing link is not missing.

Most species consist of numerous varieties of greater or less importance. Probably most of them are represented by single individuals, which are then usually and justly called freaks. Others persist without ever being able to form exclusive populations, and still others at the edge of the range, where the relative isolation is greatest, form little communities which are almost local races. Probably half of the existing species consist of two or more subspecies. Thus the growth of knowledge reverses the process of evolution, and a form originally described as a distinct species is later found to merge with another by the discovery of the intermediate individuals, and is then reduced to the rank of a subspecies.

Occasionally two forms which have become quite distinct are secondarily brought into contact, and begin to interbreed. In this case hybrids are formed, which in some cases may be difficult to distinguish from true intergrades, since the individual characters or mutations make their way through the mass of a group by a process which is, in the strict sense, hybridization. But this process is a very different thing from what takes place when two well differentiated forms interbreed. Then the two groups are usually quite different in many ways, and the crosses exhibit an inharmonious mixture of characters. They are usually few in number, and the individuals form a very heterogeneous assemblage. But in the case of true intergrades the groups do not differ so much or in so many characters, and the intergrades do not present an incongruous appearance; they are many in number and occupy an exclusive area, and the individuals are very much alike. The secondary meeting and hybridization of slightly differentiated but distinct forms, however, may make it impossible to place the resultant individuals definitely in either category.

V

This is the difficulty which confronts us in any attempt to apply the principles heretofore set forth to man. Obviously enough, there are numerous varieties, and a single family group may show such marked differential characters as have distinguished the Bourbons and the Hapsburgs. Each region has a more or less uniform and more or less exclusive population, which either intergrades with or hybridizes with its neighbors at all the points of contact, perhaps the most marked exception being at the meeting place of Indian and Eskimo, where each refuses to recognize the common humanity of the other. Such aversions were much more common in the past, as witness the stories of giants and dwarfs in Europe, which were very probably based on the contacts between the taller Nordics and the smaller Mediterraneans or Asiatics. The Biblical stories of the Anakim were invented by the smaller Jews concerning the tall Amorites, but since we have none of the Amoritish literature the dwarf stories based on that contact have not come down to us.

Whether any of these populations were ever completely isolated and distinct is not known. Perhaps some of the races of the Indo-Australian islands, variously called Australoid and Melanesian, have the greatest claim to separate recognition. But even among them strange intermixtures seem to have taken place, for if one goes east from Java, and reaches the Moluccas or Flores, the pure Malayan

type is found no longer, and the people are obviously not a pure race, but show all sorts of variants on a mixture between Malays and a darker, more hairy and noisier people. This dark impurity manifests itself as a pure race further east, in Papua and the Solomons. No two races of man differ more than Malay and Papuan, but over a wide area only intermediates between the two are found. So different are these races and so miscellaneous the intermediates that it is difficult to believe that we have not here a secondary intermingling of two originally distinct stocks.

Contrariwise, on going west and north from Java the Malay merges gradually and with no shock into the Mongol, and this seems more like true intergradation. On this last trip one passes beneath the statue of Raffles gazing out over Singapore Roads, and past him and around him flock the most motley array of human types to be seen at one place in this world. No better picture of human diversity and of the recent increase of contact and commingling can be imagined. These Tamils and Sikhs, these Malays and Chinese, these various Europeans, indicate that man is divided into many varieties; many local races (subspecies). Since it is so often difficult to distinguish hybrids from intergrades, perhaps the so-called human race consists of several distinct species, which have come into contact since their original formation. Certainly what we know of history, as well as all analogy from zoölogy, should lead us to this conclusion, for as recently as two thousand years ago the relative isolation of the various groups was much greater than now, and hence the opportunity for hybridization at that time was much less.

A strict study of the various groups of *Homo*, done by a man trained in systematic zoölogy, would be most desirable, for the differences between the races are certainly as great as those between the subspecies and species of other animals. An observant traveler, keeping this fact in mind, should be able to see evolution in progress within the limits of that vast complex which we call *Homo sapiens* as surely as if less simply than it is to be observed in the various intergrading forms of some of our furry and scaly relatives.

THE AMUSEMENT OCTOPUS

BY DON CARLE GILLETTE

MENTION the octopus to any American showman and he will know right away what you mean. The term is so aptly and deservedly chosen that, from the time it was first used a few years ago, it has stuck like a belladonna plaster. From Maine to California, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian border and beyond, American amusement-seekers are crying out for relief from the monotony of exclusively movie entertainment. But the octopus has decreed that they shall have no other gods before it.

The situation has its roots back in the days when the majority of showmen poohpoohed the possibility of moving pictures ever becoming widely popular. At that time the legitimate road-show business was on the verge of collapse. One reason was the lack of that necessary competitive stimulation which every business must have now and then. But the chief ailment was the control of the country's theatres by the New York syndicates, which reduced the local theatre managers to the estate of janitors, took all initiative out of their hands, compelled them to book whatever shows were sent to them, and thereby made it impossible for them to consider the demands of their local theatregoers.

It was a most propitious opportunity for the movie men. And so, quietly but rapidly, the film-theatre chains began to form. Many of them consisted of no more than a string of from six to a dozen shacks hurriedly converted into nickelodeons. Outwardly they presented an enticing flash; inwardly their gaunt ugliness was concealed by subdued lighting. But a chain was a chain—and still is, for that matter. A man with a dozen movie parlors under his control was in a position to dicker with the producers and distributors of films. He could book a new picture for twelve showings instead of one, and the distributors were quick to see that he had something real and valuable to offer them.

Soon the game was being helped along by dozens of would-be theatre magnates, usually youngsters with little capital but lots of nerve, who began acquiring motley collections of decrepit theatres, barn-like exhibition halls, or other structures in which films could be shown, and then selling out their "chains" to the more responsible chain men. The next step was for chains to consolidate with other chains. Pretty soon almost all the really valuable movie houses of the country were controlled by a few big combines. Today such combines are part and parcel of the big film producing and distributing organizations. Consequently, the whole business of making, booking and exhibiting films has come under the dictatorship of a few men.

Thus the movie industry has arrived at the octopus stage, and now it is reaching out its tentacles in the direction of the relatively few theatres that still remain independent, and launching a bold and apparently successful campaign to eliminate the competition of all other forms of amusement. Wherever it is possible to buy or lease individual houses, the combines take them over. If a theatre owner refuses to part with his property, the big operators either see to it that he cannot book the good pictures they control or force him out by building another theatre in the same neighborhood. This campaign to put down

competition—this greed for everything in sight—is not confined to operations against the independent movie houses. It extends to the legitimate theatres as well, and to all the other varieties of professional entertainment.

It would be difficult, of course, to prove in a court of law that there is any conspiracy or design behind the operations and accomplishments of the octopus. Indeed, the fact that the Federal Trade Commission was unable to prove its case against the Paramount combination would seem to certify to the legitimacy of the methods employed by the picture magnates. But the amusement men of the United States know better. It's easy enough to keep within the law. But the facts speak for themselves.

II

Not so long ago the operators of a chain of movie theatres in a section of the country where traveling répertoire companies are still very popular paid $60,000 for a ten-year lease on the only legitimate theatre in a certain town. They took over the house—and then calmly closed it. No great amount of gray matter is needed to figure out that a movie firm is not going to pay out $500 a month for ten years unless it expects to get back just as much—or more. A closed theatre does not produce revenue, so in this case the sum of $500—or more—each month is to be collected—as extra freight—at the movie theatres to which the people of that town are now obliged to go for all their entertainment. The method of collecting it probably will be to give inferior pictures at higher prices. It is easy to do this when a monopoly controls all the houses in a community. And since there is no law to prevent the owners of theatre chains from doing what they please with the houses they control, the amusement-seekers in this town have no recourse. When those who hunger for spoken entertainment have the courage to ask why no stage attractions are booked in the town the answer is, "We can't get any." To the attractions that apply for dates, the operators offer such terms that the shows could barely cover expenses, even if they drew packed houses. Thus the monopoly squats and grows fat.

A few years ago in New England, where the octopus has a particularly tight grip, an old showman managed to get hold of a closed theatre in a town that was mourning for something beside pictures. He arranged to install a tabloid musical stock company. Immediately after he opened, the secretary of the musicians' local notified him that the orchestra in his newly-opened house would have to be increased to a certain number of men—about three times the number already employed—and at a wage scale considerably higher than he had expected to pay. Under these unforeseen conditions the manager could not make ends meet, so he was forced to close. Perhaps it was only a coincidence that the secretary of the musicians' local was leader of the orchestra in a house operated by the strong movie chain in that territory.

On another occasion the movie magnates, upon learning that a dramatic stock company was being organized for a certain city where the films had been holding forth alone for a long time, did some equally fast stepping. When the players arrived to open their season they found themselves opposed by another company, brought in by the picture people. Two stock troupes proved too much for the city, as the movie men knew would be the case, and after the independent group had lost enough money and left town, the film theatre gang dismissed its wrecking crew and resumed pictures in that house. In the smaller communities that used to be visited regularly by dramatic companies under tent—where no theatres are available for traveling shows—it is not uncommon today for the local movie houses, under orders from headquarters, to offer a double feature bill *with admission free to all*, in order to kill business for the visiting attraction.

But even more venomous than this unfair and destructive competition is the

false, malicious and vile propaganda circulated by the movie barons against all other forms of amusement. The traveling repertoire companies, the circuses, the carnivals, and even the chautauqua are the victims of this spiteful mud-throwing. The tent repertoire shows—now often forced to use tents simply because all the local theatres are under control of the movie combines—have of late elevated themselves to the point where they present the latest Broadway plays—only the clean ones, of course—acted by players who would be a credit to any New York production. It is manifestly highly desirable, from a cultural standpoint, for the more rural communities of the country to be afforded the chance to see such plays. The companies presenting them do not come into a town and compel patronage. They do not hold the public in any monopolistic grip. They simply meet a demand which already exists, and always will exist, and all they ask of the octopus is that the public be allowed to choose freely between what they have to offer and the movies. They come only in Summer, when most folks would rather attend an open-air show than go into a close and poorly-ventilated movie parlor. But the octopus will make no concessions, big or small. It will not, if it can help it, allow outsiders to even so much as wink in passing at its public.

It is strange that a giant so powerful should be so little sure of itself—that such infrequent and feeble competition should be so greatly feared. Even stranger is the propaganda spread by the movie men in their effort to turn the public against this competition. One of the cardinal articles in this propaganda, for instance, is the doctrine that traveling shows "take money out of town." But if there is any industry that beats the movies at taking money out of a town, diligent investigation has failed to reveal it. Let the figures speak for themselves. According to data collected by the Department of Commerce, approximately $100,000,000 was spent for studio and laboratory work in the making of movies in 1925. This amount did not include distribution, exploitation and exhibition costs, nor the enormous profits derived from the productions. So it is reasonable to estimate that the total collected by the movies in the course of the year was several times $100,000,000. Well, more than 90% of the film production work was done in Los Angeles and New York; therefore, the bulk of these millions, collected from thousands of cities and towns throughout the country, went into just two cities, and into the hands of a comparatively small number of individuals, many of whom, as everyone knows, spend most of their money in a few pleasure resorts, at home and abroad.

Contrast this with the case of the traveling shows. All their actors, their business staffs and their technical crews must obviously leave in every town a large portion of their wages for room rent, meals, laundry, and other necessities. They patronize the town tobacconists, the druggists, and the tailors. Sometimes, as in the case of a man needing a new suit or a woman desiring to amplify her collection of hats, a performer may actually spend more money in a town than he receives as salary for the time he is there. And it is all cash business.

The show itself spends even more. A circus or carnival is not only a heavy cash buyer of provisions for both personnel and stock, but its occasional visit is an event that brings in people from miles around. These people make a day of it in town and incidentally spend a great deal of money with the local merchants—a benefit which would not have accrued to the merchants if the show had not brought out the crowds. To illustrate, in Emporia, Kan., a city of about 12,000 population, the J. George Loos shows last Summer played a week to a total attendance of 51,883! While this was going on in Emporia, the theatres and merchants in another Kansas town, where the movie interests had succeeded in having traveling shows barred, sat and watched their trade slip away to nearby towns where a choice of entertainments

could still be had. Thus the picture people, instead of preventing money from being taken away by nomad attractions, actually forced a lot of money out of town.

The movie man, in reply to all this, argues that he has a property investment, pays taxes, keeps a certain number of employés working all the time, and is a part of the community. All of which sounds very nice, but the fact remains that those several hundred millions of dollars must pour into Los Angeles and New York every year, so that they have got to be collected by the movie parlors and sent out of town. Furthermore, it is a fact that less than 20% of the picture houses in America today are owned locally. Thus it follows that of the money taken out of a town, by far the greatest amount probably goes through the movie theatres.

Out of, say, $5,000 taken in by a circus for a day's engagement, the local expenditures by the circus and its personnel will be about $3,000. Then there is the cost of the railroad jump. A tent dramatic company or carnival outfit also leaves behind more than half its receipts in every town. There is no way out of it. All these shows, unlike the movies, carry large staffs. They manufacture their entertainment right on the ground at each stand—not in Hollywood or New York—and in this process of local production they come about as near to being a home institution as any show can ever be, because they must pay right there and in cash for everything they need, from the exorbitant local license, and fuel, water and electricity, to food, clothing, lodging and incidentals. It is not uncommon, when bad weather is encountered, for a traveling show to leave behind in a town much more money than it takes in. On the other hand, a movie taking in $10,000 a week requires little more than $3,000 for local operating expenses, and all the rest goes out. In the matter of taxation, the traveling shows are often required to pay as large a license fee for their one-day or one-week engagement as the local theatres pay in a whole year.

This "taking money out of town" gag i so downright silly that it would be ridicu lous to dignify it with attention were i not for the fact that it has been taken seri ously by persons who ought to knov better. But what merchant makes mor than 20% profit on his gross sales—an doesn't most of the other 80% go out o town? Very few traveling shows can truth fully say that they realize a 20% profit o their gross receipts. Every 5-and-10 or othe chain store sends more than 85% of it receipts out of town—and almost ever person who goes away on a vacation take along the savings of many months. I short, the bulk of almost every dolla spent in any town goes flying to the cen ters of distribution in payment for mer chandise, machinery, equipment, etc. With out this active circulation of money, it i obvious, the industries of the country would stagnate. But in spite of this per fectly obvious economic fact, the movi press-agents and lobbyists keep hammer ing away at their favorite argument a though they were exposing some heinou crime.

III

Next in favor among them is the morality issue. Here their effort seems to be to pas off the movies as a Great Educationa Force—indeed, as the greatest ever known This nonsense wouldn't be so bad if i stopped right there, but it is carried fur ther: the movie publicists go on to de nounce, as stupid and degrading, all othe forms of public entertainment.

But every reflective man must know very well that the movie magnates are no actually in the educating business. They are commercial gentlemen, out to mak money, and if they ever offer any educa tional features it is only because such fea tures are convertible into dollars and cent at the box office. If they did not attract the shekels, they would be dropped very quickly. Thus it is rather a joke for the film folk to be parading this busines necessity as a great virtue.

It may be readily granted that certain moving pictures are educational in their way. But it is equally a fact that the amount of harm some of them do through their sensational handling of sex filth, sordidness and distorted representations of life is more than enough to offset any good that the better ones accomplish. Nine out of ten of the current pictures reek with wide-open or thinly disguised sex appeal. Despite half a hundred futile censorships, crime and immorality are still their chief stocks in trade.

If the picture people were out to warn the public against really objectionable amusements, they would be doing a plausible public service. There are, without doubt, some black sheep in the entertainment business. But it is not only these black sheep that the movie men seek to wipe out. They demand the extinction of everything, good or bad, that competes with the picture theatres. In the chautauqua alone, despite its absurdities, there is probably more honest educational value than in the whole caboodle of sex-soaked moving pictures. Yet the movies would be rid of all chautauquas. The tent dramatic shows and the traveling répertoire companies are, in consideration of the somewhat naïve family trade to which they cater, the cleanest form of legitimate entertainment in the country today. The annual coming of one of these companies to many a remote and dull town is celebrated as a public holiday. The owners of the shows are all more or less institutions in their territories, and they, their families and many of their actors have developed such friendly relations with their public that they are known by their first names. But it is precisely this class of honest, industrious and clean, if humble, entertainers that the movie magnates seem most eager to wipe off the earth.

Even the much-abused carnival has it all over the average movie theatre when it comes to decency. The '49 Camp and hula-hula dancing days are over. It isn't exactly that these shows voluntarily shut down their dancing-girl acts, but that the spread of moral propaganda has made it troublesome for them to offer attractions that contain even the faintest suggestion of naughtiness. If a girl fully costumed, but with a bundle of grass tied around her hips, were to do a dance on a carnival lot nowadays she would be arrested by the town marshal and charged with an immoral act. Yet a certain famous shimmy dancer recently toured the entire United States as an added attraction with a South Sea film in which she had the leading rôle, and not only appeared before her audiences with a very generous amount of naked exposure, but did a shimmy with more action and suggestiveness in it than was ever seen in the languorous South Sea isles. No authorities molested her. But then she was working for the movies.

Another point harped on by the movie propagandists is the question of public health. The traveling shows are denounced with much snuffling as breeders and carriers of disease, and the accusation is hurled at the outdoor attractions in particular. But if it is possible to breed disease in the open air, how much more possible is it to do so in the close, smelly, dilapidated shacks that constitute the bulk of the movie parlors in this country? Any rustic who yearns to inhale foul air or to rub elbows with the scum of society doesn't need to wait for an outdoor show to come to town. He may have the privilege any day in the week. All he needs do is to hand over a dime and walk into one of the 10 A.M. to 11 P.M. movies with which the main streets of all American country towns are now well supplied, and his appetite will be more than gratified. These grind houses are not things of a few days or weeks each season, but fifty-two-weeks-in-the-year establishments. What goes on in some of them would surprise many health officials—if they had eyes for it.

Of approximately 15,000 movie theatres in operation in the United States, only about 1,000 are first-class houses. Of the rest 1,700 are second-class, and the remain-

ing 12,300 are third, fourth and fifth-raters —the fifth-raters leading the field by a wide margin. Most of these so-called theatres are nothing more than ill-smelling, poorly-lighted, badly-ventilated shacks, rigged up to take in the dimes and quarters of the yokels at the least expense. There are also, of course, far more attractive houses, and they charge higher admissions, but the quality of the movies does not increase in proportion to the greater luxury of the theatres. Even the new "strawberry ice-cream soda auditoriums," as Brock Pemberton has labeled them, offer much the same tasteless, foolish photoplays and stereotyped programmes that are to be encountered a bit later in the village houses.

IV

In the days before the movies there was no theatre censorship in America, nor any active demand for it, save from obvious fanatics. The term sex appeal was yet to be coined. Newspapers, magazines and the stage all seemed to know pretty well where decency ended and indecency began. But shortly after the advent of the motion picture things began to change. As the new-born youngster grew in age and size it became more and more brazen and daring. The projection and exploitation of the sex element finally reached such a point that there was an uproar against it. Legal censorship was thus inevitable. It came. But by that time the low-brow public's appetite for pruriency had been thoroughly whetted, and the tendency toward the commercialization of the risqué, the immoral, the sensual and the criminal had spread to many newspapers and magazines. It was unavoidable that the legitimate stage should fall a victim to the same contamination—and now the legitimate stage is being saddled with all the blame!

I believe that there is absolutely no chance for the stage to go back to a clean and dignified basis so long as the movies exert their tremendous influence in the opposite direction; and the movies, it seems, know of no other way to entice th dimes, quarters and dollars of the moron As Joseph Wood Krutch of the *Nation* sai recently, apropos of the new demands fo a stage censorship in New York: "Piff is more dangerous than obscenity, an more youths are corrupted by the inad quate platitudes of the conventional dram than by the indelicacies of that which called risqué, and the inanities blessed b Mr. Hays are more genuinely corruptin than any pornography." In spite of Hay and the State censorship boards and a grea deal of miscellaneous wowserism, muc suggestive material still finds its way int the movie houses. How does it get through especially in very moral towns? In th same manner, I believe, that games o chance are operated by traveling carnivals or local lodge bazaars, in towns wher such games are contrary to law. In othe words, by "fixing."

The most troublesome element in con nection with carnivals of late years ha been the so-called gambling game. Ther seems to be a peculiar idea about th country that, although it is all right fo free American citizens to play for stake in the back rooms of their homes, or i their club houses, or even up an alley, it i criminal on a carnival midway to operat a device whereby people are charged five o ten cents for a little thrill and a chance t win some object worth several times tha amount. The carnivals admit that the would just as soon discard these games But many local authorities, in order tha they may get their rake-off, demand tha they be set up.

It must be plain that a visiting show cannot operate games of chance if th officials of the community actually pro hibit them. No show would be so foolish as to risk being closed up, thereby losing perhaps a week's work, for disobeying th law. So when a visiting outdoor attractio has gambling games, the crooked town officials are much more to blame tha the show. If all town officials, from th copper on the beat who demands enough

r a new suit of clothes to the mayor ho intimates that his next campaign iest could stand a little support, ould deal with visiting showmen on a rictly business basis, and prove by their ts that they were honestly against gam- ing, the traveling shows would carry no bjectionable concessions. The "fixing" vil and its consequences are kept alive blely by local officials who demand bribes ght and left, and who, by their accept- nce of this "fix" money, not only author- e and protect gambling, but actually ompel shows to conduct games with a eavy percentage in favor of the operators.

The "fixing" evil, however, is not con- ned to the outdoor shows. It has its arallel in the movies. In no other way ould some of the current sex pictures pass ne strict censorship that is supposed to be n force in some of the States. Nor could ne hundreds of fire and disease traps used movie houses operate without inter- rence as they do, without the proper mount of "fixing." The only difference etween the two schemes of corruption is nat the movie "fixing" is conducted along ore high-class lines—that is, that the cture men, as a rule, work in cahoots ith only the higher officials. By reason being permanently located in their com- unities they are able not only to do enty of "fixing" for themselves, but also procure the passage of ordinances inimi- l to their rivals, the traveling shows. his last business they engage in copiously, nd with a hearty enthusiasm.

There are hundreds of American towns herein the men who control the issuance permits to traveling shows also conduct have interests in the local movie houses. Many of them frankly admit to the agents visiting companies that they don't want gitimate shows, or any others, to come because it hurts their picture business. thers merely ask such a high license fee at no show can afford to pay it. The usiness is helped along by the local the- re managers, who say they would be ad to book an occasional show, but dare not do so for fear of the punishment they would receive from the film interests. Since traveling shows nowadays are few and far between, and theatre managers must depend upon pictures to keep their houses open most of the time, it is easy to see that they have little choice in the matter. The same situation makes it possible for the film producers to force theatres to submit to their block booking system, whereby the houses must contract to take the entire output of the producers—or pay an exorbitant price for individual films. Considering that for every good film there are at least a hundred bad ones, the unfairness of this system is apparent.

The cure for all these evils lies in the hands of the public. At present very few of the millions who hunger for the spoken drama and other entertainment beside pictures know why they do not get what they want. Last Autumn the *Billboard*, at the instance of the Actors' Equity Association and the Labor Bureau of New York, conducted an inquiry into the state of the legitimate theatre in the United States. It was desired to find out what was the matter with the road show business and why the number of legitimate theatres had been reduced from more than 1,500 to about 500 in less than ten years. Questionnaires were sent to two or more persons, including dramatic editors, theatre managers, civic leaders and laymen, in all cities of 25,000 or more population, and to similar men in some smaller ones. More than 70% of the replies placed the blame on the movies, and the majority of them said that the control of available theatres by the film octopus was the stone wall that kept legitimate shows out. Subsidy of the local newspapers by the picture people was put down by many as another effective check on the future advancement of legitimate theatricals. This last charge, incidentally, was supported by the fact that fifty-three dramatic editors and about a dozen theatre managers, though willing to give their opinion in regard to the movie pestilence, made special requests that their names be

withheld from the published results of the census. Now and then a courageous newspaper in a movie-controlled region will defy the film lords by bestowing praise on some worthy legitimate attraction. William Allen White, of Emporia, Kansas, recently went so far as to say that "the carnival, or some similar form of amusement, is a part of the necessary gaiety of a civilized people." But such instances are very rare.

A wave of sentiment against the movie monopoly recently swept the State of Florida, where the picture people have the theatre situation sewed up as tight as a drum. The Miami *Tribune* published a full-page editorial against "the gigantic blood-sucking octopus which is trying to stamp out competition in this State so that it can maintain high prices for motion picture shows." An investigation of the monopoly by the Florida Legislature was predicted, but shortly after the prediction was made a special train carrying big guns of the movies arrived in Florida, and that probably will be the end of that.

What the picture magnates do not seem to understand—or do not wish to recognize—is the fact that movies alone will not satisfy even the moron public all the time. Nobody is trying to deny that movies have a right to exist. There are many intelligent persons who enjoy a regular movie fare. There are, also, a vast army of illiterates and halfwits who could not be entertained in any other way. So the films have their place, and they are entitled to it. But they are not entitled to hog the whole entertainment field, nor to slander and undermine all other forms of amusement.

V

The fact is that the better sort of movie theatres can no longer get along with films alone. Reports show that the pictures are fast losing their recent astounding popularity in the smaller communities of the country, while in the big cities the movie theatres are angling right and left for stage attractions with which to bolster up the offerings. The use of these so-called sta "presentations" has grown to such propo tions that many movie house programm in these days are but slightly different fro a vaudeville theatre bill. And now t Vitaphone is also coming in.

Outright admission that pictures alo are no longer sufficient to draw the crow is contained in the recent announcement one of the leading film trade papers that will shortly establish a monthly "theat showmanship" section, dealing with t entire business of the theatre, instead merely with the films. Until now there h been practically no showmanship (or re showmen) connected with the picture i dustry. The business has been merely a b and sell proposition, conducted along sha business lines. Organization, system a monopoly have rendered showmansh unnecessary—so long as the films cou hold their fans. But a new order of thin now seems to be in the offing, and the te dency to feature theatres as well as fil and stars—to put more gilt on the palac as a means of distracting attention from t dross in the pictures—is a departure th speaks volumes.

At the same time the movie gun-men a marshalling their forces against such co petition as remains. Hundreds of legisl tures and city councils in all parts of t country have before them discriminato measures obviously levelled by film theat interests against other amusements. The picture schemers do not consider the wi or desire of the public. Their sole purpo is to make sure that nobody interferes wi their monopoly. Even the film trade pape and the periodical bulletins issued by t exhibitors' organizations are now comi out openly with attacks against oth amusements. They play up with rejoici such successful activities as that reveal by a report that "the motion picture th atre enterprises of Lake Wales, Fla., a not likely to suffer from competition traveling shows, as a recent city ordinan has fixed the sum of $500 as the licen

hich such shows must pay for the privi-
ge of showing one day in Lake Wales."
ist think of it—$500 a day! The local pic-
ire houses pay but $50 or $100 a year. It is,
effect, outright restraint of trade, but
ıtried on in such a way, under cover of
ıe so-called law, that the oppressed the-
trical men are unable to combat it.

With Summer coming, the movie propa-
andists are now launching a special cam-
aign against outdoor shows—circuses,
arnivals, dramatic répertoire companies
nder tent, chautauquas, etc. They are par-
cularly rabid in regard to carnivals. The
eason for this is that the carnival charges
o admission to its midway. Those with
ıoney may come and spend, and those with-
ut money may enjoy themselves consider-
bly by merely walking around. The special matinées given by these shows for newsboys, orphans and hospitals also arouse the ire of the picture men, who look upon all this as cutting in on their patronage.

There is just one way out, and that is for public sentiment to assert itself. At present hundreds—yes, thousands—of communities are being ruled by less than half a dozen local councilmen. There is nearly always a movie theatre owner on the council, so it is an easy matter for him to arrange watertight ordinances against outside entertainment. More than 95% of the people in a town may desire and actually hunger for an occasional change of fare, but they cannot have it because one or two or three subsidized city dads rule otherwise. It is a form of despotism that beats anything ever recorded in history.

PEARLS

BY HENRY TETLOW

Less than a generation ago the United States was producing the finest pearls in the world. But the man in the street, just as he believes New Zealand is "somewhere near Australia," continues to think that pearls are found only in tropic seas and salt water. This is, in fact, true today. The British fleet, presumably commissioned by God, has assumed protection of the world's pearl beds. At infrequent intervals a modest government poster announces to the habitués of local British post-offices that on such-and-such a date the pearl fishery will be opened at so-and-so, and will remain open until a certain date or further notice.

But it was not always so. When North America was discovered its streams and inland waters abounded with pearls, and they were neither unknown to, nor unappreciated by, Lo and his colleagues. They were soon discovered, too, by the Nordic settlers of this great and free country. With the rapid growth of world wealth consequent on the Industrial Revolution and the resultant increased demand for luxuries, the American pearl industry grew, as we tradesmen say, by leaps and bounds. Our inland waters were systematically combed and exploited by men who made pearl hunting a business. No single body of water in the United States has been left untouched by them, and pearls have been found all the way from Ogdensburg to the Ozarks, and from Wisconsin to Texas.

Sometimes, notably on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, pearls were the by-product of an allied industry: pearl button shell dredging. It is an interesting comment on our national sense of values th great numbers of beautiful pearls shou have been lost or destroyed for the sake a few gross of shirt buttons, for most the pearls retrieved by dredging are d stroyed. The shell is prepared for the bu ton profession by boiling out the bival meat in huge vats, and the only gems sa vaged are those in the molluscs on the to layers in the boilers; the rest are destroye by the heat.

One exception to this generalization h been reported. It may well gladden th heart of the Rev. Dr. John Roach Strato and his fellow devil-chasers in that it ev dences the "direct and effusive person interest which the Deity has always taken in the lowly Baptist fishermen of the Re Flannel-Underwear Belt. It seems that a Sunday a certain dredge operative wer down into the sacred waters of the Ohi to cleanse his soul. A frugal as well a religious man, he did not put on his fines raiment—he evidently knew the holy Ohi waters—but wore his dungarees. Immed ately after the reunion with God he, alon with the other converts, was hustled int the town stage and driven home, where h changed to his store clothes in great hast lest he waste a precious moment of th opportunity to fraternize with the elect i Main Street. Came the dawn of the inevi table Monday morning. Once more put ting on his work clothes the dredger dis covered, for the first time, that a clam doubtless in the throes of religious ecstasy had taken a death grip on the flange of hi work-shoe sole. Pried loose, the clam pro duced a pearl that yielded the sanctifie fisher a cool six hundred dollars.

II

ıgle pearls do not command the prices at matched pearls—strings, collars, etc. do, especially the prices of graduated ·ings wherein, as the pearl people say, ›ne pearl just steps into the next." But en large single pearls bring relatively gher prices than other precious stones ·cause really brilliant large pearls are ·tremely rare. Besides, a pearl is an entity. nlike the diamond, it cannot be cut ithout destroying its value; hence pearl ·ices are calculated by a different system. diamond is worth so much per carat. ultiply the number of carats by the price ·r carat and you have the price of the hole stone. Pearl prices, on the other ınd, are calculated from the base grain. his grain, by the way, originally meant small grain of Oriental rice. Its weight aried, in the East, as much as 20% from ›wn to town. As late as 1890 there was variation of over 7% between the grains f London, Paris and New York. Finally, ›out 1900, metric France proposed a ·andard grain that should be exactly one uarter of a diamond carat. At a zero day nd hour the new grain was adopted and as remained effective ever since. The earl's price, to resume, is reached by first ıultiplying a basic market factor—say fteen or twenty dollars—by the number f grains in the pearl and then multiplying hat product by the number of grains gain. For example, a five carat diamond t, say, $500 the carat will be worth $2500. ı pearl of the same weight and approxiıate size, twenty grains, would be worth, n a twenty dollar base, $20 x 20 x 20 = 8000. Double the size of the diamond and ts price will be $5000. But double the ›earl and it jumps to $32,000.

The spread in pearl prices betwixt prolucer and consumer, while not unreasonble, is yet such as to dismay the casual ›uyer. The finest American pearl, which, ncredible as it may seem, came out of the Passaic river, fetched its finder $3000, and vas ultimately sold to the Queen of the Netherlands for $60,000. It would bring well over $100,000 today. The pearl dealer, whose specialty was to buy in the hinterland and sell to the metropolitan jeweler, took only a small profit—15 to 25%. It is the man who makes and sells the finished *objet d'art* who collects most of the spread. He adds six years' interest and three years' overhead to his base cost before he begins to consider advertising, selling and profit. On a matching job he must be still more generous to himself, depending on the number of pearls involved. A fifty thousand dollar necklace may contain pearls which singly, before they were assembled by the jeweler in a perfectly matched string, were worth but a few hundred dollars. Skill, patience, and time—especially time—are the big cost factors.

Compared to the capital involved, the turn-over in expensive jewelry is so slow that it would be unfair to charge all jewelers with gouging all their customers all the time. Nevertheless, much depends on what the French so accurately call "presentation." With the aid of a handsome case, a pin mounting, a dollar's worth of gold leaf to cover up flaws and a six dollar diamond chip, an artful jeweler can convert a pearl "with a fifty cent back and a fifty dollar front" into a bauble that will charm four or five hundred dollars from the eager pocket of the unwary dilettante.

Instances of chicanery in the American pearl trade are surprisingly few. One New York house with a national reputation used to handle the rural pearl salesman in what may or may not have been questionable fashion, according to your lights. The system was, first, to leave the trader cooling an hour or two in a dull, drab reception room where any thought of the beauty and lustre of his wares was impossible. Next, to roll his pearls out on a black cloth under a north light, where any pearl must look its worst, and enfilade the wretched bumpkin with the contemptuous cross talk of a pair of elegant buyers. Many fine specimens have thus been picked up for the price of a ticket home.

On the other hand, not all pearl fishers have been above reproach. They have been known to try to put over pearls that were not thoroughly dry: by packing them in damp cotton, or other devious means. A pearl's true value cannot be appraised until it is completely dry. Wet, it may reveal great beauties of tint and lustre, yet it may dry out to the resemblance—and value—of a marble. Tinted pearls often fail to hold their color while drying. The wiles of the fisher from the sticks were not hard to detect; but since a certain Italian chemist succeeded in hoaxing one of the world's best jewelers with artificial colorings which did not hold indefinitely, all tinted pearls have been sold by reputable dealers with a year's minimum guarantee.

With the possible exception of black, the finest tinted pearls have all been found in America. And, as might be supposed, during all the time they were being fished America was their poorest market. The best pink, green and lavender pearls went to Paris, whence they are now being shipped home by enterprising travelers and jewelers. The yellow pearls, particularly those of extra size and inferior quality, found their readiest and best market in London. But until the last few years, perhaps since the war, when George F. Babbitt bought a pearl he insisted it should be "pearl" colored.

The best green and lavender pearls came out of sluggish waters in Arkansas. Whether salt or fresh, still water always produces a bigger proportion of good specimens than turbulent or moving water. The reason is clear: the mollusc lives with his shell open. Every passing shadow, of cloud or ship or fish; every bump from rolling stone or wreckage; every turn or twist of current excites but one reaction: he shuts up. And every time the mollusc opens and shuts his shell he runs the risk of moving his pearl, or marking it, or of destroying its spherical perfection. One consequence of this phenomenon has been that American rivers were big producers of the baroque, which is so essential in the manufacture of ikons and such like ecclesiastica tools. Baroque is good pearl gone wrong bumped off its dead centre and forced int eccentric and bizarre habits of growth.

There is a myth that pearls grow "tired" if worn too constantly. It sprang from th fertile brain of a European Queen, who fel the urge to hock some of the family jewels She announced that her pearls, havin grown tired, were locked in an iron bo at the bottom of the Mediterranean, ther to be refreshed and have their faces lifted True, they were in an iron box, but th box was in Paris. Today no such inventiv necessity exists. Let the Queen buy a dupli cate set of synthetic pearls, and ten fee away the greatest expert will not be abl to distinguish them from the real. H admits it himself. It is common trad knowledge that a pearl dog-collar, onc widely advertised in New York high so ciety, contained over seventy imitatio pearls. The owner lost patience with th tedious matching process and gave order that it should be so.

III

Attempts have been made in America, al unsuccessful, to grow pearls and to influ ence their natural coloring. The proces is probably too slow for so-called Ameri can enterprise. It takes about forty year to grow a good pearl, although one ofte hears thirty year old pearls described a "very fine for their age." The years of pearl can be counted by the marks it ha left on the inside of the shell. To th question, What kind of shell fish produc pearls? the answer is: All kinds. There i a recorded case of a pearl found in the clav of a Long Island lobster. But not all shel fish produce pearls of equal merit. Occa sional lurid newspaper accounts to th contrary, the pearls found in our Atlanti seaboard clams and oysters are all lov grade—as many a disillusioned diner o shucker can testify.

The best American pearls have all bee found in our brown fresh water clams. A

rst the gathering of these clams was left ntirely to the whim of the village loafer, who took it on as an occasional stop-gap etween real work and starvation, much s the Pacific Coast beach comber used to ne may still) wash beach sand for gold. s the market grew the more enterprising earl buyers went out through the land, stablishing permanent connections, and uilding each his own corp of fishers. hereafter the business was conducted, for nany years, entirely by mail—to the greater onor and profit of those letter carriers who sold mailing lists back and forth etween rival dealers.

Today there are no uncaught pearls or earl fisheries in the United States. As they ay up-top of Reading, "the clams is all." They have fallen before our genius for the systematic exploitation and destruction of our natural resources. Streams, lakes and marshes have been fished out without thought of replanting. The noble American sport of pollution accounts for still more casualties: unlike the salt oyster, so dear to our hearts and stomachs, the fresh water clam cannot exist in filthy water. Finally, government interference has swept away those few that survived exploitation and pollution. Wherever a stream is dredged, dammed, levied or otherwise forced to leave its natural course and conform to the riparian notions of the adjacent Rotarians, there the home beds of pearl-bearing animals have been wantonly dug up, drowned, or smothered in mud.

THE GREAT MEDICINE ROAD

BY BERNARD DE VOTO

In the Summer of 1835 the annual rendezvous of the American Fur Company was held in the valley of Green River, a few miles from the site of Bonneville's abandoned Fort Nonsense. It was the climax of the fur-trade in the Rocky Mountains. Thereafter beaver grew scarce, the price that could be paid for them declined, and the Summer rendezvous became a dwindling echo of its earlier glories. But to the one of 1835 came all the worthies of the old days, hundreds of Indians and hundreds of mountain men, frantic for the explosive joys of the season. Raw alcohol, transported on muleback from the States, soon raised them to their accustomed exaltation. They were all champions, but the supreme champion was one Shunar, who presently mounted his horse, cocked his rifle, and rode about the encampment daring the whole world, especially Americans, to deny his supremacy. The mountain men did not seem disposed to contest his claims. They felt that he was violating the spirit of the occasion, which required all brawls to break out incidentally and discouraged anything so cold-blooded as Shunar's dare. He was not only un-American but even non-Nordic, being a French half-breed, and they all felt that American patriotism was rebuked. They grumbled.

Then up rose the great Kit Carson, resolved to vindicate the national honor. He first made an impassioned speech, explaining that he was the least talented American roughneck, and then drew his pistol and took his stand at the appointed place. At the signal the two antagonists spurred toward each other. Shunar's shot went wild, but Carson's shattered the gun-arm of his opponent. While Kit went in search of another pistol, to finish the job, Shunar formally abdicated his championship in favor of his vanquisher. Thereupon the demijohns circulated again, the national supremacy was confirmed, and the trappers went back to the more important business of drinking themselves gloriously unconscious.

It was a very ordinary occurrence. Every rendezvous produced a similar scene. But in the crowd that watched this wilderness duello were alien eyes, and the dust that floated away from it marked the end of an era. The Rev. Samuel Parker, A.M., and Dr. Marcus Whitman had come West to bring religion to the Oregon Indians and, unintentionally, to found a colony which proved later to be the beginning of the emigration to Oregon. These two simple Christians, unlearned in wilderness lore marveling how God devised accidents to keep the caravan from traveling on Sunday, were the outpost of a folk-wandering that was to drive the mountain men out of existence. They were not the first men of God who traveled the Oregon trail, nor even the first Protestants, for the preceding Summer Nathaniel Wyeth, on his second expedition, had brought with him a Methodist mission under the leadership of Daniel and Jason Lee. But with Parker and Whitman began an uninterrupted movement which increased so steadily that eight years later Jim Bridger gave up trapping to establish a post devoted entirely to the emigrant trade.

The missionaries had left the frontier with an American Fur Company caravan under the command of Lucien Fontenelle

At Fort Laramie, Thomas Fitzpatrick took charge of it, and at the rendezvous Bridger succeeded him. The missionaries, having known these three and having seen Carson in action, had thus met the four most eminent mountain men of the time, the mightiest practitioners of the mountain craft. But the Rev. Mr. Parker, who published a narrative of his journey, was hardly aware that such a craft existed. He spoke of Carson merely as "an American," and, though he marveled at the success with which his guides conducted the expedition, he did not understand the secret of their competence. He was far more concerned with their sinful indifference to his religion. In this regard he was typical of the thousands who were to follow him along the Oregon trail.

At the rendezvous, Dr. Whitman operated on Jim Bridger, without anæsthetic, and removed from his shoulder a Blackfoot arrow which had lodged there three years before. Then he parted from his companion, and went back to the States to enlist more volunteers for the mission. Flathead and Nez Percé chiefs had told him most affecting tales of their desire for the Christian God and the advantage that they hoped worshipping him would give them over their enemies, especially the Blackfeet. Parker went on to Oregon and then to the Hudson's Bay posts, where Whitman joined him the following Summer, bringing more missionaries, among whom were his own wife and the wife of the Rev. H. H. Spalding. Word of the women's coming soon reached the mountain men. They felt a celebration was obligatory, so they rode eastward many miles beyond the appointed rendezvous and, when they sighted the caravan, charged down upon it, yelling, firing their rifles, turning somersaults in their saddles, and otherwise expressing their delight. A war-party of Blackfeet could not have been more terrifying, but the women soon recovered their nerve and rather enjoyed the show. Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding were the first white women that ever traveled the Oregon trail, and with their party were plows and a wagon which went as far West as Fort Boisé. When women and plows and wagons got across the mountains, trapper domination of the far West was over. Actual settlers had begun to arrive.

Such was the beginning of the great invasion. For the next few years emigrants came only in handfuls, but by 1840 they were numbered in the hundreds and, after 1845, in the thousands. The religious phase was ephemeral: within five years the gentle New England missionaries were writing home appalling complaints of the godless, atheistical and immoral pioneers, and by another five years the pioneers were convinced that the missionaries had corrupted the Indians. On the surface, the migration seemed to be agricultural—to proceed from the unrest of the debtor farmers of the Middle West, the falling value of crops, and the oldest of our national myths, the idea that opening the Pacific would tap an inexhaustible market in China and Siberia.

No such ready-made theories, however, can explain so great a movement. It was in reality a folk-wandering. Its parallels are to be sought in the migrations of the Goths, of the Huns, and perhaps, even, of the lemmings. With the Minnesota country opening up, there was little reason why anyone should go to Oregon, and there was no reason why so many should go. There was talk of fortune. There was talk of saving Oregon from the British. There was talk of every conceivable motive, but it was unconvincing. Anyway, the urge that had taken Americans westward from the falls-line at the Atlantic coast culminated in fifteen years of feverish intensity. The nation was moving West: it was going to Oregon in the same mood that had taken it to Kentucky, Ohio and Illinois, and was taking it at the same time to Wisconsin. The Oregon adventure, however, was on a greater scale than any that had preceded it, a magnificently colorful and highly picturesque adventure, and one of the most characteristic of our national experiences.

II

The fur-traders traveled the Oregon trail in safety. A mountain man lived until a colleague or an Indian murdered him. He did not die of disease or exposure, nor did he starve. He had mastered the intricate craft required for survival in the wilderness. He had accepted the conditions imposed by the environment and had derived from them an expert technique. It was precisely the lack of this technique, and the inability to acquire it, that led the emigrants into hardship and, frequently, into disaster. True, most of them were frontiersmen, but they had lived on the fringe of settlement, where supplies were available and help could be had for the asking. They were, furthermore, forest-folk: they knew the life of the great woods, but mountains and deserts were alien to them, and so terrifying.

Perhaps most important of all, they were rampant Americans, hog-and-hominy democrats, who knew their rights and were eager to fight for them. They could not observe the military discipline which the fur-traders enforced, which made the Western expeditions of the army successful, and which the Lord God Jehovah revealed for the guidance of the Mormons on the largest single emigration ever attempted. They were, in short, tyros, bunglers, tenderfeet. If the journey had required no more than optimism, endurance and sheer strength, they would have come through uneventfully. But it required skill as well, and consequently, for many years, every considerable wagon-train to Oregon ended in disaster. Disease, famine and death became the common hazards of the trail.

Anything less than four months from the Missouri to the Columbia was good traveling time, even as late as 1850; anything more than four and a half months was dangerous, for it risked the loss of provisions and arrival in the Oregon mountains after the early Winter had begun. The trains used to assemble above the big bend of the Missouri river: Atchison, Council Bluffs and St. Joseph were the frequent starting-points late in the history of the trail, but during the brave days the customary place was Independence. It was the hell-roaringest of all frontier towns. It had been the dépôt of the Santa Fé trade, the entrepôt of the fur-trade, the holy city of the Mormons and the goal of every roustabout trailing the West. It was Deadwood, Dodge City, Abilene and Gold Gulch all in one, pitched an octave higher than any of these later Sodoms. It was Farthest East to the mountain men and Farthest West to the emigrants, the last outpost of civilization, the beginning of the trail. Here during late March and early April the emigrants congregated to complete their equipment, form themselves into trains, and await the favorable weather that would open the trail.

The diversions of Independence were at their disposal. Some indulged themselves, others didn't, but all went heartily about the business of organizing. They organized, exercising the Anglo-Saxon genius for self-government, till it was time to start West. Every train that left the frontier had a duly elected captain, lieutenants, a secretary, a surgeon, a commissary officer, a historian, a dozen other major officers and a score of deputies. Always, too, there were a constitution, a code of regulations, a code of emergency formulas, a scheme of rotating duties and a schedule of fines and other penalties. There was no way of collecting the fines, however, and no way of assuring obedience to the orders of the duly elected officers.

Before the train had been a week on the trail, rebellions would begin. The emigrant was a free man: if he wanted to wander off to shoot buffalo or see what was over the hill, though it was his job to ride with the herd or do flank-guard, that was his business and he'd be damned if he'd take orders from anyone. The captain who protested was likely to be felled with an axle-tree. If he protested too much, if he insisted on too scrupulous a ritual at a ford or in the presence of buffalo, he was

promptly deposed. Disputes turned into quarrels, and presently one train of a hundred wagons became two trains of fifty wagons each, with thirty miles between them and enough spleen left over to make sure that there would soon be four trains. This was the beginning of trouble.

There was no standardized outfit. Usually each family or small group of friends had one wagon, a conestoga or a "Mormon-bed" with a heavy doubled canvas top. Into this went whatever the emigrant was pleased to take with him. If he was realistic, he filled it with food for himself, fodder for the team, ammunition, tools, and a minimum of clothing and miscellaneous supplies. If he wasn't, he crammed it with household goods and presently had to go on short rations while he tossed out the parlor organ and the grandfather's clock to the prairie dogs so that the weakened oxen could pull the wagon. The greatest practicable load that a five-yoke team could pull was about twenty-five hundred pounds, and of this about three hundred pounds for each person should have been food. The staples were flour, rice, bacon or salt pork, corn meal, sugar, coffee and dried fruit. The well informed took also as much pemmican and pinole as they could: concentrated food of great value, the former made of buffalo meat, the latter of parched and pulverized corn.

During the fifties various canned and desiccated foods were invented, but they were little used by the emigrants. Butter could be preserved by melting it and sewing it up in buffalo skins, or it could be made on the march, the jolting rear-end of the wagon serving as a churn. Few knew enough about mountaineering to equip themselves with the right amount of food —they took too much of what they would not need and too little of what they would, and they usually realized their mistake hundreds of miles from any place where it could be repaired.

Oxen were superior to horses for the actual hauling. They were better able to subsist on Western grasses, did not weaken so quickly, were less liable to stampede and less attractive to the Indians, and could be slaughtered for beef in emergencies. Four, five or six yoke of them composed a team, but the emigrant took as many more as he could afford, to serve as replacements. If the oxen were driven to the frontier from States east of the Mississippi, they had to be allowed three or four weeks of rest to become accustomed to the new grasses. Beside oxen, the emigrant took with him what milch cattle he owned and as many mules or horses as he could afford, to form the nucleus of his farm-stock after arriving. Many tenderfeet began the journey with sheep and swine as well, but they were unmanageable on the march and soon died. Crates of chickens were often lashed behind the whitetop or swung beneath it, and occasionally ducks, geese, guinea fowl and turkeys at least began the journey.

All the stock that was not used in hauling the wagons was grouped into a common herd, the management of which was the most fertile source of trouble. The herd must be kept from stampeding and it must have grass. Usually the emigrants bungled both jobs. They failed to travel on past a predetermined camping place if the grass was poor, or they refused to go a few miles off the trail to find better grass. At the beginning of the journey, their marches were likely to be longer than they should have been. Toward the end, they failed to protect the herd from alkali water and grass that it had saturated. They often violated the first commandment of plainscraft by trying to travel during a rainstorm, and so covered the backs of the work-oxen with lacerations from the harness. They lost animals at the innumerable fords—there were no bridges or ferries till late in the history of the trail. And every blunder cost them precious time, with the oxen wearing down, provisions dwindling, and the Winter close at hand.

A large train traveled in two or more parallel columns when the country was favorable, and in single file when it was

not. It had, beside the main body, an advance guard of horsemen, flank guards, hunters and roving outriders, each common duty being discharged in turn by every member of the train. The wagon itself was usually driven by a boy or a woman. An outfit which led a column today, and so was out of the dust, fell back to the rear tomorrow and began to work forward again. The herd, under its guards, followed as far back as the consideration of safety permitted. The day began with a bugle-call at sunrise. Sometimes the women prepared breakfast while the men yoked up, drove out the herd and broke camp; in that event, there was a noon-halt for another meal and a second halt for the night meal.

More often the train got under way at once and drove till an hour or so before noon, ate breakfast and let the stock graze through the heat of the day, and then marched again till sunset. There was very little night-driving, though sometimes excessive heat or failure to find water made it necessary. The day's march might be interrupted by Indians, a stampede, buffalo, unusual difficulty at a hill or a ford, or any other of a thousand emergencies different from anything else the emigrants had ever encountered. And, in the wilderness, an emergency had to be met successfully or it turned into disaster.

III

The first month was the idyllic part of the journey, the epic stage that has established an entire school of Western literature. Rolling across the fresh turf of Kansas and eastern Nebraska, through waist-high grass, secure from Indian attack, the emigrants took the May weather with rejoicing. There was something vast and stirring in those days along the lower Platte, with the white-tops spread out in the distance, the herd plodding behind, a pleasant bustle of riders coming and going, the prairies fragrant in the wind, and no dust to speak of. They had plenty of food, plenty of good water, plenty of wood and grass. They built huge fires by night, under the brilliant prairie stars, and danced and sang around them. The young folk carried on the primitive courtships that gave every train its quota of romance. The old hands held the tenderfeet spellbound with tales of the West: how Hugh Glass had fought his grizzly, how myriads of Blackfeet had been slaughtered at Pierre's Hole, how the lost trappers had wandered for five years, how Jim Bridger in Colter's Hell had seen a mountain of transparent glass or a petrified forest where petrified birds sang petrified songs. The fires died down, and the emigrants went to sleep on buffalo robes in or under the wagons, to a chorus of grunting oxen and an obbligato of distant wolves.

But even here there was unpleasantness. Cholera was not uncommon. The epidemic of 1835 never quite subsided, and after several minor outbreaks returned violently in '49 to terrorize the gold rush. There was ague, though that was no novelty to frontiersmen. There were sudden torrential rains and still more devastating hailstorms. There were rattlesnakes. There were swarms and marching armies of bugs: grasshoppers, locusts, mosquitoes, stinging gnats and horseflies. Always a nuisance, they could become an actual plague. For days on end some trains traveled through clouds of gnats or mosquitoes that crazed the animals and forced the emigrants to cover their faces with bandannas, thus making careful shooting impossible. Horseflies left bleeding wounds, and Joel Palmer found wood-ticks even more intolerable. Stansbury speaks of listening all night to the rain-like sound of beetles butting against his tent. Frémont rode thirty miles through grasshoppers that rose like a cloud about his stirrups.

The trail led up the great natural avenue to the West, the valley of the Platte, and above the forks followed the South Platte for about one hundred miles. Then it turned to the right and struck the North Platte at Ash Hollow. About here the

ountry began to change. The grade be-ame perceptible. Prairie dogs and cactus ppeared. The grass grew shorter and parser, yielding to vast stretches of sage-rush, which the travelers called artemisia r absinthe. Strange colored earths began o appear, with stranger buttes rising bove them, and an occasional leprous atch of alkali. The trail dried out, sun-ight was dust-colored and intense, and nirages distorted the horizon. Chimney Rock lay ahead, and beyond it Scott's Bluff—a bewildering, empty country which egan to remind the emigrants of desolat-ng stories they had heard. But it was also uffalo country. One saw skeletons, then moth-eaten old bull, then fifteen or wenty together, and at last a herd. One's irst sight of a buffalo herd was a consum-nate experience, an excitement never to be uite equaled again. For miles their dark haggy bodies covered the plain to the orizon, an uneasy sea of animals.

The Indians practised several methods f killing buffalo. When they could not un the herd over a cliff, they made a "surround" or went among the animals n foot and killed them at their leisure. asily frightened by sudden movement, he buffalos were not alarmed by shooting, nd when one of their number fell they nly gathered around it to sniff the blood, iving the hunter time to kill as many nore as he wanted. The Indian methods, owever, were not adapted to the emi-rants' temper: they preferred the more pectacular technique of the mountain men. his required horses trained for the hunt nd, if it was to be reasonably safe, much kill on the part of the hunter. He spurred is horse into the herd, where it at once ent mad, galloping at full speed, almost ut of control. The hunter waited till he pproached a young cow—the bulls were nsidered worthless for meat and robes—nd then shot it.

If the bullet took effect—to do so it had o strike just back of the fore-shoulder—he beast fell after a few steps. But if the ound was slight, it immediately charged at the horse. Here is where training counted: with running buffalos all around it and a pain-crazed one in pursuit, it must dodge, side-step and sprint, avoiding prairie-dog holes, dry washes and clumps of sagebrush, till the rider's gun was reloaded. If the rider, in all this turmoil, reversed the order of powder and lead, or failed to ram the charge sufficiently, or jarred it loose once it was rammed, then the gun would burst at the next shot and maim or at least disarm him. If the horse stumbled or a saddle-girth broke, one more hunter was pulverized beneath the rushing herd. The noise was terrific. When thirty hunters charged into a herd and set it galloping across the prairie, dust rose like a smoke-screen many miles long.

For butchering, the carcass was propped up with the belly downward and the central incision was made along the backbone, contrary to the practice with other animals. This method facilitated getting at the choicest portions of the meat. The hump, the bass (a small hump on the neck) and the tongue were the finest delicacies and, when hunting was good, the only portions used. If time was limited or buffalos were scarce, however, the butcher went on to secure the "fleece," the flesh that covered the ribs; the "depuis," the fatty strip from the shoulders to the tail; the "belly fleece"; the "side ribs," as distinguished from the "hump ribs"; and the "marrow bones" of the thigh, which were cracked open for their fatty filling. All the rest, including hams and shoulders, was left for the wolves, being considered worthless as food except in times of privation.

The meat was cooked in strips impaled on green sticks and propped up to broil over a slow fire. When it was at its best from April to June, no honest Westerner would have exchanged it for any other food. It was like the best beef with a gamey flavor added to it, and no amount of it seemed to hurt anyone, if it was properly cooked. Eight, ten or twelve pounds a day was no unusual ration. Genuinely hardened mountaineers would sometimes

eat it raw, spiced with gall, or try out a pint of grease in a skillet and drink it with the utmost gusto. After a hunt, the meat that was not immediately eaten was "jerked" in the sun or dried over a fire. The mountain men halted their caravans till this important operation was done properly, but the trains, desperate to regain lost time, hurried it and so brought on the dysentery that comes from living on improperly cured meat.

IV

It was stimulating to be in the buffalo country, but the emigrants knew that where there were buffalos there would also be Indians. So from now on they lived in constant fear of attack. As a matter of fact, in spite of the movie convention which has scattered charred conestogas from the Missouri to the Pacific, very few emigrant trains were attacked during the great migration. A movie director, in fact, would be hard put to it to show any large-scale atrocity before the middle fifties when the character of the travel had changed. The historic massacres of the West took place even later. They were the work of the Sioux confederacy and the Idaho tribes, aroused by the loss of their lands and encouraged to believe themselves unconquerable by a government military policy that was little short of idiotic.

During the great days of the trail, life was comparatively safe. The Blackfeet had been well licked by the fur-traders and decimated by smallpox, and the Comanches, the other traditional hellcats of the West, never came as far North as the Oregon trail. The other tribes did not make frontal attacks on wagon trains. The fortification that could be made of a circle of white-tops was impregnable to cavalry charges, even if the emigrants had not had a great superiority in rifles and powder. Such warfare on anything like equal terms was no part of Indian strategy; it was safer and more amusing to lift the hair of stragglers. But the emigrants, nevertheless, lived in dread of them. There were alarms by night, when any skulking wolf or swaying bush might be a redskin scout, and the train was roused to terror. By day, at any moment the advance guard might gallop in, shouting that Indians were at hand. At once the ends of the train circled toward each other, the corral was formed, and the herd was driven into it. There was a chaos of running men, screaming women, bellowing cattle. Teams were unyoked, ammunition was laid out, goods were piled up for breastworks. And then a few pacific Crows or Ogallalas rode up, making signs of peace and begging for powder, firewater and old clothes. The train got under way again, relieved, but another half-day had been lost.

The emigrants did suffer, however, from a somewhat less picturesque diversion of the Indians, namely, the stampede. All tribes practised it, even the Crows, who sometimes boasted falsely that they had never killed a white man. By night they wormed their way toward the herd and suddenly descended upon it, yelling, shooting, and waving firebrands. The herd at once hightailed off into the distance, and the train was held up while horsemen rode out to collect what stragglers the Indians had missed. Thus more time was lost, and the stock had been weakened by one more frantic gallop over broken country.

At the mouth of the Laramie were pleasant meadows, a trading post, and, later, a military garrison. The trains paused here to recruit the stock, repair the wagons and jettison surplus goods. Hundreds of miles apart, Forts Bridger, Hall and Boisé lay beyond it, the only other places on the trail where there was a trace of settlement till the Mormons established Great Salt Lake City in 1847. But the necessity of haste drove the emigrants on. They were now well into the desert. The lead-white sun burned in a lead-white sky. Dust hung above the entire column, motionless, almost impenetrable; it sifted through the doubled covers of the wagons, sifted through the seams of boxes, clung like

paste to everything exposed to it, and was intolerably gritty in all the food. Grass was hard to find, so that the oxen grew emaciated and more goods had to be abandoned. Even the sagebrush shrank to stunted, cactus-like skeletons. There was no wood—one burned the miserable sage or hunted for buffalo chips.

The trail led past Devil's Gate to Poison Spider Creek, where it left the Platte and struck directly West among spectacular buttes to the Sweetwater river and a glimpse of grass. A few miles farther on, after appalling bad lands, it entered South Pass and crossed the continental divide. Palmer typified the rejoicing of the emigrants on reaching this landmark by printing in large capitals: "We had reached the summit of the Rocky Mountains" and adding: "Six miles brought us to a spring, the waters of which run into Green river, or the Colorado of the West. Here, then, we hailed Oregon." But South Pass was not the halfway point in either time or distance. Thus far only the Sweetwater stretches of the road had led through actual mountains; hereafter the emigrants were never out of them. The trail led through canyons and across divides that grew steadily more exhausting.

From South Pass to the Bear river was the worst traveling yet encountered. The grade mounted and in the thin air, under the parching sun, after a thousand miles of jolting, the outfits began to crumble. A conestoga that had been new at Independence was battered and worn. Harnesses wore out, wheels fell apart at the felloe or the hub, main-braces gave way, tongues snapped in two. Frequently an entire wagon went to pieces. Oxen and horses began to break down from overwork, insufficient food and bad water. Lava, shale-rock, and the roots of sagebrush wore away hooves so drastically that treatment with melted pitch did not always save them. Alkali water poisoned the stock.

And the emigrants themselves were in as bad shape. Badly cured meat combined with bad water to produce a prostrating dysentery. As the road climbed, mountain fever broke out, a recurrent giddiness with palpitation, nausea and intense aching. Worst of all, the sun parched one's nerves. Women wept easily. Men fought over trivialities. Cheekbones thrust high above deep hollows. This was the country that broke the spirit of the emigrants and unfitted them for the severer mountains still ahead. It produced a characteristic pathological mood, a depression which might lapse into melancholy and sometimes into a lassitude that left a man sitting beside the trail while the caravan creaked on without him. In some instances there developed even a violent mania, an insanity born of sun and the emptiness of the wilds.

Between this desolation and the still more difficult country to come, there was one oasis, at Soda Springs on Bear river. A wide, green, fragrant and wood-filled valley, it unquestionably saved many an emigrant train from annihilation. No matter how scanty fire, drouth and travel had made the grass elsewhere along the trail, here it was always abundant. There was plenty of wood to brace the wagon-boxes, replace the shattered tongues, and reset the wheels. Rest and sweet fodder restored some measure of strength to the oxen; rest, green meadows, and the music of the hundred springs brought back sanity to the emigrants. But they dared not stop long, for the early Winter of the peaks was almost at hand. The trail now led into a chaos of lava fields, fragments of mountain ranges, high cliffs and treacherous rivers. Water was sometimes available, sometimes not, and sometimes near at hand but unapproachable.

From the head of Raft river valley, where the road to California branched off, the Oregon trail ran on to Powder River and the Grand Ronde and over the mountains to the Umatilla. On the way came the two dreaded crossings of the Snake. It was the most treacherous of rivers: sudden floods swelled it, quicksands lined its banks and bottom, yesterday's ford was likely to be dangerously swift and deep today. The

train which got across without losing at least one man was fortunate, and the one which did not lose horses and oxen was unheard of. A crossing, even if a ford was found, was a turmoil of frenzied animals, frantic women and desperate men. When no ford could be found and the goods had to be ferried across while the cattle swam, it was little short of chaos. With even the most careful precautions, oxen were swept downstream into the rapids, mules got water in their ears and, terrified, let themselves drown, and a broken ferry-rope or a driver's blunder let one or more wagons slip into the depths.

V

Thus they struggled on to the Grand Ronde and into the Blue Mountains. Another outbreak of dysentery or another siege of mountain fever wracked them. The grades were now, to the exhausted teams, almost impassable. Sixteen, eighteen, and even twenty yoke of oxen were hitched together to take one wagon up a hill, an expedient that delayed four while one made progress. And the wagon which made the top was empty, for even forty famished oxen could not pull the contents as well. They had to be taken up by manpower, every mile being retraced a dozen times. Here, mismanagement along the trail was likely to culminate in disaster.

The early snows swept down upon them. Pneumonia, induced by exhaustion and undernourishment, killed many and terrified the rest. Expresses went on ahead to the settlements, begging for food and fresh oxen. In their desperation many made the culminating blunder of trying to find a short-cut from the established trail, some worn path of the fur-traders who had used no wagons, or some quite mythical lodge-trail of the Indians. Such experimenters suffered more severely than the others: of the two hundred-odd who seceded from Palmer's first party in 1845 over forty died. The rest struggled on, fighting cold, snow, fog and starvation. There were desperate, forced marches by exhausted men, aimless wandering, and passive despair. But at last they reached lower altitudes along the Umatilla, where they were met by the rescue-parties which they had summoned, and were safe. They kept on through the cold interminable rains of the Northwestern Winter, to the Columbia and down its left bank to the John Day, the Des Chutes, and, at last, trail's-end—Fort Vancouver. They had reached Oregon.

If it was a good trip, not more than five out of a hundred had died on the way. Perhaps dysentery had killed one and fever another; one had drowned at the Snake, one had pitched headlong during a buffalo hunt, and one had been pinned beneath a slipping wagon in the Blues. These five had probably been counterbalanced by as many births along the trail. But if cholera had been active, or if because of early snows or poor management they had come late to the last ranges, the five casualties might become ten or fifteen or twenty; at least once a still higher mortality occurred.

But for all that, and for all the anguish of the trail, the expedition had, reminiscently, a glamor beyond anything else in our national experience. Oregon never quite came up to the advertisement it had had, and few emigrants attained the bliss they expected there, but the wandering itself was a glorious success. It had brought daily adventure into ordinary lives. It had keyed limited souls to the vastness of the plateaux and the sonoras. It had made of commonplace folk veteran wanderers of the wilderness, who had dared the impossible and survived it. For thousands, the months along the trail were the climax of experience, a crescendo of vigor and intensity and wild color, which they could never attain again. It was for a season life at the highest pitch, something splendid and heroic and beyond expression real. One wonders that an experience so tremendous and so uniquely American has, above the level of Ned Buntline, almost never got itself written down in our national literature.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Censor Psyche.—Among the various otives that prompt a man to undertake e office of censoring the activities of his llow men, one, I believe, has been over-oked by the Freuds. The first impulse of ery human being, even before he is old ough to crawl out of his cradle, is to stroy. The baby who bites vainly at his bber teething-ring and beats his rattle olently against the cradle-side is the pre-rsor of the adult Methodist who snaps elastic art and tries to break the silver unds of the world's gaiety. The baby, owing into a boy, takes continued pleas-e in breaking the window-panes of eighbors' houses, pulling out their door-lls, sticking a scissors into his sister's oll and disemboweling it of its sawdust, d smashing glass marbles to see just hat produces the beautiful rainbow spi-ls within them. This boy is similarly the rerunner of the adult Methodist who erives his wayward pleasure from destruc-on of one sort or another. The boy, grow-g in turn into his late 'teens and even ry early twenties, finds still a peculiar tisfaction in petty destructions and oves to be the best customer of clay-pipe ooting galleries, ball games in which is vouchsafed three tries for a nickel at Negro's head, and other such diversions. his older boy, too, is but the Methodist the way to maturity.

The men who devote themselves to cen-rship are simply men who have not, ith the aid of experience, wisdom and nor, outgrown the childish desire for discriminate havoc. They are thus what ay be designated emotional morons, man beings with adult bodies but with e minds, tastes and predilections of chil-dren. Unable to satisfy themselves with the species of destructiveness that pacified them in their earlier years, they cast about for new, legal and safe means to work off their moron steam and find what they are seeking in the arts. No longer able to derive any pleasure from breaking windows, they now attempt to achieve an emotional orgasm by breaking the creative work of a novelist or dramatist. No longer able to get any fun out of smashing a coon's skull with a baseball, they now try to calm their passion for demolition by putting spiked barriers in the way of the artist.

The Value of Censorship.—There is at least one point in connection with literary and dramatic censorship that most of its foes overlook, and that point is that it very directly operates to improve craftsmanship in the field of lovely letters. Finding that their wares, because of the literality of their expression, fall under the censors' ban, authors who otherwise might rest content lazily to exploit the relatively simple pronouncements of realism are driven to the more intricate and trying art of literary suggestion, implication and inference. An imagination is now called upon that was previously called upon but feebly. The author is put to it to defeat censorship with the devious complexities of the literary art, the subtle shadings, the fine circumlocutions, all the shrewd and masterly jugglings of the English language. It is and it will ever be thus that a Cabell, who knows how to write, will always beat the censors after the first skirmish, where a lesser skill at English composition will be pounced upon and devoured.

The Enemy Within the Gates.—Nothing is more dangerous to the security and welfare of a nation than an internal sense of humor. The moment a nation begins to show a talent for laughing critically at itself, however wise and profound the mainspring of that laughter, that moment is it doomed. To endure, a nation must be utterly humorless so far as it itself is concerned. It may mock and wax satirical at all the other nations of the earth, but when it comes to itself it must be as dully straight-faced as a division captain in the heat of battle. The inability to laugh at itself has preserved England for centuries, and made it strong. The inability to snicker at itself is the greatest asset of America. Imagine how long the United States would last were it gifted with a talent for not taking seriously its current form of government, its hypocritical money-lender position in the world, and its record—the real, honest-to-God, between-the-lines record—of its wars. Confidence is born out of a nation's indomitable deficiency in humorous self-criticism. But what then, says the little bird, of pretentious Germany? Was it not Germany's complete poverty in the direction of esoteric mirth that led to its downfall? That is a question that could only be asked by one who forgets that it was the late spokesman of the German nation who observed, after a diatribe against what passed for German depth, frankness and honesty: "Among ourselves alone we perhaps take the liberty to laugh at it all."

Free Speech.—The difficulty, thus far unsurmounted, to formulate a sound, satisfactory and workable definition of free speech is clearly to be appreciated after even a casual meditation of the problem. The truth, of course, is that the right of free speech is merely the dream of sentimentalists. Absolute free speech is an impossibility, and rightly so, in any even relatively civilized social organization or community. One might as well speak of free act, that is, the privilege of the individual not only to say anything he pleased but also to do anything he please Take two champions of free speech, tw men who advocate unchecked freedom expressed opinion. One day, one of the champions confronts the other and tel him that his wife is a harlot. I need n indicate the prompt suppression of fr speech on the part of the champion a dressed. The illustration, to be sure, is far-fetched and rather absurd one, but betrays the first holes in the doctrine.

Civilization, of which social integrit individual safety, the common ameniti and the public welfare are, among oth things, component parts, cannot abi free speech in the strict definition of th term. What staunch advocate of free speec amongst us would not hesitate over th privilege of a private approaching th general of the army at the height of co flict and telling him that he was all wron in his tactical ideas and didn't know wha he was doing? Prosperous and satisfactor conduct of government, on its highest an perhaps finest plane, is to be compare with the general in question, in oth words, with competent autocracy. Fre speech may go so far, and with undeniabl profit, but it may not go farther. The ma who, on a sinking liner, jumps into a lif boat, pushing aside a score of women an children and leaving them to drown, simply a momentarily inarticulate fre speaker; his suppressed words and opinio are as clear as if he shouted them at the to of his lungs. Take another and more rel vant example. An advocate of free speec enters on a Sunday a church whose doo are open to the public and, in the midst a prayer, stands up and proclaims that h does not believe in God. The man has an should have a perfect right to proclai his belief, but the place where he does th proclaiming is not always his freely t select. He may do his proclaiming at hom or in a barroom or on a public street-corne but not in a place where he may properl and justifiably be arrested for disturbin the peace. Free speech is a mere empt phrase, therefore, save it be limited an

nditioned by environment, scene and oc-sion. And when it is thus properly nited, it obviously and automatically comes an even emptier phrase.

Although the framing of a comprehen-rely satisfactory definition of free speech s baffled talents infinitely greater than y humble own, I modestly offer just such lefinition. Free speech, to wit, is and un-terruptedly should be, on every conceiv-le occasion, the prerogative of any and ery citizen who is possessed of a suf-ient critical recognition of what has ne to constitute the soundest socio-gical, economic and individualist specu-tion that has antecedently come down us. By this definition, plainly enough, e doctrine of free speech as a general ivilege vanishes into thin air.

Human Nature.—Not long ago, I wrote d published an article celebrating the any virtues of a man I respect and ad-ire, pausing only for a moment in the logy to hint that, with all these hun-ed-odd uncommon and enviable attri-ites and qualities, he had also perhaps a ouple of small faults. No sooner did the ticle appear than the object of my eulogy rote and published a short article of his wn, accusing me of simply growling at m.

The Country's Need.—It was the late Mar-all of Indiana, then Vice-President of the epublic, who, as I recall, observed that hat the country needed most was a good ve-cent cigar. While I do not for a mo-ent wish to deny a measure of truth to ie estimable Marshall's observation, the ct remains that it was little more than a ery fetching epigram and without that mplete soundness of statement that one oks for in Vice-Presidents. A good five-nt cigar has been an utter impossibility nce McKinley's time; it remains but a emory of happy days long gone; it is out f the question in these later years because f the high price of labor, high taxation nd what not. Marshall might just as rationally have said that what the country needed most was a good twenty-five dollar blue serge suit. But there is something that the country needs badly and that it feasibly and very easily can get and can have. And that is a three-dollar bill.

With the gradual increase in the cost of things since the late war broke out, the dollar, as we unhappily know, ceased to be a dollar in its erstwhile sense. It no longer could buy what it once did, nor, for that matter, could two dollars. The two-dollar bill, indeed, became so useless for purposes of general daily commerce that the government stopped printing it. And with what result? With the result that today there is no intermediate bill between the one-dollar and five-dollar bill. Yet the average man often finds that his purchases in a score of directions run to an amount between the two sums, and it is a well-known fact that hardly ever has anyone change for a five-dollar bill. What is worse, the purchaser himself seldom has change to cover the situation. He may have a number of five- or ten-dollar bills; he may have some loose silver change; but it is a rare day that he has a sufficient number of one-dollar bills. I venture to guess that if you were to accost the next dozen men you meet on the street and ask each of them how many one-dollar bills he had in his pocket, you would find not more than three at most out of the twelve who had more than two such bills about their persons. A three-dollar bill would be easily changed; it would speed up trade; it would lighten the burdens of countless men; and it would prove a boon to a country at present beset by the intricacies of the problem of getting change without considerable delay, hard feeling and loud cussing.

The Moralist.—Morality is a species of disease, of weakness. The completely healthy man is never a moralist. There never has been a moralist who hasn't suffered—and hasn't personally been aware of the disturbing fact—from a physical deficiency in a certain direction.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

A Metaphysical Masochist

The major portion of the drama of Pirandello consists in a kind of metaphysical masochism. The Italian lays hold of a philosophical paradox and derives an intense orgastic pleasure from belaboring himself with it. Where Shaw takes the same paradox and uses it sadistically upon his audience, his Latin contemporary bares his own flesh to it. In his ability to laugh at his self-imposed torture lies the latter's genius.

The technique of the outstanding Pirandello drama is that of a philosophical detective play, with Truth as the mysterious and evasive culprit and with all the characters of the play as sleuths. "Right You Are If You Think You Are," excellently produced by the Theatre Guild, is typical of the leading elements in the Pirandello canon. As a *tour de force* in mystification, it must rank as a noteworthy achievement. Composed of materials that are essentially of dubious dramatic value, it is so ingeniously contrived that time and again when it seems that the whole structure must be on the point of collapsing the uncommon wit of the author astonishes one with its jugglery of the theme back into renewed life. When the curtain falls on the first act, that theme strikes one as having been rounded out; there seems to be little that the playwright can bring to it to sustain it further. Yet the second act no sooner gets under way than what appeared to be a complete statement and relative solution of the theme is seen to have been but dexterous preparation. The same impression persists after the fall of the second curtain only to be dissipated by the rise of the third. The fault of the play theatrically, as with the bulk of the author's work, lies in its prolonged and unrelieved argumentation. It is mentally dramatic, but, after all, the theatre calls for the use of the eye as well as the ear, and the Pirandello drama has the air of being written for intelligent blind men. I do not make a point of mere physical action, plainly enough; what I mean is that Pirandello seeks to dramatize abstraction in terms of abstraction rather than in terms of theatrical concreteness. One sees his characters move about the stage, but the movement always impresses one as having been wrought by the stage producer rather than by the dramatist himself. For all that it matters, the actors might just as well be wooden dummies and their lines spoken by a ventriloquist.

Pirandello's favorite theme is the shadowy line that separates and distinguishes truth from fantasy, what is real from what is not real, and what is believed to be fact from what may conceivably not be fact at all. His method of presenting this theme dramatically is to lift it completely clear of the drama as we generally recognize it and to play it like an old-time minstrel show, without castanets and tambourines but with the conventional interlocutor at centre interrogating in turn the performers seated to his left and right and commenting whimsically upon their replies. In "Right You Are If You Think You Are," for example, the interlocutor is clearly identified in the person of Lamberto Laudisi, who, throughout the main portion of the play, sits elegantly aloof from the other metaphysical minstrels, periodically inquires of each of them the philosophical equivalent of "Who was that lady I seen you on the street with last night?" and upon each metaphorical reply that that was no lady, that was my wife, lifts his eyebrows quizzically and observes slyly that the minstrel addressed only thinks it

s his wife as, under the laws of certain ites and countries, no marriage would be cognized and hence the imagined wife s actually nothing more than the lady tially alluded to.

Where Shaw possesses the most agile nd in contemporary drama, Pirandello ssesses beyond question the trickiest. In e matter of philosophical paradox there no one like him in the field of modern amatic writing. It is not, however, a re superficial trickiness, but one that rings from a shrewd combination of inspective wisdom and a profound cynical mor. The virtue of Pirandello lies in the ality of his meditations and conclusions; s weakness in his failure thus far to olve a thoroughly satisfactory species of amaturgy to quicken them into consistly holding theatrical exhibitions. The eatest admirer of the Italian has difficulty in reconciling his considerable intellectual interest in Pirandello's stage with s relative theatrical disinterest. The theatre, after all, is the place where ideas ust not merely live but must also move. he ideas of the theatre of Pirandello are ive, as healthy human beings dreaming teresting dreams in their sleep are alive, it they are not dramatized in terms of eir waking hours. Critics of the printed ama may justifiably take the opposite oint of view, but critics of the theatre ho do not confound a merely unusual and artlingly novel theatrical evening with ound and lastingly effective acted drama annot help but deplore the circumstance at allied to the engaging Pirandello ind there is not the theatrical craft of me such worker in the sociological and conomic phases of the Pirandello what-is-ruth motif as John Galsworthy.

Philip Moeller's staging of the difficult anuscript was an extremely good job. I ave rarely seen a static manuscript so audulently but admirably given a semblance of movement. The Theatre Guild roductions improve steadily as time goes n. In the department of acting, too, is mprovement constantly observable. The one lamentable deficiency in the Guild's working plan remains its incomprehensible apathy toward what is best and most deserving in American dramatic writing. In the field of foreign manuscripts, it displays a considerable astuteness in selection. In the department of American drama, it shows the discrimination of a two-year-old. It surely indicates something wrong somewhere when an organization like the otherwise estimable Guild offers as its idea of the best in present-day American drama such things as "Ned McCobb's Daughter" and "The Silver Cord" and leaves to other producers not only all the plays of Eugene O'Neill, but such works as "Chicago" and "Saturday's Children." It appears that we cannot look to the Guild for an intelligent appreciation of native dramatic writing. It certainly could not have been mere accident or fate that caused to be produced by others "Desire Under the Elms," "Craig's Wife," "What Price Glory?" "A Man's Man" and the dozen or more worthy American plays of the last four or five years. The question is: does the Guild make any sympathetic effort to get such plays? And the answer, very plainly, is no.

II

A Failure with Points

A MONTH or so ago, there was produced in New York an attempt at Restoration comedy by Dorrance Davis called "A Lady in Love." The reviews of the effort read as if the author had been guilty of profaning the graves of the Twelve Apostles. It appeared that Davis had a high impudence to think that he had even a faint measure of Congreve's wit, that it was rank effrontery for him to set himself to capture the comic spirit of the Restoration period, and that he should at least have had the modesty to refrain from posturing himself in the position of the worthy dramatists who flourished in the time of the second Charles. I hope that I do not unduly injure my colleagues' feelings when I ven-

ture the opinion that though, as they very rightly contended, Davis' attempt was, to be generous, not especially successful, it was still no worse and even a lot better than a number of the comedies produced during the Restoration.

It seems to be a conviction of the gentlemen who write about our theatre for the New York press that the Restoration comedies were all extremely finished and very witty, if, alas, sometimes bawdy, affairs. Say Restoration to them and their minds centre immediately upon such exhibits as "The Way of the World," "Love for Love," "The Country Wife," "The Double Dealer," and "The Beaux's Stratagem," much as if, fifty years from now, one were to mention the Coolidge period in American drama and the minds of their grandsons were to centre solely upon the plays of Eugene O'Neill and George Kelly. But the comedies of the Restoration, unfortunately, were often quite as sorry specimens in their way as many of the plays of the Coolidge reign are in theirs. The Restoration had its Davises, relatively speaking, as well as its Wycherleys, just as the Coolidge period has its Mae Wests along with its Maxwell Andersons and Maurine Watkinses. If "A Lady in Love" had been written by a Davis of the Seventeenth or early Eighteenth Century, the present reviewers would undoubtedly have found merits in it that they currently decline to find. It is, as I have said, very, very far from a worthy comedy, but it is every bit as good, for example, as Aphra Behn's "The Forced Marriage," "The Debauchee" and "The Town Fop," Settle's "Fatal Love, or the Forced Inconstancy," Crowne's "The Country Wit" and "The Married Beau," or even Shadwell's "The Sullen Lovers." The wit and grace of the Restoration are too often taken for granted by those who have not gone to the pains (pains is the word) to read beyond its four outstanding figures, Congreve, Wycherley, Vanbrugh and Farquhar, and, possibly, to stretch a point, Etherege. Time has hallowed, in at least certain quarters, the excessive dulness of Buckingham and Roche ter, beside whom the present-day Vince Lawrence and even Harry Wagstaff Gribb are wits of the first water. Cibber, Otw and Sedley are prattled about in cla rooms by professors who believe that an thing with a cobweb on it is *ipso facto* mo greatly worth consideration than som thing on which the paint is still wet a sticky, and who have not the faintest id how inferior in every particular "T Careless Husband," "Friendship in Fas ion" and "The Grumbler" are to a number of second-rate comedies shov every season on Broadway. Davis, havi already cut a notch in his own neck wi an awful dose of trash called "The Shelf thus came ready-made a lamb to t slaughter of tradition.

"A Lady in Love," saving its occasion cheap lapses into the modern tongue a its tail-chasing first act, is a fair enoug second-rate comedy in the Restoratio manner. Its wit, certainly, is many, mat long miles below that of the Congrev and Farquhars, but it is no weaker tha that of a portion of their contemporarie Its bawdy vulgarity is of a pretty robu grade; a number of its low and saucy pa sages have a loud Rabelaisian humor them. And, in one particular at least, is as ingenious as any comedy written du ing the entire Restoration era. I allude t the situation that brings down the curta on its second act. The inevitable ancie husband wedded to the inevitable youn and personable Clarissa fears cuckoldry the hands of the inevitable young an handsome soldier. He commissions a hir ling to do away with the latter. The hir ling is a two-faced and sardonic knave wh imparts to the young lover the ancient desire for his demise and, while the a cient is shooed away with a trumped-u invitation to the Lord Mayor's house, th young wife and her gallant plan their re venge. The lover is brought into the a cient husband's house and laid out on table, with a sheet drawn over him an with candles burning at his head, as

ad. The old husband, returning, beholds
iat he believes to be his hireling's handi-
ork and is stricken with remorse and fear
the consequences. If only the young
ldier might be brought back to life! he
es. There follows an elaborate feeling of
e pseudo-corpse's pulse, etc., and the
dden, gleeful discovery that life has not
t fully departed. But how to complete
e recovery? It is suggested that the hus-
nd take the body to his bedroom and
ere work over it until it be restored to
gor. The idea horrifies the old fellow,
ll seized as he is with alarm over what
has been responsible for. He cannot bear
e thought of being alone in a room with
e body of the man whose murder he had
anned. There is, therefore, but one way
t of the dilemma. The wife must take
e body to *her* boudoir, put it upon her
d and there bring back the spark of life
to it and so save her husband's good
me. And curtain.

The acting and direction of the comedy
ubtless contrived further to obscure the
mor of the piece from the reviewers who
ere at the outset already hostile to its
leged presumption. With the single ex-
ption of Sidney Greenstreet, none of the
ayers seemed to have the slightest notion
how such a comedy should be played.
om first to last, even in its loudest epi-
des, it was acted as intensely and dra-
atically as a Drury Lane melodrama. Its
rected pace, in addition, was of the
mpo of a hymn. In short, a very inferior
ckooing of Restoration comedy at its
st, but at the same time an amusing and
casionally hilarious mimicking of Res-
ration comedy on its lesser levels.

III

The Question of Passions

THE conventional criticism of any such
lay as Rosso di San Secondo's "Marion-
te, che Passione!" or "Puppets of Pas-
on," is that the emotions and perturba-
ons of its characters are too alien either
to persuade or interest the Anglo-Saxon spectator. It is a criticism that we hear whenever one of the more intensely amorous dramas of the Latin countries comes our way, and it is a criticism that, for sheer nonsense, one must go a long distance to equal. That the Anglo-Saxon cardiac psychology is somewhat different from that of the Latin needs no arguing, but that this difference makes the Anglo-Saxon unresponsive to plays emphasizing it calls for a great deal. The criticism is merely a convenient cloak under which its expounders conceal their inability to get at the core of the matter.

It is not the passions of the Latin drama that seem unreal and indeed often mutinously humorous to the Anglo-Saxon audience, but the Anglo-Saxon actors who are put forth to affect them. The case is different, as everyone knows, when an Italian or Spanish or French drama of the species under discussion is played in an Anglo-Saxon community by Italian, Spanish or French actors. One hears no snickers then, save from persons who do not understand the language and to whom the drama accordingly and as a matter of course takes on the air of a somewhat comical moving picture. But when the drama is translated into English and the passions of its Pietros, Gonzalos and Raouls are put into the mouths and antics of Piccadilly and Broadway actors, they quite naturally strike the spectator not only as alien but as extremely jocose. I am speaking, of course, of the modern drama, for once you put actors into costume and relegate their activities to a past period, an audience is ready to grant anything, bad acting in particular, and to enjoy it. But when you show an English or American audience a painfully obvious English or American actor in a Hawes and Curtis suit and a sanitary-barbershop hair-cut who is put down in the programme as Don Basilio Ramón Gumersindo Contreras and who, after calling on his ancestor, Solórzano y Pereira Mendoza, to bear witness to the outraged family honor, pulls out a Six-

teenth Century stiletto and stabs himself through the liver because his sister has married a peon—well, I ask you.

The majority of the kind of plays I am alluding to are produced in just this way. The translations are often good enough, the *décor* is often sufficiently apposite and the producer generally goes so far toward verisimilitude as to hire a real Italian, Spaniard or Frenchman to play the part of the waiter in the private supper-room scene, but the actors who are disclosed in the important rôles are uniformly by nature, temperament and physical appearance about as aptly suited to them as a company of Italian, Spanish or French actors would be to "Is Zat So?" or "What Price Glory?" The argument here, of course, is that competent English or American actors should be able so to alter their actual personalities as realistically to suggest the nature and deportment of the alien characters entrusted to them, but an argument, however convincing, is one thing and established fact is another. And the established fact, with so few exceptions that they may be dismissed, is that when English or American actors try to make persuasive the passions of D'Annunzio, Guiméra or Porto-Riche they almost always succeed only in making their audiences laugh. If there is another reason for the failure of an Anglo-Saxon audience to react satisfactorily to the stranger emotions of an alien drama, I am at a loss to account for it. Surely no one would be so foolish as to contend that Anglo-Saxons are as generally unresponsive to so-called alien passions when they are set forth in translated modern novels; the success of any number of such novels in England and America, from those of Anatole France to those of Blasco Ibáñez, is ample proof of the emotional receptivity of Anglo-Saxons when no disconcerting barriers are put in the way. Surely, too, no one would think for a moment of arguing that an Anglo-Saxon audience is unresponsive to the unusual passions of much of the classic drama. And, to go even further, we may convince ourselves that, when it comes t these theoretically alien and unfamili emotional disturbances, we have conside able evidence from the daily newspapers not counting the tabloids—that Italia Spanish and French passions are in as fu operation on the part, say, of New Yor and Chicago Americans as they are in the native lands. It is not the alien passion but the alien funnels of those passions, th generate the Anglo-Saxon titters. When a audience sees Mr. Frank Morgan, for e ample, a man as completely suggestive Broadway as *Variety*, pretending, witho make-up, in the San Secondo opus, that h is a passionate Italian, conducting himse like a libretto by Leoncavallo and drink ing a glass of poisoned champagne becaus his fair one has gone to the Italian equiva lent of Atlantic City with a rival, it readily to be forgiven for echoing the sen timent of a certain illustrious, if deplorabl vulgar, predecessor of *Feldherr* Foch.

IV

The Moralist and the Theatre

It has become a platitude that when th moralist mind presently scans the dram its attention becomes fixed almost exclu sively upon sex. With the death of An thony Comstock there passed out of mora snooping, in all its departments and ram fications, the consideration of all othe offenses against the established hand-me downs of Moses. Sex and sex alone becam the turpentine that made the smut-smeller squirm and heave. To the late lamente Anthony, sex was but one evil calling fo the intervention of the Lord God Almight and Police Captain Mulcahey. There was too, a comprehensive catalogue of othe instruments of Satan. There were, as w discover after a study of the eminent An thony's tome, "Traps for the Young," candy stores that retarded the footsteps o youngsters on their way to school an church, stories of romantic love, news papers that printed accounts of crimes

dime-novels recounting the exploits of train robbers, safe-crackers, detectives and other such crooks, novels containing oaths, tales of gambling, pool-rooms, raffles, lotteries, plays dealing with criminals, alcoholic drinks, patent medicines, dubious professors of the *spirochæta pallida*, booklets setting forth the ways and means of dropped-handkerchief and like flirtations, atheistic and infidel literature, and a score of similar corruptions.

Sex, indeed, was one of the least of the nefarious nuisances against which the august crusader pitched his indignations. In literature and in the drama, Comstock found many more things to deplore and prosecute than the mere over-active libido. Among the infamies that aroused his wrath and sent him hot-foot to the telephone to summon to his and Jehovah's aid the minions of the law were—I quote from his book—"coarse, slangy stories in the dialect of the bar-room, the blood-and-thunder romance of border life, and the exaggerated details of crimes, real and imaginary; crimes which are gilded and lawlessness which is painted to resemble valor, making a bid for bandits, brigands, murderers, thieves and criminals in general; leading characters who possess extraordinary beauty of countenance, the most superb clothing, abundant wealth, the strength of a giant, the agility of a squirrel, the cunning of a fox, . . . and who are the high favorite of some rich person who by his patronage and endorsement lifts the young villain into lofty positions in society and provides liberally of his wealth to secure him immunity for his crimes;" plays and stories in which "one girl is hired to personate a rich girl and marry the villain in her stead," in which "a beautiful girl, by lying and deceit, seeks to captivate one whom she loves," in which "a man is murdered by being blown up by explosives," in which "assaults are made upon an officer while resisting arrests," in which there is "a conspiracy against an officer to prevent the arrest of a criminal," in which there is a burglary or a woman murdered by masked thieves, in which "an attempt is made to force a beautiful girl to marry a scoundrel to save her benefactor," in which "attempts are made to coerce a girl to marry against her wishes," in which there are attempted assassinations, in which confidence games are shown or described, in which highwaymen figure, in which there is a massacre by Indians, in which "one babe is stolen to substitute for another," in which there is clandestine correspondence between two sweethearts, in which a man deserts his first wife and marries another woman, in which there is "a disparagement of honest toil," in which such things are shown as "in what part of the body to plant pistol bullets to the best advantage and how to handle poison skilfully," and in which there are "defalcations and embezzlements." Fifteen or twenty additional items of like character are listed. Under the terms of them, Comstock advocated suppression, and not on sex grounds, of all such theatrical exhibits as "Is Zat So?," the melodramas of Lincoln J. Carter, "Within the Law," "Raffles," "Robin Hood," "The Bohemian Girl," "Pinafore," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Night Refuge," "The Weavers," "Love-in-a-Mist," "The Fatal Card," "Sherlock Holmes," "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "Turn to the Right," "Strife" and a hundred others currently regarded by his descendants in morality as innocent and harmless.

The moral order has turned something of a cart-wheel since Comstock became a subject of interest for the worms. Where the moralist of the '80's saw harm in the depiction of countless human frailties and diversions, his offspring today sees danger *pur et simple* in sex. The drama may safely violate all the Commandments but the Seventh. Even the second clause of the Tenth is perfectly safe in any number of dramatic directions, as we know, for example, from plays, their placid courses left undisturbed, like "Pélléas and Mélisande," "Candida," "The Fugitive," "The Joy of

Living," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "The Liars," "The Duel," "The Galilean's Victory" and "The Case of Rebellious Susan." But with the Seventh it is different. And not only with that one literally, but with any and all approaches to it. One may speculate as to the reason. That reason, I believe, may be discovered in the fact, well appreciated by the blue-noses, that sex is the easiest foundation on which to erect the structure of a moral show to which the public will respond. The blue-noses seek self-advertisement above everything else; when Sumner in an unguarded moment foolishly agreed with the District Attorney's office to make his raids without publicity he spelled not only his own doom but the doom of financial contributions to his anti-vice society, as his latest pamphlet calling desperately for funds demonstrates. Moral campaigns need money and even the most sympathetic Methodist wants his neighbor to hear the click of his dollar in the collection plate. It is a well known fact, incidentally, that those Methodist churches whose collection plates have pieces of velvet at the bottom of them are the poorest, a circumstance duly noted and rectified at the last congress of the denomination's Bishops. The necessary public reaction, obviously, cannot be got from raids on plays encouraging gambling, swindling and even murder, but only from raids on those which involve sensational sex of one sort or another. The reason for this is the same as the reason which makes one murder in actual life more engrossingly interesting to the general public than another and intrinsically just as interesting murder. Since the Leutgert affair in Chicago many years ago, there has not been a single murder case in America that has lacked a sensational sex motif and that has made the general public wait avidly at the street-corners for the newspaper extras. Without exception, the murder cases that have most greatly made the mob lick its chops have been those in which sex played a suggestive part, and the Leopold-Loeb case was no exception. An attempt on the part of the moralists, therefore, to suppress such a play as "Crime," currently on view at the Times Square Theatre, on the contendable ground that it was subversive of law and order, would doubtless only cause the public to hoot. What the public wants is a good, hot show on the part of the moralists, whom it regards in the light of so many paid melodrama actors, and the moralists can only give it with the actual dirt that proceeds from the prosecution of theoretical dirt. The moralists are no fools; they know what side their bread is buttered on; they know what makes the front pages of the newspapers and what does not; they know that a yokel who has been told where there is a warm hooch dance will presently want to be told where is an even warmer one, and that he will gladly hand over his money for the tip; and they hence very sensibly and intelligently, according to their corrupt and hypocritical standards, go about their dirty business. To blame them for not going about it differently, and honestly, is to blame a shell-game operator for not using three peas.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Powers of the Air

THE HISTORY OF WITCHCRAFT AND DEMONOLOGY, by Montague Summers. $5. 9¼ x 6; 353 pp. New York: *Alfred A. Knopf.*

This tome is learned, honest and amusing. Its author, an English clergyman—his full name is the Rev. Alphonsus Joseph-Mary Augustus Montague, M.A.—wastes no time trying to reconcile religion and science, a folly that has brought so many American scientists, including the eminent Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan, to grief. He is in favor of religion, not of science, and with it, in the manner of a true believer, he goes the whole hog. Does Exodus xxii, 18, say flatly that witches exist, and that it is the duty of every righteous man to butcher them when found? Then Dr. Summers accepts the fact and the duty without evasion, and proceeds to elaborate on both. He can't imagine a Christian who refuses to believe in demoniacal possession, and no more can I. Marshaling an array of proofs that must shake even an atheistic archbishop, he demonstrates with fine eloquence and impeccable logic that the air is full of sinister spirits, and that it is their constant effort to enter into the bodies of men and women, and so convert good Christians, made in God's image, into witches, sorcerers, spiritualists, biologists, and other such revolting shapes. The Bible is the rock of his argument, but he also makes frequent and very effective use of the revelations vouchsafed to Holy Church. There has never been a time in Christian history, he shows, when its chief experts and wiseacres did not believe in demons. The Roman rite, accepting their existence as indubitable, provides elaborate machinery for their scotching to this day. That machinery, to be sure, is not put into effect lightly. So long as the medical faculty is convinced that the patient is suffering from nothing worse than a leaping tapeworm or delirium tremens, and hope of his cure by chemical and mechanical means is thus held out, he is resigned to the secular arm. But once it becomes manifest that a fiend or goblin has got into him, the business becomes a matter for supernatural intervention, and the subsequent proceedings must be carried on by an ordained pastor, and according to a formula set forth in the "Rituale Romanum," and in use since the pontificate of Peter I.

This formula is extremely complicated, and I suspect that using it must be somewhat fatiguing to the officiating clergyman. He must be himself a man of mature years, guiltless of anything even remotely approaching loose living, and, according to Mr. Summers, "a systematic student, and well versed in the latest trends and developments of psychological science." He is required to make himself quite sure, before he begins his exorcism, that the patient before him is actually possessed by a demon—that he is not confronting a mere case of insanity, or, worse still, imposture. Once convinced, he proceeds with the utmost heat and diligence, never relenting until the unclean spirit takes wing, and so returns to Hell. Mr. Summers gives the words of the exorcism, translated into English; they are so terrifying that I hesitate to reprint them in a magazine designed for reading aloud at the domestic hearth. The demon is denounced in words that sting and wither. Launched upon a merely human sinner, they would undoubtedly shake him up dreadfully. If, at the first attack, they fail to dislodge the

demon, they are to be used again, and then again, and so on until the exorcism is completed. The patient, it appears, is apt to fall asleep while they are being intoned: making him do so is one of the Devil's favorite tricks. If it happens, then the exorcist must awaken him, and by any device that seems workable, including physical agitation of his person. Ordinarily, all this must be done in a church, but if the patient is too ill to leave his bed the exorcist may visit him in his own home. Idle spectators are forbidden, but the canon requires that a number of official witnesses, of known piety and sober mien, shall be present. There is no provision for failure. In case the demon proves recalcitrant today, he is to be tackled again tomorrow. No unnecessary conversation with him is permitted. If he speaks through the mouth of the patient, he is to be heard politely, but when he has had a sufficient say he is to be shut off. In particular, he is not to be permitted to indulge in ribaldries.

It is commonly believed that Protestantism questions the actuality of demoniacal possession, but this is not so. True enough, the Unitarians and Universalists have doubts about it, but so far as I am aware no other Protestant sect has ever formally repudiated it. There is a canon of the Church of England which forbids a priest to exorcise demons without the "license or direction (*mandatum*)" of his Bishop, but there is nothing to prevent a Bishop issuing such a *mandatum*. If Bishop Manning became convinced tomorrow that Heywood Broun or Sinclair Lewis or any other such antinomian was possessed, he could, I believe, give Dr. William N. Guthrie a *mandatum* to exorcise the invading gaseous organism. I do not allege that Dr. Manning would do it or that Dr. Guthrie would take advantage of the license; all I argue is that the transaction would lie within the confines of canon law. The Lutherans all believe in demoniacal possession, and hence, by a necessary inference, in witches; if they did not they would have to put Martin Luther down as a liar. As for the Methodists, the Baptists and other such proletarians of the Lord, it must be obvious that doubts among them are confined to a few advanced intellectuals, debauched by reading the epicurean poetry of Edgar A. Guest. The Baptists, at least in the South, even believe in ghosts, especially the colored brethren. The colored pastors have an elaborate ceremonial for exorcising all varieties of spirits, good or evil; an important part of it is the free-will offering just before the curative anathema is launched. In my own native republic, the Saorstát Maryland, I once made an attempt to ascertain the number of people, regardless of creed, who believed in ghosts and witches. After elaborate inquiries through prudent agents, I came to the conclusion that 92% of the population believed in ghosts, and that 74% also believed in witches. In the latter group was the then Governor of the State. He believed that rheumatism was caused by witchcraft, and wore a string around his middle to ward it off. The Marylanders are a gay and liberty-loving people, and drink, perhaps, somewhat more than is good for them, but atheism has never made much progress among them. At least one of the eminent professors in the Johns Hopkins Medical School has been publicly accused of believing in witches, and has never, so far as I know, denied it. He is a Fundamentalist, and accepts the Bible from cover to cover. He is too honest a man to cherish any mental reservations about Exodus xxii, 18.

Dr. Summers is equally honest, and I think he deserves all praise for being so. Most ecclesiastics, when they write upon such subjects, try to evade the clear issue. They seem to be convinced—on what ground I don't know—that the old belief in demons is now dying out in the world, and to be afraid that they will be laughed at if they confess to it. All I can say is that that is a poor way to get into Heaven *post mortem*. Such duckers and skulkers, you may be sure, will have extremely unpleasant sessions with St. Peter when they reach the Gates, and Peter will be well justified in

-azzing them. Either the Christian religion nvolves a belief in disembodied powers, ;ood and evil, or it doesn't. If it doesn't, :hen its Sacred Scriptures are a mass of nonsense, and even its Founder was grossly nisinformed. If it does, then everyone idhering to it ought to confess the fact rankly, and without ignominious equivo-:ation. This is what Dr. Summers does. In detail, his colleagues in theology may sometimes reasonably challenge him, as when, for example, he lays down the doctrine that the heaving of tables at spiritualist seances is performed by demons from Hell. But his fundamental postulates stand beyond refutation. If he is wrong, then the whole science of theology is an imposture —something which no right-thinking, law-abiding, home-loving American, I am sure, will want to allege. I rejoice to find a holy man so forthright and courageous, and so irresistibly convincing. He has rescued demonology from its long neglect, and restored it to its old high place among the sacred sciences. What a knock-out he would be on an American lecture tour! I offer him $1,000 in advance for his Jackson, Miss., house, with an offer of the fattest pastorate in the town thrown in.

American Speech

A DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION WITH AMERICAN VARIANTS, by H. E. Palmer, J. Victor Martin and F. G. Blandford. 5s. 7¼ x 4¾; 436 pp. Cambridge (England): *W. Heffer & Sons.*

It is a fact not without significance that this ingenious and valuable work was written in Japan and published in England. Mr. Palmer, who is linguistic adviser to the Japanese Ministry of Education, hints at the reason in his preface. The great majority of American pedagogues, especially of the so-called English faculty, are Anglomaniacs, and combat violently every suggestion that the English and American languages are drifting apart. The thing often goes to grotesque lengths. Some time ago a posse of them actually went all the way to England to assure the Oxford dons that the chastity of what Professor H. C. Wyld calls the Received Standard is in no danger in the United States, and that only German spies and agents of the Bolsheviki encourage attempts upon it. Mr. Palmer found the same ardent loyalty to the Motherland among the American pedagogues he encountered in Japan. Many of them, by dint of herculean effort, had taught themselves to speak the English of the English so accurately that even he, a professional phonetician, was deceived. He offers the following dialogue as typical of his encounters with them:

> Mr. Palmer—What part of England do you come from?
>
> The American—Oh, I'm American.
>
> Mr. Palmer—Really? Naturalized?
>
> The American—Oh no, native born. A hundred per cent American.
>
> Mr. Palmer—[*Too astonished to be tactful*] But, but, you . . . well . . . you pronounce English just as if you were English!
>
> The American—[*Too annoyed to be gentle*] Well, hang it all, man, I hope you don't suppose that all Americans are backwoodsmen or raw country hayseeds comparable to the yokels of Sussex or Yorkshire!

Nevertheless, Mr. Palmer was not deceived. He had been in the United States and he knew many Americans less afflicted by linguistic inferiority complexes. And so, having undertaken a work on the pronunciation of English for Japanese students, he added a formidable apparatus of American variants, for these students, once they are discharged from their studies, will meet many more Americans than Englishmen, and the great majority of these Americans, being unafflicted by academic affectations, will speak American, not Received English. Mr. Palmer's associate, Mr. Martin, who teaches English at Tokyo, deals with these variants at great length in an introduction to the dictionary. He finds that there are no less than twelve main categories of them, and that fourteen lesser categories are also to be distinguished. Some of the differences are familiar to everyone—that is, to everyone save pedagogues. No American, save he come from Boston or its dependencies, pronounces *nasty* as an Englishman pronounces it, or

fancy, or *ask*, or *last*, or *dance*, or *brass*. There are variations almost as marked in words of the *dog* and *god* classes, and in those of the *-ary* and *-ory* classes, and in those of the *bar*, *corn* and *girl* classes. American speech, on the whole, is far more precise than English: we give a clear articulation to sounds that the Englishman reduces to mere smudges. The case of *preparatory* is typical. Even the American who stresses *prep* instead of *par* yet gives the final *ory* a rounded pronunciation that is never heard from English lips. So with *stationary*, *oratory* and their analogues. The *r* in *corn* is very plainly heard in American, save in New England and the South. So is the final *r* in *war:* when it is not heard we at once recognize a dialect. But there are certain situations in which the thing runs the other way. The American, for example often reduces a final *-in*, or even an *-ing*, to a simple *n*-sound that scarcely shows any vowel at all. Mr. Palmer offers the sentence, "Mr. Martin of Birmingham," as a case in point. The Englishman pronounces *Martin* very clearly, but reduces the final syllable of *Birmingham* to a sort of mushy *m*. The American omits the *i* from *Martin*, but gives the *ham* its full value in *Birmingham*.

There are 9645 words in this dictionary, disregarding inflections. Of that number nearly 3000 show differences between the English and American pronunciations. In addition, there are many differences in the pronunciation of the inflections, even in cases where the main words are similarly pronounced. Certainly it is absurd to argue that two dialects showing a variation of almost one-third are identical. I believe that a study of their everyday vocabularies would show a variation even greater. The Englishman and American not only pronounce the same common words differently; they tend to use different common words. In this direction, of course, Mr. Palmer and his associates offer no testimony: their study is confined to words that are in universal use in both dialects. Thus I predict that the Japs who try to learn American from the present excellent volume will b soon demanding another, this time a American vocabulary. It will do then little good to pronounce *corn* in the bes American manner so long as they do no know the full American significance of th word. Nor will they be helped much i that department by Mr. Palmer's soun discussion of the purely phonetic problem presented by such words as *mortician*, *cafe teria*, *short-stop*, *bill-board*, *near-beer* an *graft:* the main thing is the meaning. O late this matter of conflicting vocabularie has interested even the pedagogues: one o them recently contributed a brief glossar of Americanisms to Mr. Robert Bridges series of S.P.E. Tracts. But it was too sketchy to be of any value. What is needed is a glossary on the scale of Mr. Palmer' dictionary. It would have an instantaneou and immense sale, I believe, among Eng lishmen visiting the United States. Many of them, as is well known, deliver lectures Well, it is not uncommon for one of them so engaged, to shock his customers out o their seats by the chance use of a word tha is perfectly respectable in England, bu obscene or subversive in the United States These blunders, it seems to me, are costly to international peace. They undo all th heroic work of the New York *Herald Tribune*, the Pilgrims' Society, and th Sulgrave Foundation.

The Art of Barabbas

THE TRUTH ABOUT PUBLISHING, by Stanley Unwin, $2. 7½ x 4⅞; 311 pp. Boston. *The Houghton Mifflin Company.*

Mr. Unwin is an English publisher and his book was written primarily for Englishmen, but to this American edition Mr. Ferris Greenslet, of the Houghton Mifflin Company, has added glosses which make its exposition applicable to American conditions in the publishing trade and its argument comprehensible to American readers. The result is an extremely instructive (and, at times, even somewhat racy)

volume, full of special pleading but always frank and convincing. Mr. Unwin's main purpose is to explain precisely how a book is made, from the moment the manuscript comes in to the time the completed volume goes upon the bookseller's shelf, but in addition he has a hortatory aim: to dispose of the common suspicion that publishers are a knavish lot, and full of tricks for the squeezing of poor authors. That suspicion, I regret to say, seems to be widely prevalent in the literary profession. Fully a half of the authors I know have revealed to me confidentially, at one time or other, their grave distrust of their publishers. Not a few go much further—to the length, indeed, of downright accusations of fraud. One eminent American novelist is well known to his intimates to believe that all of his publishers during the past two decades—and he has had half a dozen—have been thieves, keeping two sets of books or otherwise rooking him. Charges of a less gaudy sort are even more common. It would be hard for me to think of an author who believes that his publisher advertises his books intelligently, or enough. Four times lately I have encountered authors who alleged in all seriousness that their publishers, after going to the expense of printing their books, had deliberately held down the sales. The motive, in these last cases, I could not make out: the authors themselves were uncertain about it. But all of them were very sure that they were right.

It is my conviction, after many years of dealing with both publishers and authors, that such accusations are seldom if ever true. Now and then, to be sure, a publisher goes bankrupt and burns his authors, along with his other creditors, and once in a great while a publisher makes a contract and then doesn't keep it. But neither of these things happens often. When a publisher begins to slip he usually disposes of his list to some other publisher, and that purchaser takes care of his debts, at least to authors. As for the publisher who deliberately fails to keep his engagements, he is rare in the trade, and news of his roguery quickly gets about, and so authors are warned against him. I believe it is fair to say that the whole body of American authors, in their dealings with the whole body of general publishers, do not lose one-hundredth of one per cent. of the money due them. Nor have they any rational complaint against the way their books are made and merchanted. The average American publisher, at the present time, produces well-printed and decently bound books far more often than he produces shoddy ones, and his selling machine is quite as efficient as that of any other business man. When he fails to sell a given book, the cause, nine times out of ten, lies wholly in the fact that it is a book the public doesn't want, and for that fact the author is to blame, not the publisher.

I thus find myself cherishing the hope that Mr. Unwin's volume, with Mr. Greenslet's illuminating notes, will be given diligent and prayerful reading by all American authors, and especially by those who harbor martyr complexes. It will show them just how the stuff they produce is turned into marketable books—something that very few of them know today—, and it will make them privy to some of the difficulties that confront a publisher, even when all his authors are geniuses of the first calibre. The tale, I confess, has moved me greatly: it is intrinsically sad. A publisher is not an ordinary business man, selling soap, gasoline or high-grade 8% mortgage bonds. He is something of a fancier as well: his trade is largely in imponderables. For thus venturing beyond the everyday commerce of the market-place he pays a cruel price. His life is that of a fashionable rector with a rich and bossy vestry. Worse, it is that of a university president with a board of trustees sniffing the brimstone of the Soviets. Yet worse, it is that of an opera manager.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

SHERWOOD ANDERSON's *latest book is "Tar: A Midwest Childhood." The poems in this issue will form part of a book of verse to be published at the end of this month.*

MARY AUSTIN *is the author of a number of books, and contributed the chapter on aboriginal literature to the Cambridge History of American Literature. She is now living at Santa Fé, N. M.*

ELMER DAVIS *is the author of three novels, and was on the staff of the New York* Times *for a while. He lives in New York.*

BERNARD DE VOTO *is an instructor in English in Northwestern University. The article in this issue will form part of a book on the Western pioneers, now in preparation.*

EMMETT REID DUNN, PH.D. (Harvard), *is assistant professor of zoölogy at Smith College. He has done considerable museum work.*

DON CARLE GILLETTE *is editor of the* Billboard, *the chief organ of the show people. He was born in the Italian Alps, came to the United States at seven, and educated himself in night schools and through the extension departments of various universities. He is thirty years old.*

ISAAC GOLDBERG, PH.D. (Harvard), *has written several critical biographies and books on South American literature. He is now at work on a study of Gilbert and Sullivan.*

FRANK R. KENT *is the widely known political writer of the Baltimore* Sun. *He is a Marylander, and has had extensive journalistic experience, in Europe as well as in America.*

FERNER NUHN *is a young Iowan, temporarily residing in New York. "The Old Ladies' Man" is his first published story in a general magazine.*

HOWARD R. RAPER, D.D.S., *is a dental specialist in radiography and diagnosis. He is the author of various professional books and was formerly a lecturer at the Indiana College. He now lives in Albuquerque, N. M.*

BURTON RASCOE *is a Kentuckian, and was formerly literary editor of the Chicago* Tribune *and then of the New York* Herald-Tribune. *He is now living in New York, and writing a daily syndicated article.*

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON *is the well-known Arctic explorer. He was born in Canada, of Icelandic parentage, and is an M.A. of Harvard. He has made several Arctic journeys and written many books.*

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DANE YORKE *lives in Maine and contributes frequently to the reviews. He was formerly engaged in business.*

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Custombuilt Roadster - - - - $1500
Custombuilt 7-Pass. Phaeton - - 1600
All prices f.o.b. Detroit, plus war excise tax

5-pass. Sedan $1385

Going Strong

Johnnie Walker
CIGARETTES
for 20 20¢
Extremely Mild

Editorial NOTES

Friends applying for copies of Mr. Willi
W. Woollcott's stirring new national
them, "I Am a 100% American," are d
cately reminded that it will be polite
enclose postage. The cost is two cents
one copy and six cents for ten. Appli
tions from oratorio societies, church cho
college glee clubs, *Männerchöre*, St. Ceci
societies, Masonic chanters and other
ganizations desiring larger supplies sho
be addressed to the Editor. The anthem
arranged for singing in unison, with pia
accompaniment. Arrangements for sy
phony orchestra, for small orchestra,
military band and for string quartette
under way. Translations of the text i
Swedish, Danish, Czech, Slovak, Hun
rian, German, Italian, Yiddish and Serbi
will be made presently, that the anth
may be sung by Americans more famil
with those tongues than with English.
translation into classical Hebrew has b
completed by a gifted rabbi. Persons w
have been inspired to compose additio
stanzas may forward them to Mr. Woo
cott in care of this office. The anthem
not copyrighted, and anyone is free to si
it, to republish it, or to add new stan
to it.

The following defense of the Washingt
correspondents, against whom there we
certain critical remarks in the Editorial
March, comes from a veteran of the f
ternity:

> Your criticism focuses too heavily on us and
> too lightly on the owners. The man in Wash-
> ington is the moderately paid winner of a little
> daily bread. He does what his owner wants
> done. It is the owner who is looking for the

Continued on page xliv

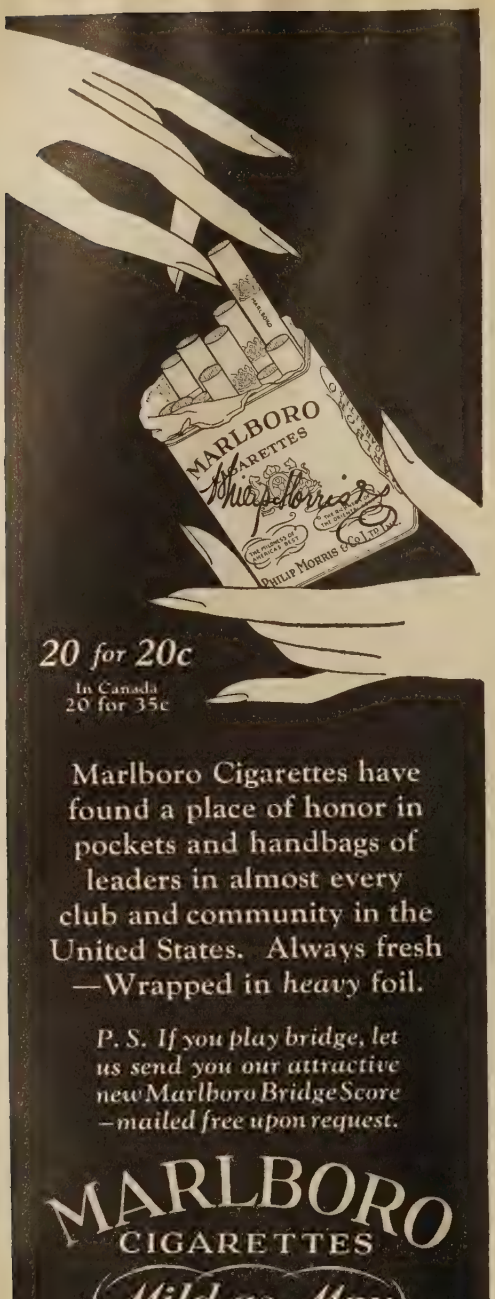
Communication for a Growing Nation

An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE first telephone call was made from one room to another in the same building. The first advance in telephony made possible conversations from one point to another in the same town or community. The dream of the founders of the Bell Telephone System, however, was that through it, all the separate communities might some day be interconnected to form a nation-wide community.

Such a community for speech by telephone has now become a reality, and the year-by-year growth in the number of long distance telephone calls shows how rapidly it is developing. This super-neighborhood, extending from town to town and state to state, has grown as the means of communication have been provided to serve its business and social needs.

The growth is strikingly shown by the extension of long distance telephone facilities. In 1925, for additions to the long distance telephone lines, there was expended thirty-seven million dollars. In 1926 sixty-one million dollars. During 1927 and the three following years, extensions are planned on a still greater scale, including each year about two thousand miles of long distance cable. These millions will be expended on long distance telephone lines to meet the nation's growth and their use will help to further growth.


MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
Philip Morris
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC.
20 for 20c
In Canada
20 for 35c
Marlboro Cigarettes have found a place of honor in pockets and handbags of leaders in almost every club and community in the United States. Always fresh —Wrapped in heavy foil.
P. S. If you play bridge, let us send you our attractive new Marlboro Bridge Score —mailed free upon request.
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
Mild as May
Created by
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD Inc.
44 West 18th Street, Dept. G16, New York

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xlii

invitation to sail on the *Mayflower*. It is the owner who goes to dine with the McLeans and the Longworths. It is the owner who swells himself up at White House receptions. The Washington reporter furnishes exactly the kind of copy his owner wants for his paper, and he can tell, being a good reporter, what the owner wants without too explicit instructions.

I will venture the assertion that out of more than two hundred correspondents here there are not six who have been invited on the *Mayflower*. It is the Curtises and the Brisbanes who are invited. And the same as to politico-social dinners. The correspondents are not bought by social attention because they have nothing particular worth buying. They faithfully leg it along, picking up the crumbs of local and general news, and are paid by the kindness of the Senator or Representative who eases their labors for them by tipping them off when there is anything important. Few of them need the wire received by a young friend ordering: "Stop interviewing yourself." The man who gets too critical or too editorial gets fired.

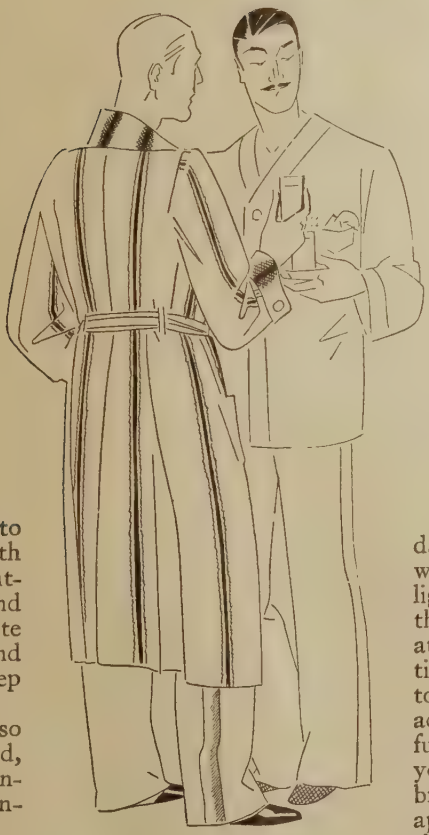
Twenty years ago, as a beginner in the Washington field, the writer made this rule: never to accept a dinner invitation from or to invite to his own house any person holding political office. He has adhered to it and has found it an excellent rule for the working newspaper man. In making it, however, he confesses he was reminded of old John Lane of the *Inter-Ocean* in Chicago, who let it be distinctly understood by the folks at the State Legislature that he was not to be bought by a slap on the back and a five-cent cigar.

I know one correspondent who is much absorbed in his poultry-yard; another considers it a great privilege that he can get off once a week and chase foxes on foot with his dogs. They live often in family hotels and are yanked out of bed at ghastly hours by fool orders from cheap desk-men. They are not withholding the acid from their pens because they have dined or wined with the chairman of the Republican steering committee. I did hear once of a young press association man receiving several bottles of bootleg from a member of the congressional campaign committee, but the boss heard about it and he left.

You say they ought to be changed oftener. That is one of the fights I first had with the Big Boss, now deceased. "No man more than five years on the job. . . . Send down the office-

Continued on page xlvi

This is more civilized . . .



)o you ever wake up to right, brisk morning with faint distaste for brightss and briskness? And es a feeling of complete illusionment with life and e and gaiety then creep er you?

It pains us to speak so intly, but that, friend, speaks a degree of unphistication quite unrthy of you. Really.

For it's quite a lot more ilized to take a drink of Eno before pertting yourself to generalize about the te of the world.

You may think it crass, but you've really idea how often melancholia d disillusionment arise from ch subtle and sinister ills as luggish intestinal tract, improper elimination, and the cumulation within you of rtain of the results of dining o well.

Get a bottle of Eno today. A dash in a little water makes a cooling, delightful drink with none of the drastic action or nauseating taste of ordinary laxative "salts." Eno is *pleasant* to take, and its laxative action is mild but beautifully thorough. It will whip your palate like a bracing breeze and may start your appetite for living well on the way to recovery.

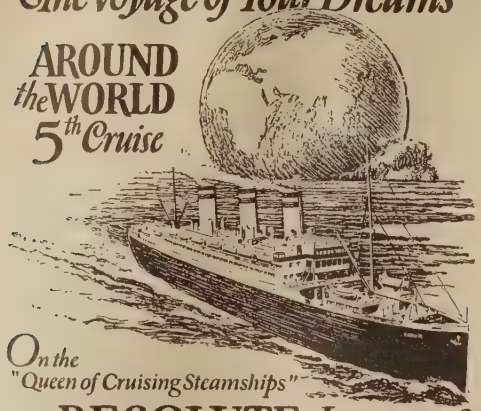
And since yours is probably the only really civilized household in the land without a bottle, you'll surely think it best to remedy that situation without delay.

Eno, world renowned for over half a century, from all druggists, 75c and $1.25 a bottle. Prepared only by J. C. Eno, Ltd. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Ave. at 34th St., New York.

ENO
THE WORLD-FAMED EFFERVESCENT SALINE

"The Voyage of Your Dreams"

AROUND the WORLD 5th Cruise



On the "Queen of Cruising Steamships"

S.S. RESOLUTE *Jan. 7-1928*

SEE the wonderlands of the world—now—before they lose their charm—the classic, colorful Mediterranean, the Holy Land and Egypt, little-known East Africa, mysterious India, fantastic China and exquisite Japan in cherry-blossom time.

The luxurious "Resolute" will take you in 140 days to 63 fascinating cities in 30 countries—an enchanting cruise of 37,849 miles including all the Oriental Ports of other world cruises plus Borneo and French Somaliland.

Rates—including an extraordinary program of shore excursions—from $2000 upward. Descriptive literature will be sent on request.

Built especially for tropical service, the "Resolute"—with magnificent public rooms; large, airy cabins; sunlit tiled swimming pool and spacious decks—is an ideal cruising steamer.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

United American Lines, Inc., *Gen. Agents*
28 Broadway, New York

Branches in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco or local steamship agents.

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xliv

boy. . . . He will have the fresh eye." Result: nobody competent on the job. Nobody of sufficient size, of long enough memory, enough knowledge of the ins and outs of legislation, to write with any approach to competence, not to say in a critical way, as you suggest. It was because for years our State capitals were left to the office-boy and the feature writer that there came the age of muck-raking headed by Steffens.

No, it is not entirely the fault of the clerks and messenger-boys in Washington that the nation is not saved from the Mellons and Morgans.

The following objections to Mr. Thom Craven's diatribe, "Have Painters Minds? in the March issue, come from Mr. Howa Blatteis, of Brooklyn:

Mr. Craven says that "the importance of painting, as it exists today, is vastly over-estimated, and second-rate artists, yes, even tenth-rate artists, are esteemed as more intelligent and more valuable to society than first-rate engineers, doctors and scientists." Now that's a bit thick. In the first place, Mr. Craven neglects to mention who esteem such artists so highly. He has made a high-handed generalization which stands unsupported for the simple reason that there are no facts for it to lean upon. The legitimate art magazines have no circulation. The general public doesn't know even that there are second-rate artists in America. Art collectors fight shy of the work of present-day painters. Society has virtually ceased to flutter around the besmocked clansmen. The only people left to admire the intelligence of the artists are the artists themselves! Never was less attention paid to them.

In the second place, the above quotation suggests very plainly that first-rate artists, if any existed, would actually be valuable to society! What artist, please, ever was of any value to society unless he *was* a tenth-rate artist? Maxwell Parrish, Coles Philips, Joe Leyen decker—these and their cognate brethren are, conceivably, of some social value. They aid in the distribution of physical comforts by illustrating the advertisements, and their sentimentality, as expressed on the magazine covers, keeps the peasant properly submissive, just as do the moron ethics of Frank Crane and Bruce Barton, snigger if you wish. It would not do for

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A Defense of the Boobs

It is high time someone took up the cudgels in defense of the poor Yokels, Boobs, Babbitts, and other low orders of life which are so skillfully and mercilessly flayed by Mr. Mencken and his crew of brilliant pen-pushers.

Being just ordinary folk, we have not among us anyone having that degree of genius which so obviously is required to attain the sacred Editorial pages.

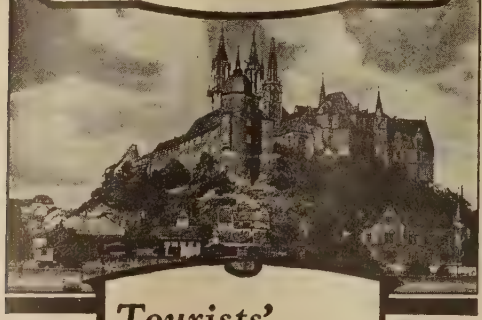
Having a firm conviction, however, that most of the readers of the Mercury are really just average people—trying to appear otherwise—we have dared to plan a series of advertisements for Listerine, in the hope that they will pay a profit.

In addition to this commercial and sordid work for us, we shall use the advertisements as a medium for justifying the existence of those individual readers of this book, who cannot talk back, but who are often rightly entitled to consider its contributors in the light of anaesthetics instead of aesthetics. In particular we intend to take a crack at the prejudices of that fascinating rascal, the Irritator-in-Chief.

Will you buy a bottle of Listerine (it's a darn good product) and in that way join our merry war? After all, if a few despised money-grabbers failed to run these advertisements, vitriolic editors would have no vehicle for expressing their smug conceits.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Why it Costs Less to Travel in Germany



Tourists' Paradise

Just a few items to prove that it costs *less* to travel in Germany...

Passport Vise—Free... 1,000 Miles by Railroad —$22.50. Room and board in vacation and health resorts, from $2 day, up. Table d'hote dinner on Rhine steamers, 95¢.

And everywhere in the land of romance and wanderlust, German "Gemuetlichkeit". Truly a paradise for tourists—and for less money!

To help you enjoy a visit to picturesque Germany, we will gladly furnish, gratis, illustrated booklets and information on interest points, transportation, fares, spas, hotels, etc.

German Railroads
INFORMATION OFFICE
630 Fifth Avenue
New York

USE THIS COUPON

Please send me Illustrated Travel Brochures on Beautiful Germany.

Name_____

Address_____

_____ 4

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xlvi

a minute to have the peasant fully appreciate the criticism of life as represented in, let us instance, Dulac's and Flint's modern illustrations of the classics. It would not do for a split second to have him appreciate, even if he could understand, not alone the wizardry of Cabell but his aristocratic disdain of life. The greater the artist the greater enemy is he to society.

Mr. Craven's claim that "the naked female . . . is generally the lowest form of art inasmuch as its appeal is wholly sensual" is so much poppycock. When art ceases to be sensual it ceases to be art. Mr. Craven says next, disapprovingly, "The very eroticism which makes a man a painter tempts him to find in the nude a convenient and highly approved outlet for his concupiscence." But of course! Has art any higher purpose than to serve as an outlet for whatever it is that ails the artist? Has art *any* other purpose, in fact? Simply because an artist may desire, above all his other desires, women more beautiful than the daughters of men—for that reason especially, Mr. Craven would have him leave the nude alone until he can view it "in the spirit of cool æsthetic detachment!" For "the naked woman is not a part of the every-day experience of the artist." Good God! You tell me a better reason for painting her!

The only definition of art that amounts to anything—nay, the only excuse for it at all—is that it is an attempt to suggest an improvement upon nature's unhandiwork. If a perfect reproduction of a plate of ham is art, I'll eat it, though my nose descends to my chin. If any other form of realism is art, somebody has yet to advance a claim that proves it. Isaac Goldberg has made a neat distinction. "Lewis is writing history. Cabell is writing literature." Now, the writing of history is never, quite, art. Look to your Romanticists for art. Mr. Craven cannot quite distinguish between painting and art, rhyparography and art, realism and art. In short, another realist has made an ass of himself.

Mr. O. B. Andrews' article, "Rhode Scholars," in the March issue, has brough forth a great many letters of praise o protest, including a number from Ameri can students at Oxford. One of the latter not himself a Rhodes scholar, says tha "some of the scholars are saying that th

Continued on page l

Colorful •• Colossal •• Sublime

Bryce Canyon—Grand Canyon National Park
Zion National Park—Kaibab Forest—Cedar Breaks

Season June 1 to October 1

In Bryce Canyon are immense chasms filled with realistic rock forms resembling ruined Oriental cities and castles and cathedrals of the Middle Ages, and with statues of men and beasts, all glowing with many colors. This region also includes tremendous colored canyons, colossal buttes, prismatic plains, vast virgin forests, wild horses, countless deer, mysterious cliff dwellings. See them all this summer. Easy to reach. Low summer fares. Through Pullmans to Cedar City, Utah, thence 3, 4 or 5-day all-expense motor-bus tours; also escorted tours. Comfortable lodges. Miles of scenic trails. A memorable vacation itself or a side trip en route to Yellowstone or the Pacific Coast. *The Zion—Grand Canyon Red Book tells all, free for the asking.*

Address nearest representative or General Passenger Agent, Dept. 140, at Omaha, Neb. : Salt Lake City, Utah : Portland, Oregon : Los Angeles, Calif.

UNION PACIFIC

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

Raddiff Camera
Oxford, England

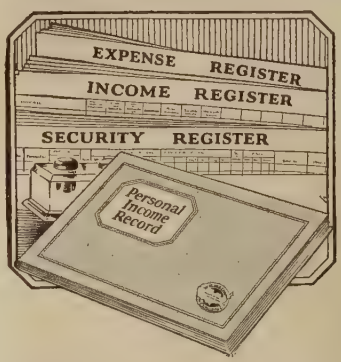
At English universities - they learn to smoke Craven

AT OXFORD and Cambridge you'll find the students smoking CRAVEN MIXTURE. And on this side of the Atlantic—in the colleges or the world outside—you'll find American pipe lovers smoking that same fine old English tobacco.

You can buy CRAVEN MIXTURE at your own tobacconist anywhere in the United States or Canada. Get a tin! You'll find the airtight packing has kept CRAVEN as fresh and fragrant as when it left the great Arcadia Works in London.

Or for a liberal sample tin send 10c. in stamps to Carreras, Ltd., American Office, Dept. A, 220 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Craven
MIXTURE
Imported from London



Your *income facts* at a glance

This new *Personal Income Record* will be sent to you without charge. It is a comprehensive record for listing your income, expenses, and the main details of your security holdings—important for tax purposes, and useful for reference at all times. Write on your letterhead for M1.

WILLIAM R. COMPTON COMPANY
Investment Bonds
New York — Chicago — Boston — Cincinnati
St. Louis—New Orleans—Kansas City—Detroit

Editorial NOTES

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article was 20% truth and 80% exaggeration, but when I corner them they don't seem to be able to pin down the exaggeration parts so that they will stay down." From Mr. H. H. Davis, a Rhodes scholar from Utah, comes the following:

> Mr. Andrews says that the Rhodes scholar "joins the American Club and attends its conventions regularly," that its officers "exhort him to remember that the honor of the flag rests personally upon him," and that the "delightful evening concludes with a great blast to either Washington, Lincoln or Coolidge." The exact opposite is true. The one and only sure way to raise a laugh in the American Club, when it existed, was to mention the incumbent President of the United States. Furthermore, I am glad to inform Mr. Andrews and your readers that the American Club in Oxford is now defunct: it died a natural death in December last. The coroner's findings were these: that there was not enough general interest among "ostracized" Americans here to keep the thing going, and that the litter of small college-clubs—debating, historical, musical, scientific, literary, social and potatory—made an American Club superfluous, since members would not attend its meetings but went to small college-clubs instead. The personnel and officers of these clubs are almost entirely composed of Englishmen, which speaks well for the Anglicizing of expatriate Americans.
>
> There was no "joining" the American Club. Any American in Oxford was welcome, whether he paid dues or not; Rhodes scholar or free-lance. We are sick of "joining," initiations and ceremonial hokum by the time that we arrive in Oxford. As for "waving the flag," if Emma Goldman, Shapurji Saklatvala, M. P., G. K. Chesterton, Rebecca West, Professor Clarence Alvord (who has written for THE AMERICAN MERCURY), Sir. H. A. L. Fisher, Sir Michael Sadleir, and General Sir Ernest Swinton—all of whom have addressed the American Club during the past three years—can be accused of beating the bass-drum for Washington, Lincoln or Coolidge, then I am willing to join Mr. Andrews in blowing up the Rhodes scholars and their American Club with any dynamite he may choose.

He might have fortified his position a little further by dwelling on Frank B. Kellogg's

Continued on page lii

CUNARD LINE

See Your Local Agent

"He waited an extra week to cross on the Mauretania"

(An eavesdrop from The Ritz)

"He" is of the travel-wise from The Avenue who prefer the MAURETANIA for:—

Her speed . . . she holds the world's records;

Her Passenger List . . . including many of one's friends and acquaintances;

Her menu . . . an irresistible story of expert chefs and fine food.

And . . . the genial cosmopolitan atmosphere of her exquisite salons . . . her new luxurious staterooms with beds and private baths . . . and of course the perfect service from her British stewards . . . are three other and three excellent reasons why smart and seasoned travellers are willing to wait to travel on the MAURETANIA.

THE MAURETANIA SAILS
May 25 · June 15 · July 6

TO PLYMOUTH, CHERBOURG SOUTHAMPTON

1840 · EIGHTY · SEVEN · YEARS · OF · SERVICE · 1927

Brides To Be Brides That Are

CHOOSE Atlantic City for your first snug harbor on the sea of matrimony. This is the Mecca of the mated. Here are life, health, beauty, recreation and entertainment. Here—the most beautiful beach on the Atlantic coast, the most invigorating air, the famous Boardwalk, the sprightliest crowds and the world's finest resort hotel.

Ambassador service combines old-fashioned ideas of hospitality with new-fashioned ideas of living.

Write or wire for Reservations

The Ambassador
ATLANTIC CITY

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page l

ambassadorial speech to the club in 1924–25. The King's peace was badly strained on that occasion, and it was the universal consensus of opinion among Americans in Oxford that they had never heard a more fatuous address. The "amiable, nervous, ill-informed and inadequate old gentleman" was glad to depart at ten o'clock, to a chorus of irrepressible guffaws.

The speech of a scholar at the annual Rhodes banquet in 1924 (quoted by Mr. Andrews) was generally condemned as a tactless piece of arrogance by other Americans present, and in no way did it voice the common sentiment of Rhodes scholars. It did *not* effect Mr. Kipling's resignation from the Rhodes trustees. According to his own statement, his retirement was due to prolonged illness.

The committees of selection used for electing Rhodes scholars are always composed of former Rhodes men, not of "leading educational dignitaries or high public officials."

From Mr. Franklin Hopkins, of 116 Broadway, in the great city of New York who describes himself as a "monetary ethicist and scientist," there comes the following withering blast:

> THE AMERICAN MERCURY is just precisely as supine, as spineless, as anemic, as worthless, as uninspiring, as useless, impotent, primitive, narrow, prejudiced, superstitious, time-serving, hebetudinous, queasy, idolatrous, prostituted, gold-worshipping as any publication, institution or individual that it tries to ridicule! What possible *raison d'être* has it?
>
> I recently tested out your magazine with a page article which with great cogency showed up the gold idolatry of the nation. The manifesto was new, original, short, dynamic and idoloclastic. Yet it came back from your office-boy—probably unread—as if by æroplane! All of which goes to prove that there isn't a particle of red-blood or sincerity in the editorial room of your curious mag. You've simply found a weird way to extract simoleons from the gullible freaks of the *intelligentsia* as *they call themselves!*
>
> Go on extracting them. But take notice that whoredom always takes its toll. Witness the kind of copy that Brother Brisbane now turns out. Of course it is only a truism that the best-paid writer would—in an upsidedown world—

Continued on page liv

The "FRENCH" PHONE

FINISHED in Nickel, Bronze, Gold and Silver Plate; also in enamel, pastel shades, to match any sample.

THE MOR-TEL CORPORATION, Postal Telegraph Bldg., 253 BROADWAY, New York City. Phone: Barclay 6825-6.

10 Billion 935 Million

The "Directory of Directors in the City of New York 1925–1926" lists subscribers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY as officials in 943 corporations.

544 of these companies publish fiscal data. Their aggregate capital is

$10,935,769,612

HAVE CHANGED CONDITIONS AFFECTED MY SECURITIES?

Our Individual Inquiry Department, in response to the above, analyzed each one of our client's stocks and bonds and made certain definite recommendations.

Send for a copy of our answer. It places you under no obligation and may help you.

United Business Service

DIVISION OF INVESTMENT ANALYSIS

110 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

A MAN'S JUDGMENT IS NO BETTER THAN HIS INFORMATION — United Business Service

Please send answer to Inquiry 609

NAME

ADDRESS

Schools & Colleges

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS
Founded 1884 by Franklin H. Sargent
For 43 Years the Leading Institution for Dramatic Art and Expression
Fifth Season of Six Weeks'
TEACHERS' SUMMER COURSE
In Stagecraft, Play Directing and Advanced Expressional Technique
BEGINS JULY 11th
Next regular Term starts October 26th
Extension Dramatic Courses in co-operation with COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
Free Catalog describing all Courses from
Room 255-E, CARNEGIE HALL, New York

SOUTHERN COLLEGE
IN THE HEART OF VIRGINIA
Junior College, Preparatory, Finishing.
Country Club Privileges—Historic Tours.
Attractive one-year or two-year courses for H. S. Grads. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science, Secretarial. Golf, Swimming, Tennis, Basket-Ball, Riding, Gymnasium. Social Training, Dramatics, College Clubs. Fixed Rate.
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ROXBURY
A Special Type of Boarding School. College Preparation. Sound Instruction by the Tutorial Method. All field, gymnasium and track sports.
A. E. Sheriff, Headmaster -:- Cheshire, Conn.

THE WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF NEW YORK
17 East 60th Street
A co-educational day school from sub-primary through college preparatory, registered and accredited by the University of the State of New York. Mabel A. Tenney, Principal.

REAL HARRIS TWEED
The aristocrat of all sports wear—direct from makers. Patterns free. Cut lengths by post, $2.00 per yd. Carriage paid. NEWALL, 141 Stornoway, Scotland.

Short Story Writing

DR. ESENWEIN
A practical forty-lesson course in the writing and marketing of the Short-Story, taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, famous critic and teacher; Editor of The Writer's Monthly.
One pupil has earned over $5,000 writing in his spare time—hundreds are selling constantly to the leading publishers.
150 page catalog free. Please address
The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 98 Estab. 1897 Springfield, Mass.

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page lii

exploit the most miserable drool of all! The devil invariably collects. So obscure thinkers (not "writers") like myself can at least take satisfaction in the pure joys which come only to the UNSOLD—to the truthtellers whose greatest joy is just the zest of being true and truthful. This is a fiendish pleasure that the Brisbanes know nothing about.

The following pained but polite note comes from Rabbi Burstein, literary editor of the *Jewish Forum* and corresponding secretary of the Rabbinical Assembly of the Jewish Theological Seminary:

Having, as a regulation rabbi, spent ten years in hitching up couples of Judaic origin, I got real peeved when I read the "mellow meditations of a Bronx insurance man, A.B. (Yale)" -page xlix, March number—on the length of time that operation takes. When the unfortunates appear at my home, what with blessings in two languages, the reading of a lengthy Aramaic marriage contract, and my own spoken condolences, the elapsed time is never more than twelve minutes. In a synagogue or hall, with the impedimenta of a cantor, a generally sour choir, the procession, "Oh, Promise Me," and other inutilities, we sometimes attain the magnificent ceremonial expansion of half an hour. If your correspondent is unmarried, I should like to make him a business proposition through these columns. I shall perform the ceremony for him, my fee to be the difference in minutes between the actual time it takes and the two and a half hours he postulates, translated into dollars.

From Poughkeepsie, N. Y., a town famous for its Christian spirit, comes this comment on Mr. D. L. Paul's "On Approaching Holy Men," in the February issue:

Anglican canons are not, as Mr. Paul says, addressed as "Very Reverend," but simply as "Reverend." As for Protestant Bishops wanting no genuflections, let him attend any Anglo-Catholic Congress, or a Pontifical High Mass in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York City, or, for that matter, any High Church parish in the Protestant Episcopal communion, and he will see the people genuflect before the Bishop, kiss his ring, and crave his blessing.

ARE YOU READY!

FOR THE NEXT MARKET MOVE

SUPPOSE AFTER ALL STOCKS ARE CROSSING THE THRESHOLD OF A MAJOR

BEAR MARKET

BECAUSE A SHORT SWING SOMETIMES HAS THE EARMARK OF A MAJOR MOVE YOU SHOULD KNOW

OUR CONCLUSION AT THIS IMPORTANT CROSS ROAD

IT—May be had without obligation. Simply ask us for X-10

THE TILLMAN SURVEY
BOSTON MASS.
NOTTINGHAM BUILDING

ark's Famous Cruises

at rates including hotels, guides, drives, fees

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VOL. IX, No. 5 MAY, 1927

The Borzoi BORZOI BOOKS Broadside

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Private Mattock of Kansas

IT IS easy to begin by underestimating this lad of the A. E. F. who has just materialized out of the enchanted inkpot of *James Stevens*. For Private Parvin Mattock is more, much more, of a creation than is to be taken in at the first glance or the second. You begin by sizing him up as no more than a comic butt for the horse-play of ribald and contemptuous associates of barracks behind the lines—the gullible victim of hoaxes invented by such fellows as a certain red-haired Montana giant who is taller than his own lies. Of this sort of thing there is a good deal in the chronicle, and its effect is to render Mattock superficially ridiculous from without. But read on: and suddenly you have found that he is rendered deeply ludicrous from withir, by his own extraordinary blend of attributes, in a way which goes beyond mere laughter of the sides and evokes the laughter of the mind.

He is humble, this Mattock, and he is intolerably proud of his humility. He is a physical coward; and his fear drives

(*Continued on page lxix*)

The Lovely Ship

HAS anyone ever tabulated the devices which novelists use to convey the sense of transition, of the mergence of one historical phase into another? Whatever their number and variety, *Miss Storm Jameson* has created an additional one as the nucleus of her latest novel, THE LOVELY SHIP. It is in terms of ships and shipbuilding that she re-creates the spirit of an epoch which, however quaint from the angle of 1927, seemed to itself full of restlessness and turmoil—the 1850's and '60's. Before the reader's eyes, the glorious wooden sailing vessel goes down in defeat before the faster steamship with its cold metal hull, its engine, and its obstinate defiance of romance.

By some curious method of retroprojection, *Miss Jameson* has transported herself, and us, back to Danesacre and Graton Yard and to the days when it was considered a sizeable adventure to board a schooner bound for the China Seas. She makes the life of the small English seacoast town vibrantly real. Somehow she

(*Continued on page lxx*)

BORZOI BOOKS

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All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller.

Contemporary Classics: A Shop-talk

The classics are the works which can be praised without noticeable absurdity by those who have not troubled to make acquaintance with them. This is a very rough-and-ready sort of pocket definition; but it is serviceable as far as it goes, and it has the utilitarian merit of sidestepping the whole dispute—it has filled libraries—about the intrinsic qualities which *make* a work classic.

It is clearly not absurd for a non-reader of Homeric Greek to believe and say that Homer is good poetry, or for a tone-deaf person to regard the later quartettes of Beethoven as fine chamber music. Neither of these persons can actually know: he has not experienced the thing about which he holds the opinion. But the number who have had the experience is so great, and their testimony about it is in such thorough accord, that their conviction almost inevitably becomes anybody's else assumption. The ease with which the assumption is made is a powerful implicit evidence of the number who have verified it by experience.

When the work of as serious a contemporary writer as *Miss Willa Cather* succeeds in producing this same cordial agreement between the opinions of those who have read it and those who have not, it is fair, by the terms of our pocket definition, to call that work classic. Clearly, this is the position that *Miss Cather's* work has quietly made for itself and held for a term of years; and its author is, fact, our outstanding American example of the co temporary classic. She has achieved—and compar tively early in her own career—the eminent distin tion of being valued as a matter of course by int ligent readers and non-readers alike. The readers any given one of her books have had their rewar the non-readers know that they are going to ha theirs. It is safe, it is natural, it is almost inevitabl for a literary critic to treat her most recent opus an unread masterpiece until he has read it—and f him to take his future reading of it for granted.

One evidence of *Miss Cather's* status that esp cially interests us as her publishers is the effe which the appearance of a new book of hers alwa has upon the distribution of the older books. M Mortal Enemy (1926) accelerated the dema for The Professor's House (1925); the latt had its effect on A Lost Lady (1923), and ev on the volume of *Miss Cather's* poems, Apr Twilights (1923); A Lost Lady called atte tion to One of Ours (1922), which, as the Pulitz Prize novel of its year, might be thought to ha received already the benefits of the utmost th publicity can do.

Nor is this all. From the time when, in 1920, *M Knopf* published, as the title-story of a notab volume, that loveliest of *Miss Cather's* short tale "Youth and the Bright Medusa," her still earli work began to benefit by the establishment of h reputation as one of the few American artists who work really counts. My Ántonia is the most si nificant book of hers which is still published und

(*Continued on page lxix*)

Balzac

Few geniuses, apparently, have been born with such a sense of their tremendous mission as was Honor de Balzac. *M. Benjamin*, in his fictional narrativ of Balzac's "prodigious life," has produced the por trait of a likeable person with enormous vitalit and enthusiasm, who announced, while still a rosy cheeked skipping boy, that he was going to be famous man, and who kept on announcing the fac at intervals during the course of his career.

Lusty and joyous, dreaming and ambitious, Balzac becomes richly alive as one turns the pages of his sprightly narrative. One shares his hopes and miseries in a Paris garret, catches the racy tones of his conversation, meets the brilliant people, such as George Sand, Victor Hugo, and Dumas, among whom he moved. One learns to know Balzac as a character who, aside from his achievements as a writer of novels, is himself forceful and entertaining.

Stubbornness and buoyancy appear to have been the great man's chief characteristics. For years he planned youthfully to make his great announcement: 'Father, I have determined to make you famous. I am going to be a writer." Alas, the announcement was coldly received, and Balzac was obliged to retire to a garret under the ban of parental disapproval. But writing had his heart, and neither then nor at any other time was he daunted.

One of the many delightful and intimate bits in the book describes Balzac when, after bitter business reverses, he retires cheerfully to Brittany to write his first novel:

"He arrived at Fougères with a most extraordinary hat upon his head, rusty with age and quite shapeless, which looked as though it had been a bequest from his grandfather, the peasant of Albi. He was wearing a pair of soldier's shoes and a coarse hemp shirt; one would have said that he had grown up in his frock-coat, the sleeves were so short, and in this miserable get-up he was, literally, radiant with joy. Travelling in the stage-coach had rather depressed him; he emerged, with a great need of laughter, frisking about, and talking nonsense.

"They asked him cautiously for news—concerning his business. He replied briskly: 'Oh, well! it's very simple: I wanted to embark in a gigantic undertaking. That was the only condition which excited my interest. But it didn't come off; now I am turning my attention elsewhere. And what I am starting today will be much more tremendous! I am harnessing myself to a succession of historical novels, such as nobody in this country has ever written before.'

"'Haven't you read Cinq Mars?' asked Mme. de Pommereul.

"'Oh, my dear lady,' said Balzac, throwing himself back in his arm-chair, 'I have printed it: I know it off by heart! It's terribly bad! There's neither a man in it nor a landscape. I know Touraine. I was born there.'"

BALZAC (LA PRODIGIEUSE VIE D'HONORÉ DE BALZAC). *By* RENÉ BENJAMIN. *Translated from the French by* J. F. SCANLAN. *With 16 illustrations in aquatone.* $5.00 *net.*

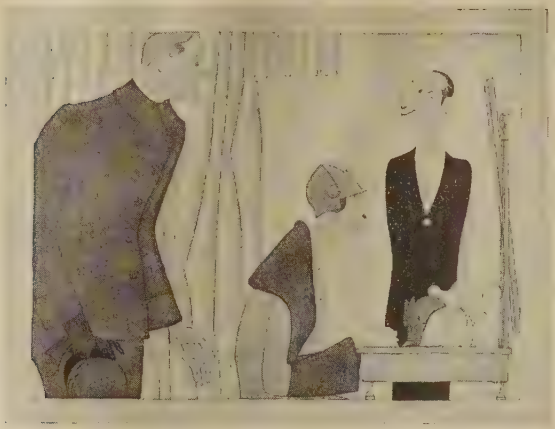
Brimstone and Chili

BRIMSTONE AND CHILI is a record of personal experiences during *Carleton Beals's* first visit to Mexico, of his adventures in making his way on foot and practically without funds from San Francisco to Mexico City at the height of the revolutionary disturbances ten years ago. The trip, undertaken as an adventurous lark, came very near to being irremediable tragedy on more than one occasion. For months, he wandered, penniless and friendless, through desert and mountains, living the life of the Indians, working when possible, beating his way in the face of starvation to the heart of the country, until he finally reached the capital and some measure of security. It is partly a travel book and partly an autobiography; it is a revelatory interpretation of the true Mexican spirit and above all a picaresque narrative of astounding adventure.

Carleton Beals has come to be regarded as one of the best informed and most trustworthy of American commentators on things Mexican. His earlier book, MEXICO—AN INTERPRETATION, and his more recent articles in newspapers and magazines, have together made him almost the unofficial interpreter between two neighboring but alien cultures. He has given prolonged study to the present day Mexican scene in relation to its historical and cultural background; he has a perfect command of the language and a thorough understanding of the peculiar problems which beset the Mexican people in their tortuous struggle for independence and autonomy. BRIMSTONE AND CHILI, while it is not a political book, save by implication, may yet do much towards clarifying in the American mind the present troubled relations between the two countries, by presenting a true psychological portrait of the Mexican people.

A LOST GOD

BRIMSTONE AND CHILI. *By* CARLETON BEALS. *Illustrated from photographs.* $5.00 *net.*



"'*No hat ain't worth that much.*'"

The Heiress and the Chauffeur

The next incident in my marital maelstrom was the incident of the Reboux hat.

Jimmie brought around the new car . . . and he went driving for my health, slowly up and down Fifty-seventh Street, where every prospect pleases and the fan may see the style. (Quite poor, but Jimmie laughed.)

At the well-known establishment in the middle of the block, which shall be nameless (namely, Bendel's), there was a hat sitting by itself on a child's size stand—a little, varicoloured hat, made of the breasts of young rainbows, dipped in dawn-rise over the Mediterranean. It was *my* hat, and nobody with a soul in their bosoms could deny it. I should have been born in it, or at least married in it, and I shall regret to my dying day the fortuitous accident that prevented my at least doing the latter—the accident of my not knowing that such a hat existed.

I dragged Jimmie in to see it on me, and ordered it charged to Father at once. At first I thought I'd wear it out, and then I decided to take it home and practise a few of the more solemn rites of make-up before I ventured forth in it. I wanted the first effect to be perfect.

"Shall I give it to your chauffeur?" asked Miss Dorine—an old pal of mine.

"How much did you say the price was?" said Jimmie.

"Eighty-five dollars." Dorine looked as if the kitchen stove had followed me in, and was addressing her.

"She don't want it, said Jimmie. "Come on, Carol."

"But I do want it," I said.

"It becomes Madame perfectly." Dorine had noticed the Cartier.

"It's too costly," said Jimmie. "No hat ain't worth that much."

"You look here, Jimmy Jakes," I said; "that hat is worth anything. He's my husband as well as my driver," I said to Dorine; "so I have to be patient with him. You tell him."—

"It might take Madame years to find another hat so perfectly suited to her." Those girls are used to all kinds of combinations, from chickens with their butter-and-eggs, to old ladies in the flower of their dotage, with boy friends on a leash.

"It's beyond the reach of my pocket-book." Jimmie tried to get me by the arm.

"It's just what Father needs," I said, "to wake him up to his responsibilities. I won't leave the shop without it."

"Very well," said Jimmie. He took a roll of bills out of his pocket. "I'll pay for it."—

"Don't take it, Miss Dorine," I said.

But Dorine took it. There was that in Jimmie's eye—

"*For two pages he was threatened with cerebral hæmorrhage.*"

"That was two weeks' salary," I said later, when I felt able to resume the subject.

"Part of the rake-off on the new Cad. Here." He thrust the rest of the roll in my lap.

"Don't be silly," I said, sticking it into his pocket; "I'm furious at you for taking money we need to buy sausage with, just to prove the general disagreeableness of your disposition. You've spoiled all my pleasure in the hat now."

"Was you going to take pleasure in it, after what it took out of me?"

"What did it take out of you?"

"Look here, Carol. It ain't in proportion that you should buy eighty-five-dollar hats, and at the same time live with me in what surroundings I can afford. It's making too light of me. A man wants to support his wife with his own efforts. It hurts his self-respect if she ain't serious about it all."

"But, darling," I said, "you don't suppose I could possibly think of living on what you make. It wouldn't keep me in ear-rings. You like me the way I am, and I wouldn't *be* the way I am without my hectic tastes in un— wearing apparel. You wouldn't like me if I didn't express myself in my clothes. I'd be just a little, brown inhibition, that you'd forget to love."

Which reminded me of something.

"Love me now, Jimmie," I said; "hold me tight—tight—tight."

And he held me, the poor darling, telling only the top of my water-wave what poor sports he thought all women were, and me most particular.

"Marriage is just a joke to you," he said.

"Well, don't let it be a bad joke, then."—And all at once I shivered, as if somebody was walking over my grave. Maybe it was just the big, communal grave of matrimony.

HE foregoing is out of the most fetching light novel at has come our way since The Borzoi got a regular reet address—*Ethel Kelley's* HOME, JAMES. This the story of what happened to the heiress and e chauffeur *after* the wedding—which is the point which the newspaper versions always stop short. It is a shrieking impossibility for *Ralph Barton's* ctures to be funnier than *Miss Kelley's* text. For r text to be funnier than his pictures is another possibility. Either would be punishable by fine imprisonment, or both.

OME, JAMES. *By* ETHEL KELLEY. *With* 10 *illustrations by* RALPH BARTON. $2.50 *net.*

Marcel Proust

MARCEL PROUST is the only modern French writer who has excited as much interest and curiosity in his English-speaking contemporaries as Anatole France did. Years ago, when the first volumes of A LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU began slowly to find their way first to England and then to America, the wave of public interest was born; with the years it grew steadily in volume under the stimulus of translations until it had a momentary climax in Proust's death and the publication, in 1923, of MARCEL PROUST: AN ENGLISH TRIBUTE—a remarkable testimonial to Proust's genius by twenty of England's most famous writers.

Since then there has been no ebbing of the tide. More of Proust's work has seen the light of day in English guise, and article after article in the press of Britain and America has continued to demonstrate the public interest in him. But in all this flood of writing, very little appeared about the man himself. The articles—even those that were erudite and profound critical estimates—told almost nothing of what everyone wanted to know: what manner of man was it who had created A LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU?

That question has now been answered in a book by *Léon Pierre-Quint*, the first comprehensive critical biography of Marcel Proust to appear in English. The new book is a detailed analysis of Proust's work and of the life which colored that work and made it possible. The first part is purely biographical; the second is a masterly piece of criticism in its meticulous exposition and clear interpretation of A LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU; the third, entitled THE UNIVERSE OF MARCEL PROUST, is an apposite, sound discussion of the ideas, the people, and the world mirrored in Proust's great work.

MARCEL PROUST. *By* LÉON PIERRE-QUINT. *Translated from the French by* HAMISH *and* SHEILA MILES. $3.50 *net.*

To Begin With

How much simpler the quest for the right book would be if we had a list properly classified to choose from! This is what *Dr. Raymond Pearl*, Director of the Institute of Biological Research at Johns Hopkins University, has done for graduate students in pure biology or public health who want to become qualified biologists, vital statisticians, or biometricians.

Dr. Pearl admits that with a great many people the desire to recommend a certain course in reading tends to be almost a disease; and he explains the genesis of his own excellent list in these terms: "A congested respiratory tract within, and a multitude of books without, the virus of which had probably long lurked in my system, found its favorable moment, and pencil and paper had to be fetched forthwith to save my life."

His list is roughly divided into four main parts. The first section is comprised of books, briefly described, which are intended to give the student the clearest possible understanding of what science really is. This chapter is called "Underpinning."

The second section lists the books to be read as a help in making the necessary adjustment between scientific research and that residue of life which includes such great cosmic forces as deans, commissioners, directors, and wives. This chapter is called "Living."

The third part, "Biology," concerns that science.

The fourth, "Biostatics," is made up of a group of books helpful to the student who intends to earn his living by the practice of a particular trade.

For the "general reader" he has starred the titles of books which can be guaranteed not to bite him, which presuppose no technical training in any particular science or philosophy, and which are both easy and entertaining to read.

TO BEGIN WITH: BEING PROPHYLAXIS AGAINST PEDANTRY. *By* RAYMOND PEARL, *author of "The Biology of Population Growth," "Alcohol and Longevity," etc.* $1.50 *net.*

The Land's End

"BUT the sea and its colour and the joy of a vast expanse would not have drawn me so often to the castled forelands nor held me so long but for the birds that haunted them, seeing that this visible world is to me but a sad and empty place without wonderful life and the varied forms of life, which are in harmony with it, and give it a meaning, and a grace and beauty and splendour not its own. If there be no visible wild life, then I am like that wandering being or spirit in Montgomery's PELICAN ISLAN who was alone on the earth before life was, and h no knowledge or intimation of any intelligence b its own; who roamed over the seas that tumbl round the globe for thousands and thousands years, flying ever from its own loneliness and vai seeking comfort and happiness in loving and bei the companion of wind and cloud and wave, and d and night, and sun and moon and stars, and inanimate things."

Taken from the first American edition in nea twenty years of *W. H: Hudson's* record of a win spent in Cornwall, this paragraph embodies t spirit of THE LAND'S END—a spirit so intens individual that to put it into any words but *Hudso* own, were that possible, would be to mar perfecti

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THE LAND'S END. *By* W. H. HUDSO *author of "Green Mansions," "A Little Boy Los etc.* $3.50 *net.*

Your Cuckoo Sings By Kind

IT IS a specialized age, and an artist who takes both the pen and the brush is likely to find hims either stigmatized as a dilettante or salaried as advertising genius. *Valentine Dobrée*, a young En lishwoman, has succeeded in defying this specialis and in getting her work in both media recognized sincere, capable, and unusual. Her first novel, beg when an injury interrupted her painting for a ter of weeks, is confidently believed by all who ha read it to announce a new writer of altogether u common gifts—a writer, moreover, who is mistre of that part of genius which consists in taki infinite pains, for she rewrote her book five tim before she let it go out of her hands.

The lines which define the course of the develo ment in YOUR CUCKOO SINGS BY KIND a drawn with acutely perceived sensations rather tha violent and decisive actions. In this story of a twelv year-old girl living in the English countryside, pe sons and scenes stand three-dimensional, each wi its particular texture and color. All the senses a alive, and the terrifying world of an imaginati child is re-created with brilliant economy. It is cha acteristic of the book, and of the author's metho that the heroine, Christina, should be introduced i the act of scratching caricatures of her guardians i the gravel walk, supplying eyes, buttons, and nec lace with colored stones.

YOUR CUCKOO SINGS BY KIND. *B* VALENTINE DOBRÉE. $2.50 *net.*

Private Mattock of Kansas

(*Continued from page lxiii*)

im into his one exhibition of triumphant physical rowess. He is smug and self-righteous to a degree hat transcends the ordinary reaches of caddishness; and the more his conduct loses moral dignity, the more austerely dignified become his explanations of it. The final and perfecting touch s that he believes these plausible explanations imself. He is the hypocrite unconsciously self-leluded, and as such he reaches the true comic sublimity. His feet are planted in the soil of Kansas, nd they were planted there by the *James Stevens* who was himself a sergeant in "the Battle of Paris." But, as a comic invention, he towers among the few who permanently enrich American fiction and drama; nd in this sense he could only have been made by he historian of Paul Bunyan.

And he has a plain, a homely, an indigenously Methodist and Kansan mind, its homeliness edged vith the authentic sentimentalism of the folk. A building behind the lines on the Western front sets im musing in these terms: "I could almost believe his house was the Swamp Creek store and dance all and that the Collins boys' Ford was setting over there in the thick shadows of an elm tree." And at Versailles ("Versigh," the Y. M. C. A. ecretary called it):

"It appeared that back in the old days of France here was a king named Louis Fourteen who was eally a good deal of a man and got to cutting quite figure, but who was flattered so much and was o naturally swell-headed that finally the Frog ountry was just about too small to hold him. Anyway, he would blow money right and left, not only or wars, as kings was really supposed to do in those ays before anybody thought of sweeping autocracy rom God's fair earth, but for any crazy humor that ook him. If he would see a woman who roused his uriosity a little, Louis Fourteen never let the fact hat he was a married man stand in the way at all; e would take up with the woman and actually pend more money on her and give her more presnts than he would his lawful wedded wife. What nade it so bad was that the Frog people were puting up all the money they could possibly spare, with he idea that Louis Fourteen would use it to go to var and make the world safe for his monarchy, as hat was considered the right idea in his time.

"But Louis Fourteen went to spending more and nore on the women he would take up with; and nally he got one who could twist him around her ttle finger; and then it was 'Louis this' and 'Louis hat' till she just about run him ragged, riding him

JAMES STEVENS

to death like an overbearing sergeant would a corporal or a private in our army.

"At last she wasn't even satisfied to live a high and mighty life in Paris, so she told Louis Fourteen he would have to build her a quiet place out in the country, where she could go and rest when her nerves got on edge from Paris life, and that was all there was to it.

"So Louis Fourteen went to building her a chatoe at Versailles, but it was really a palace.

"It was swampy country then and full of malary, so the first thing that was done was to fill in the swamps; and before the swamps had been filled in and the palace put up and the gardens planted, around twenty thousand men had died of malary and typhoid!

"And not a soul kicked about all this sickness and dying from carrying out the fool notion of a woman who wasn't even the king's lawful wife, and who might not live in the palace a day before she would be sick and tired of it! For Louis Fourteen was the king, and all the Frog people knuckled down to him just like they did to the pope."

MATTOCK. *By* JAMES STEVENS, *author of "Paul Bunyan" and "Brawnyman."* $2.50 *net.*

Contemporary Classics: A Shop-talk

(*Continued from page lxiv*)

a different imprint. Every time *Miss Cather's* present publisher announces a new book by her, her former publisher announces and advertises a new edition of MY ÁNTONIA. That fact tells the story, and in language peculiarly eloquent to a nation in which Advertisa is the Tenth Muse. *Miss Cather's* books are all successes now, because they sell each other. The reason for that is that America is buying, not this volume or that, but the author herself. And the author is sensed by a great and growing audience as of a general importance transcending that of any single one of the increasing number of volumes by which it is represented.

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Publication Note

THE publication date of THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN, by *Thomas Mann*, has been postponed from April 22 to May 6.

The Lovely Ship

(*Continued from page lxiii*)

takes the reader back there, making him comfortable in the nineteenth century before he is aware of his removal from the hectic twentieth.

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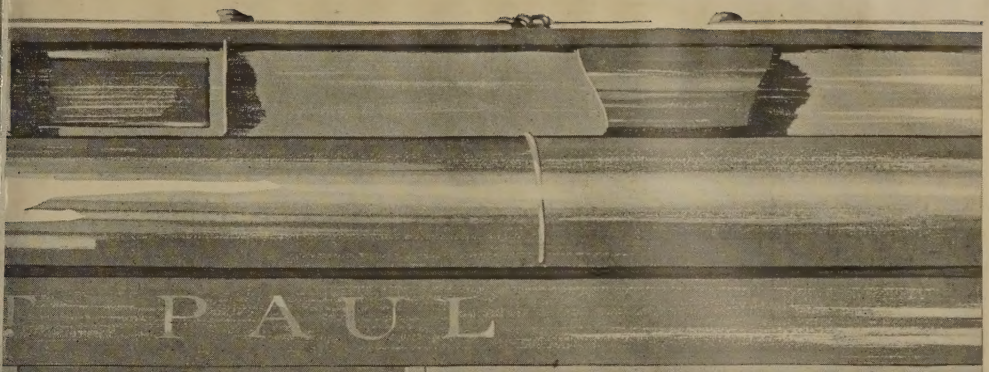

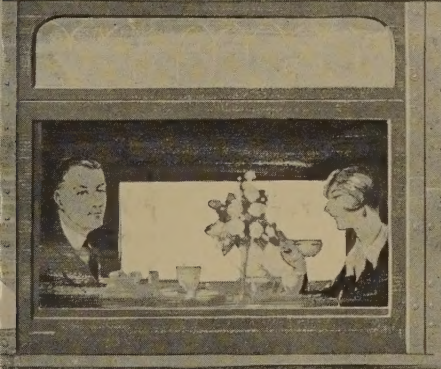

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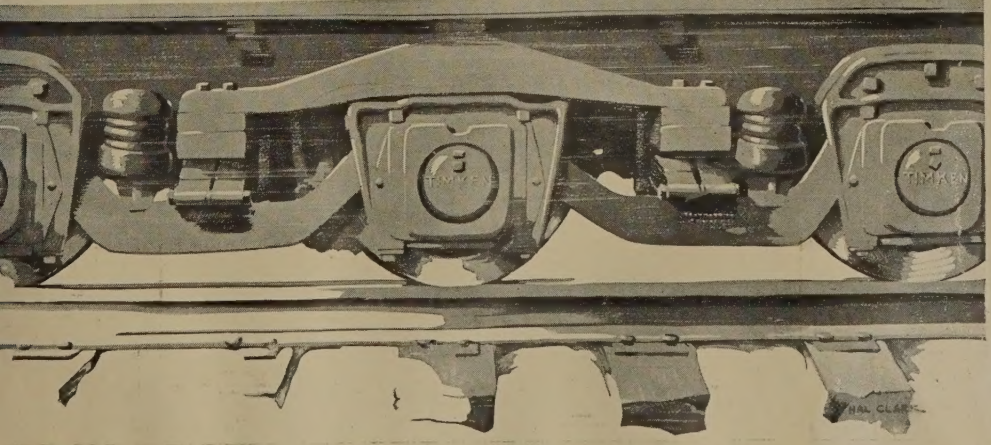

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